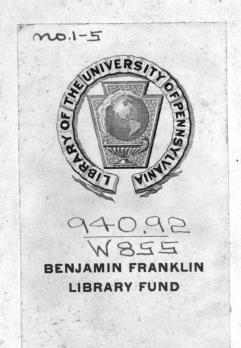
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THE WOODEN CITY

A JOURNAL FOR BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR

No. 1 minitare to still at book and

GÖTTINGEN AL JON DINOS YAD TOTTO July 1. 1915

COLONEL BOGEN'S LETTER TO YOU.

There has recently been expressed to me by the Representatives of the English, who have been introduced to me at the Camp and recommended to my solicitude, the following wish: To obtain the permission of publishing a. Journal of the

Camp - printed in English — on the same lines as the newspapers published in the Camp in French and in Flemish, under the Direction of Professor Doctor Stange. I willingly consent to answer to the so stated wish of the prisoners. Besides, such a request leads me to think, that amongst the English inhabitants of the camp, the desire for work and intellectual occupation, which must always be satisfied, becomes, more and more a necessity. One can and one must also conclude that the prisoners do not resent, in such a painful way as some are inclined to say, the life which fate gives them. Yes - there is no exaggeration in saying that the present fact of the wish expressed by the these men is a proof of certain relations of confidence between them and the Staff of the Camp. It is in this way of thin-

king that I accept the demand which has been presented to me, and I hope that the English Journal will render great services — in obtaining in the camp a beneficial influence, as has been done by the two other newspapers.

It is the intention of the promoters of the newspaper, to create for the life in camp, an intellectual centre, and to give to the men there detained an impulse and a tuition, in order that the days of captivity will not be an entire loss of time for them.

At the same time, the Journal of the Prisoners of War will be the intermediate and the natural organ of ideas and relations in accordance with the present environment and will in such a way raise the knowledge of all. In a word, it will be some day - when Peace will have succeeded to War - a lasting souvenir of the

present days.

In view of this, I willingly accept - with in the limits imposed by circumstances - to allow the organisation of this paper. — At the same time. I express the wish that this freedom given to the prisoners of war will be clearly understood and appreciated by them, and that this newspaper will, in harmony with the other numerous and prosperous organisations of the Camp — exert a very salutary influence.

Colonel Bogen, Commander of the Camp.

We wish to thank Colonel Bogen for his consideration of our request and for his very kind letter. We feel sure that everyBritish soldier detained here has great confidence in Colonel Bogen's administration of affairs in the camp.

> DENNSAFABUL LIBRARY

We see gratefully that time is proving to our captors the manner of man the British Soldier is and also feel the increasing confidence between ourselves and those more active in the handling of us than the Commandant. We much appreciate the great liberty which Colonel Bogen is according us in this matter, and do not, in any way, wish to give him cause to regret having granted it to us.

We only hope that this paper may do all that is expected of it and more and that our efforts may be rewarded with success.



Colonel Bogen.



The Wooden City Concert.

By this concert the foundation stone of the Wooden City was laid. It took place on Waterloo Day Centenary and I think our citizens will agree that a better day could not have been chesen.

Prices were charged as follows. —

Reserved seats 20 Pfg. Accommodation for stools . . . 10 Pfg.

The amount realised came to 72-80 Mk., so

that we are not on too rocky a foundation.

The concert opened with "The King of the Desert" by the Orchestra, which served to whet the appetite of the audience, which was composed mainly of Britishers. We had hoped to include among these the Commandant of the Camp and Prof. Dr. Stange, but, the former found it impossible to be present. The latter, however, was able to remain with us for the greater part of the evening.

The appropriate speech by Sgt. Shea is given

in the next column.

Lee. Corpl. Walsh, A. & S. Hdrs. then gave, with great fervour, "Stirling Brig". The audience responded in kind and received, as an encore "Mary of Argyle". Walsh sang so well that an effort was made to arrange another song, but this, owing to pressure of time, was impossible.

Next on the programme was a boxing exhibition by Private Holland, Wiltshire Regt. and Private Terry, Staffordshire Regt. Owing to the special occasion, the bout was extended to 4 rounds. Both men rose to the occasion and gave

a fine display.

No. 4 was a violin solo by Mr. Wetzels. The piece was a Polish Ballad, and was received with the applause it merited. The audience were rewarded with "Asleep in the Deep", which, perhaps knowing better, they applauded more still.

The British Choral Party, raised and conducted by C. S. M., E. Walwyk, Rifle Brigade gave to everybody's appreciation, two items, "The Thuringian Volksleid" and "The Comrades song of Hope". The former was particularly appre-

ciated by Prof. Dr. Stange.

Lce. Corpl. Wilson, R. Warwick Regt., who has been a "Hidden Treasure" until just recently, gave three comic songs, "Robin Redbreast"; "Months and Months" and later in the evening "The Convict", all with remarkably good effect. As "A Deserving Case", we, with our citizens, especially command him. especially commend him.

After another enjoyable selection by the Orchestra entitled "Tresorio Mio". Mr. J. Mainy of The Gaiety Theatre, Paris, charmed the audience with an extract from "Herodiade", "Air de Jean" and responded gallantly to the encore with "La Tosca".

The next item was another exhibition of the British sport between Privates Davies and Lane, R. Welsh Fusiliers and everyone must admit that they endeavoured to make things go.

Owing to our good habits of retiring early, item No. 13, by the orchestra, had to be skipped and we had a cornet solo by Mr. S. Dargent, which received its share of the general appreciation.

The concert closed with a sketch written and produced by Private Kennedy of The Buffs entitled "The Hooligan" and which depicted the agony undergone by a criminal sentenced to death, in the last two hours of his life. With the assistance of Sgts. Smith 48th H. O. C. and Mc. Mahon, 2nd. Buffs and Privates Rudden of The Borders; Moore, Middlesex Regt., and Elliott, A. & S. Hdrs., the sketch was a welcome surprise to all the citizens of The Wooden City.

R. A. A. Ellis.

Speech by Sergeant D. D. Shea, Leicestershire Regt.

Gentlemen. - Speechmaking is rather a tiresome business, and I am sure you will have had enough of it, by the time I have finished.

I think an explanation is due to you all as to why you have been charged for admission to the Hall. The reason is, as some of you know, to provide funds to cover the initial expenses for the production of a British Journal in this Camp. If we can only start it, we shall have no difficulty in keeping it going, provided that it is supported with the same enthusiasm as has been shown tonight.

Little difficulty was found in getting the necessary permission. We had the ready consent of the Commandant, who has promised to let us print his photograph in the first number. This will, I am sure, be greatly appreciated by all British Prisoners of War here.

Wherever soldierly qualities are found, together with the ordinary human kindness, they will always command the respect and admiration of the profession of arms.

We also received the help of Prof. Dr. Carl Stange, who is always ready with advice and

assistance.

Thanks are also due to the British Amusement Committee, who gave us their concert night, and great assistance with the programme.

Also we thank all the artists; English, French, Belgian and Russian who have given their ser-

vices so willingly.

Now, I should like to say a few words about

the journal itself.

It will contain no war news of any description and will deal only with our life in camp. (continued on page 7.)

Plank's Year.

By E. O. Callighen. - 48th Highlanders.

It was spring, the time when every thing is at its best and when one feels that there is something worth while in life after all; but with Ernie Hopkins it was not so, for it was a much worried Ernie that strolled through the beautiful grounds of St. Andrew's College, Toronto.

And his worries were not without good cause, for as Captain of the school he was, as the saying goes, "up against it". In the first place the exams, were but a month and a half distant and as it was his final year at school he did not wish to "fall down" from the position in which he had been placed by his fellow students and his teachers, and he was by no means sure that this would not happen, for the Interscholastic Games were just one month off and with his training preparations and the "looking after" of the other candidates for the team his studies had been sadly neglected.

And so it is that we find him, when he is suddenly disturbed, in his reflections, by a chum

who has just come from the tracks.

Rough luck on Mc Bride Eh? What! haven't you heard the news? Why, I thought it was all over the school by now. He's hurt. Was just finishing a 440 sprint in grand shape when he cast a shoe sprained his ankle and also tore some ligaments in his leg. For the life of me, I don't know what we are going to do. He was really the only one we had who could do the 440 and half mile in anything like time. What do you think"?

Just at this moment a bunch of fellows burst from the school, and in their midst they carried a student who was the recipient of many jibes and taunts not to mention sly punches, etc.

"I see they are ragging Plank again. I wonder what's the matter with the fellow. He takes no interest in anything, barring those precious books of his. A fellow with his chest and legs should be a cracking athlete. He sure looks as though he could run, but I don't think anyone has ever

seen him off a walk in his life".

"Oh! yes they have, Dipper" said Hopkins, "do you remember when the east wing caught fire a couple of months ago? Well, I happened to be about here, and Plank was just behind me, when I saw it. I headed for the school as hard as I could go. Somebody was running behind me, but I did not notice it, until I found him gaining on me and when I was about 50 yards from the school, Plank passed me so easily that I might have been standing still. You remember how hard he worked that day and how they talked of him. Well, do you think a fellow who

wasn't a born runner could do that sprint without any training and then start in to work the way he did, without feeling the effects more than he did? That is at least a quarter of a mile. I wonder if he would!"

"Would what?"

"Oh! nothing" said Hopkins evasively, "I must go now; see you later," and off he went to rescue Plank from his persecutors. He escorted him to his room and there ensued a long heart to heart talk between the "Captain" and the "Swat", as Plank was familiarly known.

When Hopkins faced the other in the room, he observed a pair of eyes brimming with tears

and a suspicious tremble on the lips.

"What's the matter, Plank"? he asked. "Why can't you be like the rest of us. You never make a chum. You never take any exercise. All you do is study, study, study. First thing you know you'll be in hospital with your nerves out of order. We all know that you always lead in the classes, but that's all for your own benefit. Now I want you to do something for the school."

When he had finished speaking Plank was the picture of mixed amazement and fear.

"What's the joke? have you come down to "ragging" too? You know very well that I

never go in for athletics".

"No, but you're going to now. I know you can run, I saw you the day of the fire. Do you remember passing me? Now what I want, is to see you out on the track, doing your best to get into shape. Your time is all too short."

"Impossible!"

"Rats!"

"Nothing would please me more if I could do it. But I can't spare the time. This is the last year I can possibly spend at school and if I lose out in my exams, I'll never be able to finish my course. I hope you see how I am placed and will not tell the boys that I refused."

"But they will know and I am not at all sure that you will be allowed to finish your course here if you refuse to help us now when we need

you so badly".

Ofcourse this was bluff, but the bluff was not "called". Plank finally agreed to help, on the condition that he was allowed to do his own training and that his entry should be kept a

secret from the rest of the school.

When the great day at last arrived, the excitement was not as keen as usual. St. Andrew's had long since given up hopes of winning the Championship because of the lack of a quarter and half miler, their only hope being in winning five out of the eight events in which they had entries.

(to be continued.)

The Shwe Dagon.

By J. C. Radley. — 1st. Wilts. Regt.

We are slowly steaming up the Rangoon River, a tributary of the Irrawadi, at five in the morning listening to the leadsman and his musical chant, when, rounding a bend in the river by the Burma Oil Wells we sight Rangoon, the largest town in Burma, situated for the most part on our starboard side. An old sailor standing by hears an exclamation of wonder as the sun breaking through the grey of the morning, discloses to view the upper portion of the Golden Pagoda. "Shwe Dagon" as it is termed in the Burmese Language. We have heard from different people the beauties of the Pagoda and determine to pay a visit at the earliest opportunity. We pull in to the jetty and are soon safely on terra firma again and proceed to barracks. After dinner my chum and I discover an old Burman whom we can understand and he agrees to be our guide for the sum of four annas, so off we go. Not three hundred vards from barracks we come to the entrance to the pagoda itself and a grander spectacle in the art of Burmese Building could not be found. In front of us is a large entrance with a huge stone Dragon on either side to guard it. We go up the steps past fruit vendors and cheroot dealers and gaze curiously about us. It is bewildering, there is so much to see and we want to see it In front are about four hundred steps to ascend. Above our heads the roof is wonderfully carved and painted, and on either side are stalls where candles and flowers may be purchased by the worshippers who are not the least interesting of all the things we can see as they meet and pass us in scores. Burmans, Chinese, Japanese, Natives of India, one or two from Ceylon and to our eyes the most interesting the Burmese girls and women. They pass us in dozens, their hair decorated with flowers, faces covered in yellow powder and loongy is of all the colours one can imagine. Our guide gets impatient, so on we go up the steps, until just as we feel fit to drop, we reach the platform on which the pagoda itself is built. We stand and stare in astonished wonder; in front of us is a building, the shape of which I could not describe correctly, but commences in a circle at the bottom and rises 300 feet, gradually tapering to a point. The whole is covered from top to bottom in gold leaf and with the sun full on it, is a magnificent spectacle. An old man in a brown robe with a shaven head approaches us and we ask curiously who and what he is. "A hpyoongyi" our guide informs us and we find out afterwards that this means a Buddhist Priest. He acompanies us on

our tour of inspection and shows us the different points of interest. We go to the right and see a large case of Burmese Master Carving, then, a big glass case with a slot in the top, into which the devotees drop their money gifts and the case already has perhaps 200 Rupees in it. Next we see a replica of the Mandalay Pagoda on our right, opposite, is a large figure of Buddha of solid Brass. Past several more models of different pagodas and we come to the third biggest bell in the world, at least 30 inches thick and 7 feet high weighing tons that I could not guess at. We next visit a small graveyard, where we find the graves of some of our soldiers who fell at the storming of the Pagoda in 1852, the first Burmese War. We leave these and visit the sleeping beauty, the figure of a female, carved beautifully from marble and our guide tells us that when she wakes, we English shall be driven into the sea. "We quite believe him". On we go again to see next a huge figure of Buddha brought from upper Burma a few centuries ago when the Mindon Kings ruled the country. Here we meet the inevitable American tourist taking photos.

A little farther on we come to a round, wired-in erection, locked and barred, full of bones, which, we are told, are those of martyrs who have, in days gone by, cut off legs and arms to give to Buddha. A little farther and we are back at the entrance, feeling that we want to go

round again.

I have visited the Pagoda some dozens of times and at all hours of the day and night and, if space permitted, could carry on for days, describing this building, which, commenced 2000 years ago by the "Hpyoongyis", is constantly being added to, and is the chief temple of Buddhism in Burma.

Friends in Berlin.

Mr. Philip M. Powers, who has visited our Camp on several occasions and who is greatly interested in the success of our paper has written to Prof. Dr. Stange, that a little group of American correspondents at present in Berlin, sends its very best wishes to the British Prisoners of War in Gottingen. Here is the list of well wishers: Karl H. von Wiegand, New York World; S. B. Conger, Chief of Berlin Bureau, Associated Press; Oswald J. Schuette, Chicago Daily News and his assistant Thomas Meloy; W.H. Durburugh, Newspaper Enterprise Association; Carl Ackerman, Berlin Correspondent United Press; Cyril Brown, New York Times; and Philip M. Powers, Berlin Bureau Associated Press. We are very thankful to the representatives of our greater American sisters.

List of British Prisoners of War at Göttingen Camp.

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9107. Able, P.,
                       Wilts.-Regt.
                                        7726. Baverstock, W., Wilts. Rgt. 11043. Bastian, J.,
                                                                                                       R. W. Fus.
 8338. Ayliffe, J.,
9017. Anger, W.,
                                        8886. Bailey, W.,
4229. Borer, R.,
                                                                                6094. Bramwell, A., "
                                79
                                                                                4704. Bailey, J.
                                                                                5858. Barton, C.,
 9503. Adams, F.,
                                        8039. Baxter, S.,
 5484. Adams, T.,
                                                                       37
                                                                              10243. Bell, G.,
                                        7971. Budd, A.,
                                77
                                                               39
                                                                        "
 9627. Amor, F., 5091. Axford, F., ,
                                        8756. Baker, H.,
                                                                               10489. Burke, L.,
                                                                              6735. Bancroft, R., 7
10782. Bradley, J. C. 7
8995. Barrett, G. 7
                                        8052. Bishop, A.,
 8536. Allaway, T., " "
8257. Ambrose, W., " "
7260. Allehurch, F., " "
6170. Allan, W., R. W. Fus.
8060. Astill, T., "
                                        5242. Baker, F.,
                                        8086. Beak, S.,
                                        5849. Baughn, J.,
                                                                                9530. Botterell, A., Leic. Regt.
                                        8691. Box, H.,
                                                                                7964. Bevans, G.
                                        8586. Burt, A.,
                                                                                7559. Billington, D.
10392. Adderley, J.,
                                                                                6986. Ball, A.,
                                        $269. Bottriell, R.,
                                                                               8837. Beck, J., ", ", ", 7524. Bent, W., 8051. Bate, L., 1630. Blake, S., R. War. Regt.
                                        7035. Buckland, W.
 6324. Allen, R., Queen's R.W.S. 5807. Atkins, J., Scots Guards
                                        5826. Bull, W.,
8456. Bolwell, T.,
 2215. Ashby, C., "2717. Aldermann, T., "
                                        8133. Bailey, H.,
                                        5817. Bowman, W., "8258. Baker, T., "
 5986. Anderson, W., "
                                                                                2028. Bould, E.,
                                                                                8693. Board, F.,
 9224. Allen, T., Border Rgt. 8647. Aikenhead, A. "
                                        5945. Blackford, F., "
                                                                                1644. Bainfield, J., "
                                                                                8748. Bennett, E.,
 8896. Andrews, E., "
                                        7439. Bathe, E.,
                                                                                1798. Beard, S.,
 6843. Airy, D.,
                                        8871. Baker, W.,
                                                                                1621. Beasley, W.,
1596. Barrett, H.,
                                        8531. Barnett, C.,
 1209. Adair, J., A. & S. Hdrs.
 9516. Arbuckle, J.
                                        5417. Bailey, L.,
15572. Attwood, T., Gren. Gds.
8953 Allen, J., R. W. Kents
8821. Algrove, F., Queen's R.W.S.
                                        8506. Batchelor, F.,
                                                                                 502. Bartholomew, H.
                                        8140. Barnes, J.,
                                                                               2162. Burden, E., Coldst. Gds. 12573. Beech, W.,
                                        9537. Blanchard, H., "
                                        8706. Barter, F.,
 7250. Ansel, W.
                                                                               10172. Barsby, B.
 1071. Adam, A., R. War. Regt.
                                        8557. Beck, P.,
                                                                                9673. Beeby, H., Northants. Regt.
                                                                                8776. Ball, A.,
7214. Bennett, W.,
944. Broome, G.,
A. O. C.
 7420. Aust, E., Coldstm. Gds.
                                        8448. Brooks, W.,
                                        8814. Brown, C. A.,
57. Allen, J., Gordon Hdrs.
11913. Astill, J., Notts. & Derbys.
                                        5448. Butcher, T.,
6220. Atkin, R., K. O. S. B.
10325. Arthurs, W., Middlesex
7772. Allen, J. A., Leicesters
                                        8265. Bolter, B.
                                                                                8283. Blackmann, H., R.A.M.C.
                                        8723. Bewley, H.,
                                                                                7780. Benians, B.,
                                        8609. Blunsdon, R.,
                                                                                9215. Beswick, W., Northum. Fus.
                                                                              1729. Bradley, A.,
10302. Baird, W., R. S. Fus.
7268. Baillie, W.,
 8921. Abbot, G., S. Staff.
                                        8162. Besford, H.,
 8889. Anderson, H.
                                        8323. Beaumont, E.,
6903. Abley, S.,
Askew, R., Civil
10414. Atherall, F., Buffs
                                        8350. Ball, S.,
                                                                                9877. Buckett, J.,
                                        8239. Brooks, C.
                                                                                6740. Butler, H., A. & S. Hdrs.
                                        8410. Brown, F.,
 4474. Andrews, I., ,
                                        8098. Busson, A.,
                                                                                1118. Beck, S.,
10335. Acolt, F.,
                                        8979. Brooks, A.,
                                                                                9506. Bell, R.,
                                                                                9699. Best, A.,
 9388. Ainsworth, J.,
                                        8667. Bull, A.,
27421. Ashling, C., 48.Hdrs.(Can.)
                                        6513. Bartholomew, A.
                                                                                9949. Brown, J.,
27420. Ashling, H.,
                                        7536. Bell, G.,
                                                                                9257. Beattie, A.,
27701. Adamson, R., "
                                        5379. Ball, E.,
                                                                               16695. Bygrave, W., Gren. Gds.
27615. Adams, G. "
                                        8563. Busbridge, B., ,
                                                                              13775. Briggs, R.,
47317. Aithie, G.,
                                                                              12205. Bradley, C..
                                        8200. Bishop, A.,
27435. Armstrong, R.,
                                        7438. Bainton, H.,
                                                                                6038. Brown, S., Queen's R.W. S.
24804. Anning, H., 13. R. Hdrs. (C.)
                                        8635. Beardmore, H., R. W. Fus.
                                                                                6573. Bourton, A., Scots Gds.
                                       10134. Blythen, C.,
24219. Anderson, I.,
                                                                                8190. Binns, H.,
                         ,
Buffs
 8232. Ambrose, R.,
                                        9715. Brown, J.,
                                                                                6683. Beattie, A.,
 5433. Burt, W., Wilts.-Regt.
                                        8321. Badams, A.,
                                                                                8370. Bailley, A.,
 8684. Burden, F.,
                                                                               2317. Brett, J.,
2161. Bruce, W.,
                                       10671. Betts, G.,
 5391. Bunce, R.,
                                        8434. Bekett, H.,
 8676. Bridewill, J., "
                                       10312. Box, E.,
                                                                                4645. Barrow, T.,
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War. Its Causes and Effects. By L. E. De Harte, 48th Highlanders.

It is a surprising consideration that there are several millions of men, of all nations, at present engaged in the most destructive war in all history, who have never given a thought to the cause and effect of war, all that they cared to know was that their several nations were each at war with some nation or nations, and they at once commenced to lay down their lives and suffer hardships and privations so that their national enemy might be beaten.

The cause of all war of this age is commerce, primarily; although many excuses are given to hide the greed that civilised nations do not like

to express openly.

Just as two business men, who may have learned their profession together and have been fast friends, find their interests grown to such an extent that they interfere, and, in trying to grab from one another they become enemies, say and publish things to damage each the business of the other, and, probably, go even so far as the Law-Courts, in an attempt to cripple one another; so do nations.

The working people in one country find an article sold to them at a reduced rate, and when, upon examination, they discover that it is a foreign product, they become irate at their own manufacturers for "robbing" them. They do not consider the fact, that, in buying the article, they are supporting the manufacturers of a country which is being run on an cheaper basis, with a low cost of living and a low scale of wages. They simply buy the article and, perhaps, influence their friends to do so.

Then the home manufacturers of this article complain to their government that foreign industries are taking away their trade and throwing their workmen out of employment. They ask that this article may be taxed. This tax being adjusted, the other country, finding the market difficult, closes in a like manner, its market for some article which its adversary has been selling within its borders.

So eventually both try to place their goods for sale in yet another country, and one, being more successful, attempts to close out its opponent here also.

Then it is that one or the other begins to realise that both are growing too strong as competitors and, to bring about a climax, excuses are searched for and found, such as breaches of international etiquette, insults to representatives, etc., which would surely be overlooked and as surely would not occur, if they were not mutually anxious for a conflict in which one might

close the other's ports, appropriate its markets and cripple its exportation and financial strength.

This is undoubtedly, I think, the case in all modern wars and until an international control of all manufacture and trade is established, so long will there be wars and rumours of wars.

The effect of war is widespread and far reaching, for no one can say that even neutral nations are not affected by it. These effects may be divided into two classes, namely, temporary effects and permanent effects.

In the temporary class may be included loss of life, wastage of land, destruction of building, and necessarily increased taxation.

The loss of life is a terrible thing while the war is in progress and after a war such as the present one, there will scarcely be a soul in any of the conflicting nations, who will not mourn a relative killed. But sorrow wears off and though the increase of population will be checked for a decade, we never miss what we have never had and what seems, momentarily, the most terrible phase of the war, gradually becomes a memory.

Considering the waste of land, one has only to look at the countless acres on either side of any part of the line in the present campaign, which have not only been laid waste, but are filled with shells and shell holes and strewn with remnants of barbed wire entanglements and trench preparations, sand bags, etc., not to mention the myriad graves, where the pick of manhood of all nations have died fighting, for that which their countries wanted them to accomplish. Fancy what strong hearts the owners of those acres, now scattered who knows where, will need to get that blood soaked land back to the productive condition existing before the campaign. graves must be removed, the land cleared, the holes filled and the buildings replaced. I say replaced, advisedly, because they are almost all, from beautiful edifices to farm stables and outhouses, past repairing.

A great amount of money and a great deal of labour will have to be spent, but, in time, things will right themselves again and existing conditions now, will, in a few years be also memories.

The nation has never been, which could sustain the expense of war without its effect being felt by the people. Nations replete their resources from taxes of various kinds and the greater the drain on the exchequor, the greater the consequent taxation. This is felt by the public, either as a direct subscription or, indirectly, in the increased cost of necessaries and commodities. But, after a time nations recover and the strenous period becomes yet another memory.

But the effect of war to be most considered

is the permanent one.

War means the commercial and financial supremacy of the victorious nations. This is a great thing and, undoubtedly, worth fighting for. But it also means the physical deterioration of the human race.

In order to have a successful army, its physical fitness must be its first quality; but the man who makes the most desirable soldier is the best man to assist in the perpetuation of the very race of which he is a part. When his class is killed off, the most fit of the remaining population form the next sacrifice to national greed, and so on, until, when the war is finished, the men left to carry on the work of the greatest race on the face of the earth are the sufferers from hereditary desease, the lame, they of imperfect sight, the weak lunged and the weak hearted; the imperfect specimen of the work of the creator, the man unfit for military service.

Does a farmer kill his best boar, or best bull, or put his best stallion in the plough, keeping the inferior ones for breeding purposes? No,

quite the reverse.

Statisticians are continually bewailing the degeneration of the proud and lofty human race. This is the greatest, the lasting effect of modern warfare and we humans, in the progress of our great civilisation, are hourly designing new contrivances for the destruction of the soldier, the fittest of us all.

When we consider what we are today, compared with the great warriors of old, we may be able to picture the human race a few centuries from now, and we are left to wonder why The Creator, in His goodness, made greed one of the component qualities of human existance.

(Sgt. Shea's Speech.)

It will consist of eight pages and will cost you 10 pfennigs. The title will be "The Wooden City, a Journal for British Prisoners of War".

We want to try and imagine a world on its own. We have all the elements necessary for this purpose, barring the ladies; bless 'em.

If any man has anything to say about life around him, he can write it down and send it into the office, where it will be given due consideration. It may get into print, — and it may not. Everyone likes to see his name in print.

— That's why I'm here tonight.

The Editors are two in number. Compy. Sergt.-Major De Harte, of the 48th Highlanders of Canada, is a newcomer among us, and, perhaps, not very well known to you. But there is six feet of him and you can easily make his acquaintance. Private R. A. A. Ellis of the Leicestershire Regt. is well known. — Anyone who knows the parcel roll knows R. A. A. Ellis.

The average British soldier is not given much to sentiment, but, I hope to be pardoned if I

conclude with a little of it.

When the time comes for you to leave this camp and return to your family circle, I am sure you will feel considerable satisfaction if you can produce, all the copies of this journal as a souvenir, which will go to show that we did not waste our time here and you will be able to look back and say that we "kept smiling" and were not down hearted. If the production of this journal has this effect, your time, the work of the committee and the journal itself, will not have been in vain.

Ten Commandments for a young Soldier contribution by W. Mills.

First, do as you're ordered; the fighting man's

Obedience commands at its primary rule. And second, remember, in taking your place, Good soldiers would rather meet death than dis-

Third, keep up your "pecker", whatever you do. The hopes of a nation are centred on you. Fourth, keep with the Column - don't straggle behind,

Or soon you will be "out of sight, out of mind". Of wastage, your cartridge supply won't admit, So Fifthly, when aiming, endeavour to hit. Sixth; don't rush out carelessly — wait till youre

To keep life and limb you must first keep your

The Seventh commandment at meal times obey -Don't growl at the food — you are "roughing"

Eighth, mercy to wounded you always must show; The whole world abhors a barbarian foe. Be clean in your habits as for as you can -We wish you, at all times, to look spick and span, And, tenthly, when battle affords a respite, Give thought to your loved ones at home, lad,

and write.

Some have already asked what we will do with the money we are going to make. First let us hope that we do make some, though at present is looks like pretty close running: But if we do create a little "pile", we will spend it for the general good. Perhaps for a street railway on the "Haupt Lager Strasse".

Editorial letter.

Citizens, Friends, Countrymen!

So long as we have your support, so long we intend to publish this Journal fortnightly. We are trying to place ourselves in a position to enable us to inform everyone interested of all the happenings in camp and to answer any queries which we may receive.

We refuse to publish any war news or to reflect the feelings of anyone in connection with any of the nations engaged in the present war. In short we are publishing a Journal in This Camp, of the Camp and about things of interest

only to those therein confined. Its said and langue

We are open and anxious to receive any contributions you may have to offer - stories, jokes, poetry, articles on anything under the sun, questions and complaints. Everything that is worth it, will be published. Everything will be treated as confidential and returned if desired.

Colonel Bogen has sanctioned our move, Prof. Dr. Carl Stange is very kindly assisting us greatly, and we hope and trust that every Bri-

tisher in Camp will do likewise.

In return, we promise to devote our time and the best of our ability to this enterprise, for our

mutual comfort and entertainment.

We will publish in each issue three columns of names of the British Prisoners in this camp, in alphabetical order, for which we are indebted to C. S. M. Hall, (the money bloke,) and whose

list we copy verbatim.

We will publish in each issue our financial standing and will enlarge the paper if this action

seems warranted.

This paper should make an interesting souvenir and we counsel you to save all copies, for we intend, later, to issue a binder so that they may be kept in book form.

The committee of this Journal are the following.

C. S. M. L. De Harte, 48. Highlanders, Editor. Pte. R. A. A. Ellis, Leicestershire Rgt., Editor. C.Q.M.S., P. C. Piper, Wiltshire Rgt, Sec. & treas. Sergt., D. D. Shea, Leicestershire Rgt., advert. agt. Sergt., J. Harding, Leicestershire Rgt., advert. agt.

Working commitee.

C.S.M., H. Connors, Leicestershire Rgt. C.S.M., E. Walwyk, Rifle Brigade. Sergt., E. Rodgers, 48. Highlanders. Sergt., H. Ashling, 48. Highlanders. Sergt., J. W. Oakley, S. Staffordshire Rgt. Sergt., J. Hedge, Inniskilling Fus. Sergt., H. E. Goodmann, Royal Welsh Fus. THE EDITORS. Camp Notices. Boxing.

Anyone interested in Boxing, or desirous of taking lessons should see C. Q. M. S., L. McCarthy in Barrack 45, between the hours of and 8 any evening.

Q. M. S. McCarthy and Corp. Panton are doing all in their power to keep this good old English sport up to as high a standard as is possible Musical. under the circumstances.

Any one who thinks he can sing, recite, or tell a good clean story, is asked to see the British Amusement Committee, who are doing so much for the entertainment of the troops.

The Committee would also be obliged to any receiving songs or music from home who would

be willing to lend the same.

Practice hours, 3 to 6 P. M. daily, (except Sunday) Barrack 45.

The Committee are:

A. S. Q. M. S., G. Broome, 20 A, Sergt., C. N. Hickman, 8 A, Sergt., J. C. Greaves, 9 A.

Any one wishing to join the British Choral Party, should see C. S. M. Walwyk, Barrack 41 A,

at any hour of the day or night. Stenography.

Classes for shorthand are conducted daily, from 5.30 to 7 P.M. in the small room in the Y. M. C. A. Building, by Pte. R. A. A. Ellis, who is willing tohelp anyone desirous of acquiring this art.

The Soldier's Tear.

By P. O. Nicolson, 48th Highlanders.

Upon the hill he turned and thin berne To take a last fond look At the valley and the little church And the cottage by the brook. He listened to the sounds, allow the listened to the sounds, So familiar to his ear, And the soldier leaned upon his sword To wipe away a tear.

Beside that cottage porch A girl was on her knees; She waved aloft a snowy scarf That fluttered in the breeze. She breathed a prayer for him, see gill sind A prayer he could not hear, But he paused to bless her as she knelt, And wiped away a tear.

He turned and left the spot; Oh! do not think him weak, For dauntless was that soldier's heart Tho' tears were on his cheek. Go watch the foremost ranks In danger's dark career; Be sure the hand, most daring there, Has wiped away a tear.

THE WOODEN CITY

A JOURNAL FOR BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR

No. 2

GÖTTINGEN

July 15. 1915

Prof. Dr. Carl Stange's Letter.

Later than the others, in our camp, did the English Soldiers start at the "peace-work", which has given rise, during the last six months, to a very pleasant occupation. As was only natural, for the Prisoners of war, of different nationalities,

the languages presented the greatest difficulties.

It must be acknowledged, that, through this very war, the two nations which, by their aptitudes and their culture, were the closest, are now the most definitely separated ones.

In Germany, at anyrate, through this war, which is really a war between England and Germany, has the bitterness against England been deeper than toward any other fighting nation.

But we must not forget that this war is not a personal one. It cannot last forever and the result will be a longer peace afterward. If it were true that this warfare was only created to satisfy selfish interests, then the only goal would be the crushing of one or the other nation. But neither in Germany nor in England will this point of view be seriously defended, which is, that the

peoples concerned have only selfish interests. The time is past when the life of mankind could be compared to the struggles between hungry wolves.

If we consider only the man, it is natural that he must earn money for a lively-hood. But he does not live in a safety vault, for money alone, but in the circle of his family and among the foriegners, in the manual work with which we are helping each other. The true human life only begins when reciprocal esteem appears.

The foundation and beginning of all morality

is the esteem and appreciation of others; that is to say, it is the a, b, c, of every real culture, that people, of different nationalities, appreciate and esteem each other. Therefore it is the greatest goal in the war, that the people by putting all their forces in action, are making new foundations

for reciprocal esteem and intellectual value.

When this goal is reached, the hate shall die out, and everything, which transforms a civilized people into a barbarious one, will be put aside forever. The spreading of this idea, for which the camps of the Prisoners of war are the very places, is certainly a preparation for peace.

It is surely with great joy that we find, in these difficult times, in England as in Germany, that human right is allowed its part in the treatment of prisoners of war who in spite of their positions are the pride of nations.

We no longer see an enemy in a prisoners, who has done his duty toward his motherland, and who deserves our esteem. The distress of our compatriot prisoner thrills our souls; so we know that the enemy prisoner feels sorely the separation from his coun-

separation from his country and the loss of his freedom. It is, therefore, serving our country to sooth this feeling rather than increase it. When we make the prisoner comfortable, it is because we consider it our duty as civilized people. When we are doing so we feel the fulfilment of these duties, which are binding all civilized nations together, and lead to the so hoped for peace. May the British prisoners of war, in our camp, accept, in this way, the "peace-work" which is being done for them.

Prof. Dr. C. Stange.

Prof. Dr. Carl Stange.

Concerning "Townies".

Of all the popular songs that have been published in recent years, and of all the many and varied subjects and sentiments about which they have been written, there is one at least, whose

theme must be endorsed by all.

I refer to a "ditty", an American one at that, named "Aint it grand to meet a Friend from your old Home Town". What numbers of yarns could be told of strange meetings of friends in far and distant places by readers of this paper. And of course it will be admitted that when one is away from hearth and home a "townie" soon becomes a friend. All of us have probably had this experience at some time or other, but probably the pleasure is greatest when one has lived for years in a strange country among people with a strange tongue, and then suddenly to hear again the well known accents of his old home town, and hear described the scenes of long ago.

I remember a incident, related to me by an old Scotchman, a native of Edinburgh, which illustrates the feeling of "bon comraderie", which exists among "townies" far from home. This old fellow had lived in America over 40 years, during which period he had worked in practically every town and city between the Yukon

and Cape Horn.

The incident referred to occurred out in Nevada. He had landed in a small town out there, in the days when the West was sparsely settled. He put up at the only hotel in the burg, a small wooden erection. He was tired and dejected after a cheerless journey, and an even more cheerless reception in a strange town. However, while he was in the bar he happened to enquire if there were any other Scotchmen in the town. The landlord said he didn't know, there was a man named Brown, who he thought was Scotch but he wasn't sure. "Anyhow he is eating in the dining room now, so you can soon find out". With this remark, the landlord led my friend to the dining room door and pointed out to him a man who had evidently just finished his repast. As it was now too late to withdraw, my friend decided to take the bull by the horns, as one might say, so approaching his man, a sudden inspiration prompted him to say.
"D' ye ken the Tron Kirk". Silence reigned

between the two for a moment. Finally a voice replied, broken with intense feeling. "Fine that, man, come and ha' a dram". It is easy to imagine the evening spent by the two townies. One, a restless wanderer, and the other so long a Westerner that his fellow citizens were not sure of his origin. It is even possible to picture the flood of memories recalled to his mind by a few

simple words, not only by the words themselves but also by the accent in which they were spoken, an accent he had possibly wellnigh forgotten.

That is only one example of the feeling of brotherhood which naturally arises after an accidental meeting of two such individuals who may be thousands of miles from what they both called home, but who still treasure in their minds those happy scenes of their younger days. I am sure there are numbers of our readers who could tell even stranger stories of the same kind, which have happened in less civilised parts of the world than America.

But there is another phase of this subject which deserves a word. The same emotions, memories and mind-pictures can be brought into being by reading. That in fact forms one of the suprises and delights one sometimes gets in a book which may possibly have been picked up by chance, because after all, a "townie" is still a "townie", no matter whether you meet him face to face or in the pages of a book. I shall never forget witnessing such a thing happening to a friend of mine. It took place in Toronto

a number of years ago.

He was typical old Scotchman, who had succeeded in making a comfortable home for himself out there, and was able to see his sons and daughters gradually obtaining good positions for themselves, while he and his wife could look forward to ease and comfort. He was a man who had never acquired the art of reading, by which I don't mean he couldn't read, but that he had not that love of books, such as some people have. - Some even to the extent that they forget to eat while carried away, as it were, by a book. He greatly enjoyed to sit by the stove smoking his pipe, in company with two or three friends. I had promised to go and see him on a certain night. It turned out to be a cold and stormy night, with the snow falling around, but however I went. It so happened that I had a book in my overcoat pocket, Dickens "Pickwick Papers". As I took off the overcoat the old fellow saw it, then it lay on the table beside us for some time afterwards while we had a talk and a smoke. Eventually however, he happened to ask what the book was. I told him, and asked if he had read it. "No" he said. "Oh, but there is a little story in there you would enjoy" I answered, and then described the "Commercial Traveller's Story" which is near the latter part of the book. Finally, nothing would satisfy him but that I would read it over to him, which I did. He listened attentively to how the Traveller went to dine with the Bailie and his sons, who were supposed to be the champion drinkers of the city of Edinburgh in their day. (Page 15.)

Plank's Year.

By E. O. Callighen. — 48th Highlanders.

Upper Canada College would win the quarter and the half mile with their crack runner, Gillespie, a long skinny individual, all legs and no head, who was recognised from one end of Canada to the other as a coming Olympic champion.

The bell clanged and the first event went to St. Andrew's, as also did the next, but Upper Canada landed the next three, and, at the commencement of the quarter mile race, the score stood

12 to 10 in favor of Upper Canada.

The contestants for quarter mile honours filed through the little gate onto the track, led by the great and only Gillespie, who was greeted with loud applause, but the attention of the crowd was soon drawn, enquiringly, to the man that immediately followed him. The tall, thin chap, with a faded blue dressing gown making his complexion seem ever more sallow, was Plank.

To say that St. Andrews people were astonished would be a very weak way of putting it.

Some giggled quite audibly for Plank was always the object of so much dirision. Plank the swat, the joke of the school. But faint as were their hopes, they mustered courage to cheer him. It was drowned in the great cheer of Upper Canada colleges men as the runners took up

their places at the start.

There was a great hush, the bark of a pistol, and they were off. Gillespie was on the inside, with Plank, the rank outsider, next at the start. Gillespie jumped into the lead with Plank running at his heels, and so they ran, until, at the 300 yard mark, Gillespie was evidently in trouble. But not so with Plank. He was running strong and with an easy gliding motion which certainly did not bespeak fatigue. As they turned into the stretch, Gillespie tried a sprint, but Plank hung on easily and when Gillespie was about done with his effort, something seemed to happen to him. At least, he seemed to be standing still, so easily did that figure in the red and white jersey draw away from him. He tried to make it up but it was beyond him to catch that flying figure, and, for the first time in his life, the great Gillespie tasted the cup of defeat and that at the hands (or rather the legs) of an outsider.

Plank finished strong and in grand condition and was immediately rushed away for a "rub down" and a rest, for his days work was not yet over, not nearly. And so, when Hopkins entered the dressing room, he found him already asleep, swathed in blankets. But that was not to last for long. The half mile event was soon called and he was hurried out to the track and took his place as before, but no Gillespie appeared

for he was being saved for the mile relay race. If Upper Canada could take second place in the half-mile and then win the longer race the score would be tied, and that was their best hope.

Plank won the half mile with, Upper Canada second, and the score was now, in points, 16 to 16, and the great event, the one mile relay race, still to go.

Hopkins was hurrying around, white faced and

biting his lips with vexation.

Gillespie, for Upper Canada, was now fresh again and one of St. Andrew's best men had turned sick. Truly this was most disappointing. Surely his luck was out to day. So when Plank volunteered to take the vacant place, Hopkins was torn between gratitude and doubt. Could Plank do another quarter mile after those two races? Doubtful, but therein lay their only salvation. He doubted more as he looked in the dressing room and saw Plank lying there, gasping quivering, in the bunk.

So it happened that, when the runners appeared for the great race, Gillespie, fresh and in good shape was matched again, against Plank who looked as though all his energy were used up already. His face was drawn and white and his clothing hung like bags on his long, skinny frame, but one could see by the set of his jaw, that he did not intend to let the race go without every

effort he could muster.

The runners were stationed at their several positions around the track, "Bang" went the pistol, and they were off. The first man gave St. Andrew's a lead at the end of his quarter, which was promptly lost by the second. The third quarter belonged to Hopkins, and he ran as he had never done before, but he could not catch his opponent, try as he would, and so, when Plank took up the race for the last quarter, he was a full three yards in rear of the great Gillespie.

He thought more of his school to day than he had of anything but himself for years. He remembered the crowd waiting on him. He knew he was the only man they dared put up against Gillespie, and a new pride filled him and eased the terrible fatigue he was suffering with now.

You will hear yet at St. Andrews, of how Plank caught Gillespie and flung himself against the tape, in a dead faint, the winner. The school had won the race and had captured again the much coveted champoinship from Upper Canada.

The whole school had spurned and scorned hims but now they chaired and cheered him, and now school history is dated from the event. The boys say that this or that thing happened the year before, or perhaps, two years after, Planks year.

Such is the fickleness of human nature.

Pyramid Facts and Fancies.

Of all the military stations which a British soldier may be called upon to serve in, I suppose Cairo is one of the least obnoxious, and as there are many of us in Camp who have served there, I think a few reminiscences will not be unpleasing. Within the space of a short article it will be impossible to mention one tithe of its attractions. I will confine myself, therefore, to its links with a great past.

Those who have been stationed in the Citadel cannot forget the evening sunsets, as seen from

the back of the Mosque of Mahomet Ali.

The Square of the same name immediately below, the river Nile and the great Pyramid of Cheops are sights, which once seen, are never

forgotten.

The Mosque itself is a marvellous work of a date somewhere back in 1500 A.D. All will remember the great cut glass chandelier in the centre. Walking round the battlements, one can picture the massacre of the Mamelukes. The story goes that, during the siege of the fort by the Mameluke faction, while the Caliphs held sway, the latter suddenly hoisted the equivalent of our white flag, and, sending heralds forth, proposed to surrender, stipulating only, that the Mamelukes should enter fully armed by the West Gate to take possession. A great banquet had been prepared for them. "At which", so said the wily heralds, "Terms of Peace would be fully discussed". It is related, that the Mamelukes fell into the trap — I hae my doots anyway, they entered by the West Gate, which was promptly closed from above, and, caught between the outer and inner towers, in a steep defile, they were massacred without mercy, or hope of self-defence. What barbarism!

In the miles of underground passages, which the present writer has traversed, to this day one may tumble up against mouldering skeletons, ancient weapons, etc., and see the stains of blood from the bodies and hands of unfortunate victims.

left chained to the walls.

Away on the desert side are the tombs of the Caliphs, the Dead City, and the famous Mokattam Road ascribed to Napoleon. This road is cut out of solid red stone and leads up to a

fort, which dominates the citadel itself.

Leaving the Fort we will now take a nearer view of the famous Pyramids. Since the two greatest authorities in Egyptology differ, to the extent of some thousand years, in placing the dates of the erection of this miracle of labour, I shall not even attempt it. Suffice to say, that the average mind reels at the very contemplation of the labour involved. Some 960 feet in height today, they must have been much higher origi-

nally. A striking proof of this is afforded by the Temple of the Sphynx, a quarter of a mile away. To enter this Temple one now descends a flight of 30 odd steps. As the walls of the Temple are composed of solid blocks of granite of incredible size, and are, as far as I can remember, fifty or sixty feet high, it is only reasonable to suppose, that this Temple once stood, as all other temples in Egypt did, above ground. One can imagine the original size of the Pyramid.

Think for a moment of Ptolomey, or Pharoah, returning to this planet and entering his old mausoleum to discover it lit up by electricity and to hear some Vandalistic modern tourist reeling off

his history via Baedaker!

From Gizeh to Mattariyeh is a good stretch, but, it is worth a visit. Out here is the Obelisk—sister to Cleopatra's Needle.—a relic which, I believe, provided one of the clues to the lan-

guage of the ancient Egyptians.

With these monuments of a dead and almost forgotten past before one, one realizes, the tremendous activities of the human race, and that, as judged by known history, while everyone with his hands wrought at the work, there were those who also carried the sword.

Is there no parallel between that "ancient barbarism", as some would have it, and our pre-

sent so-called "civilization"?

D. D. O'Shea.

The soldiers tear.

Upon his heel he turned Before he "slung his hook", He looked at Sally on her perch She was the Colonel's cook. He wasn't out of bounds So had no cause to fear; He fished a tanner from his belt And shouted out for beer.

Beside that tavern door
A girl sat on his knees,
He fondled with her pretty curls
That fluttered in the breeze,
She passed a soft remark to him,
The which I didn't hear,
But anyway he understood
And ordered up more beer.

He turned away and left the pot, O, do not think him silly, She picked it up and finished it, O what a thirsty filly, He turned again unto his ale And said "Your health my dear"; And then in blank astonishment, He wiped away a tear.

With apologies to P. O. Nicholson, by Dommo.

List of British Prisoners of War at Göttingen Camp.

```
1906. Cook, E., Wilts. Regt.
                                     8454. Bishop, J.,
 8323. Beckett, E., Scots Gds.
 8223. Blain, K.,
                                                                           8478. Cook, A.,
8336. Cook, A. E.,
                                     8898. Brooks, G.,
                                     6211. Bates, C.,
 6701. Brown, A.
                                     8592. Bailey, S., S. W. Borders
                                                                           8680. Cook, S. J.,
7523. Cannings, T.,
 2882. Breigan, H., "
 8316. Brown, D.,
                                    11003. Betty, A.,
                                    10074. Bailey, F.,
6671. Baker, W., Durham Lt. Inf.
                                                                           8819. Curtis, C., , , , 8638. Colborne, L., , ,
 5086. Bishop, A.,
 5426. Bradshaw, A., ,
5620. Butler, H., , , 8770. Bleasdale, W., ,
                                                                           7736. Coles, W.,
                                     7000. Ball, 2rd Hants Regt.
                                                                           8015. Castle, W.,
                                      7552. Barefoot, B., 2nd Linc. Rgt.
                                      8927. Bloomfield, E., Oxf. & Bucks.
                                                                           5614. Cheesley, L., "
 8929. Barry, J.
 5978. Bullard, H., R. W. Kents 5868. Butler, W., R. Irish Regt.
                                                                           8168. Coombes, A., "
                                      8646. Beales, C., Norfolk-Regt.
                                                                           8677. Collins, F.,
 5733. Bristow, G.
                                                                           8001. Crowther, W., ,
 6766. Bradshaw, W., Qu.R.W.S.
                                     2162. Burdon, E., Gren. Gds.
                                                                           8435. Crowther, H., "
                                    7493. Banks, A.,
9492. Balcombe, F.,
10435. Bennet, R., Border Regt.
                                                              Buffs
 8295. Bunyon, A., "6823. Braithwaite, J., "
                                                                           9579. Curtis, C.,
                                                                           9657. Chivers, W., "8152. Chivers, E., "
                                      8276. Baldock, F.,
 8848. Baron, W., "
                                      8634. Barham, G.,
                                                                           8732. Coleman, R., "
                                      9115. Bedwell, H.,
 9979. Burns, R.,
6794. Bowyer, C.,
                                                                           8194. Cook, W.H., "8093. Cook, W.G., "
                                    10319. Bennett, R.,
                      77 77
 7055. Bowden, H.,
                                                                           9598. Cook, F.,
                                     5380. Barham, B.,
                                     8995. Belsey, A.,
                                                                           8606. Cox, A.,
                                    10221. Boormann, D.,
                                                                           8340. Coleman, P., "
 8225. Burgess, W., , ,
10558. Brooker, F., "
                                     8900. Bradley, S.,
                                                                           8172. Curtis, A.,
8068. Bewley, C., 9455. Bray, H., 7851. Brackenburough, W.
                                                                           8810. Clargo, F.,
                                    10182. Broad, S.,
                                    4266. Buckley, H.,
10772. Bowen, E.,
                                                                           8112. Crosby, A.,
                                                                           8625. Coles, C.,
                                    27451. Brown, G., 48. Hdrs. (Can.)
                                                                          8770. Cook, S.,
 8026. Brooke, G., , , , 27451. Brown, G., 48. Hdrs. (Ca 6348. Brent, A., 3rd. Hussars 27613. Barrett, G., , ,
                                                                           9884. Cornish, A.,
                                                                           9788. Couldrake, H., "
10539. Berry, T., Middlesex Rgt. 46466. Beesley, C.,
 9334. Brown, A.,
                                    27175. Bowerbank, H., ,
                                                                           8717. Couldrake, A., ,
                                   27448. Barkey, A., "
                                                                           8664. Cox, W.,
10272. Bygrave, J.,
10272. Bygrave, J., " " 11707. Burkinshaw, J. " "
                                  27448. Barkey, A., "
27443. Ball, F., "
27159. Bailey, J. "
27160. Balmer, W., "
27863. Browne, R. O. "
27438. Barrett, F., "
46457. Blackburn, R., "
                                                                           8689. Carter, E.,
8315. Byers, W., " "
                                                                           7539. Combs, F., "
10063. Broom, F., ", ", 8954. Binnie, E., Essex-Regt.
                                                                           8787. Cook, A.,
                                                                           8618. Cuff, R.,
                                                                           8315. Curtis, F.,
8776. Clarke, J.,
11154. Broad, T., K.O.R. Lancs. 27444. Begley, J.,
                                                                           9579. Cutts, C.,
8863. Coleing, W.,
8228. Cowles, E.,
                                    27436. Bell, R., "
10885. Baker, R.
 7492. Burgess, R.
                                    27857. Berry, A.,
                                    24573. Benoy, F., 13.R. Hdrs. (Can.)
                                                                          8271. Clark, R.,
 8969. Blundell, C.
10557. Brandon, T., R. Inn. Fus. 24694. Boland, G., "
                                                                          10188. Carpenter, F., R. W. Fus.
                                    44734. Beggs, J., " 10833. Curtis, C., 8931. Burns, J., Royal Scots 9808. Cook, H., 6956. Brown, G., 2rd Linc.Regt. 4805. Clark, T.,
                                                                          10833. Curtis, C.,
 7918. Barnett, B., S. Staffs.
 8928. Beasley, J.,
 8850. Ball, R.,
                                      7145. Boucher, G., Royal Scots 10599. Claffey, H.,
 8801. Bate, G.,
                              99
 8308. Barnbrook, W.,
                                      9936. Bowles, W., Queens'R.W.S. 10281. Cullins, J.,
                              99
                                    12953. Burrows, W., Royal Fus. 12521. Chafer, W., Gren. Gds. 7513. Clements, A., Wilts. Regt. 16596. Coe, J.,
 5763. Beebee, J., "
 8263. Barker, G.,
                                    8456. Baker, J., 9029. Batemann, T., "
                                                                          8946. Campbell, T., A. & S. Hdrs.
 7911. Benton, J., "
 9024. Bagnall, J., "
                            99
 8871. Burns, A., " " 9096. Baker, G., " "
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- Caste. -

Why have the people in Barrack 19, had their hair cut in such a peculiar manner? Is it "caste" or has the hair just naturally refused to grow any more, on an ivory foundation?

If a Russian says "da da" to you, he is not accusing you of being his father. The simply means "yes".

They say that the N. C. O's. in the bunk of Barrack 41 A. indulged in brimstone and treacle, for their blood, a few days ago. People who cannot distinguish between "brimstone" and "insect powder", certainly need medicine of some sort.

Keep smiling, you'll be home some day.

We used to lay awake at nights listening to the strains of "Love me and the world is mine" and "Just like the ivy", drifting over the city walls, from the "Great beyond". Too bad it doesn't continue. It certainly sounded good.

The Economical Day.

One was a Corporal in the Irish Guards and the other was a Corporal in the Scots. Both of them being soldiers they had an appreciative eye for pretty girls. There was one in the shop of Dobbs & Co., as they could see by glancing in at the window.

"Sandy" said Pat. "there's one of the prettiest colleens in there that iver Oi see, Sure and Oi must go in and buy some thistle at the counter and maybe she will give me a smile".

"I'll gang in wi ye" said the other. "But hoots mon! there's nae reason tae waste ony siller. A'ye have tae due is tue ask her tae change a shillin for twa sixpences." G. H. D.

— January 1920. —

The war had been over for six months, and an old soldier was regaling a couple of recruits with his experiences as a prisoner of war at Gottingen.

Noticing that his glass was empty, one of them interrupted.

"Have another drink?"

"Ja, ja! Qui, oui! Da, da! Rather!!"

And in their ignorance of foriegn tongues, the recruits thought that another man had lost his reason at the war.

There are so many barracks "gespert" now that one is almost inclined to believe it to be a good "dodge" for getting out of doing fatigues.

- Citizenship. -

It is a common saying among the people in some parts of the world such as America or Australia, that a newcomer only attains to full citizenship when his thoughts, and even his dreams. are monopolised by his surroundings.

Question. — When does one become a citizen

of The Wooden City?

Answer. — When he sees the "packet roll" in his dreams.

After Death.

A good story is told of the Bishop of Ripon. He was talking to a well known lawyer when the subject of Jonah cropped up. The lawyer asked if the Bishop beleived that the whale did swallow Jonah. The Bishop said that when he went to Heaven he would ask Jonah.

"But supposing Jonah isn't there!" said the

lawyer.

"Then," replied the Bishop, "you will have to ask Jonah yourself.

Sergt. E. Rodgers, 48th Highlanders.

MEMORY'S OF THE PAST.

A spud Whallah stood on the road, His hand upon his heart, For in the distance he espied The famous old spud cart.

He'd waited there for hours And thought twas all in vain, "To get a few good roasters I'll chance my arm again".

He walks up the spud cart As he had done before, And with his dirty mauler, He just gets three of four.

He grips his spoil, just like a child Who's little toys are new, And the memory of his last meal Made him grip those few spuds too.

He gets back to his barrack, Say's "Comrades it's a cert" Then pulls out, those precious spuds From underneath his shirt.

He puts them in the dust bin, Beneath the fire to cook, And often turns them over, Then gives his mates a look.

The memory of those few spuds Caused him much grief and pain, He swear's he'll never pinch Any blooming spuds again.

Cpl. S. Fieldhouse, Royal W. Fus.

Concerning "Townies".

. The Bailie's house was in the Canongate, and the story relates, not only how the Traveller out-toasted all the toasts of his host, toasting himself after everybody else was under the table, but safely navigated his course from the Canongate to Leith, greatly disturbing all the peaceful citizens whose windows he passed under, until he finally fell asleep in a disused stage coach, somewhere near the foot of Leith Walk. The story continues with the vision that appeared to him while spending the night in the coach, but I knew the premier part was the one which would interest my old friend. When I had finished reading I looked at him, and sure enough, although he was looking at me, his eyes had a faraway look in them, and, equally strange, he had let his pipe go out. I was curious to hear what he would say, so I waited silently. Finally he spoke, — no comment on the story, no judgment of the Traveller, but simply. — "I wonder what the Canongate was like in those days". His words revealed at once all that had past trough his brain. Once again he had visited in imagination his former scenes, or rather the Traveller like a "townie" had unrolled the pictures before him.

So much then for "townies". Good luck to them, and good luck to the fellow who wrote

the song.

"Aint it grand to meet a Friend from your old Home Town". Sgt. Cameron.

The English Choral Party.

If you were to stop and ask any ask any Englishman in Camp, the most popular item in the programme of the English Concerts undoubtedly he would answer, The Choral Party. Yes there is no doubt that the English Choral Party under the able conductorship of C. S. M. Walwyk, would be a welcome item on any concert programme.

I wonder how many trouble to think, I mean outside the Choral party, of the amount of work and attention required to bring a party of men, the majority knowing scarcely anything of music, to such a state of perfect ensemble and correct intonation. There is an old saying about "Not being able to make bricks without straw", but C. S. M. Walwyk evidently does not believe in that idea. The French had a Choral Party so he made up his mind that the English would have one too. It seems a very short time from the idea being mooted to its becoming an accomplished fact, and now as I said before it is the most popular item in the amusement of the

I should think C. S. M. Walwyk was amply repaid for his hard work when he heard the

thunder of applause that greeted the rendering of The Comrades Song of Hope, on the occassion of the first appearance of the Choral Party at the English Concerts. There are many fine musicians among the French and Belgians in the Camp and they were unstinted in their praise. Dr. Stange, too, was so impressed with the rendering of the "Thungarian Volkslied" that he specially asked them to sing it again at a later concert, and brought some of his friends from Gottingen to hear it.

Before closing I must mention the Church Choir which is also furnished by the Choral Party. Needless to say, C. S. M. Walwyk has also made this part of the business exceptionally good, and the men in camp have the pleasure of hearing as good a choral semise, as would be heard in any Church at home.

H. C.

- Games. -

In response to a poster hung up in camp, Sergt. Shea has received the names of quite a goodly number anxious to meet any adversary in

different kinds of games.

The following matches are therefore arranged, the only rules being that a referee, chosen by the players, must witness each contest and send, to this Journal, the names of the winners, so that they may be further matched. Two games, out of three, consitute a win.

- Whist. -

Cpl. Green & Lce. Cpl. Baker, 46 A, to play Ptes. Farnsworth & Forsythe, 42 A, Ptes. York, 43 A, & Ford 26, to play Ptes. Lakin & Jarett, 42 A.

- Bridge. -

Sgts. Beardmore & Astill, 45 A, to play Ptes. H. Butler, 27 A, & G. Lloyd, 35. Sgts. Shea & Allen, 45 A, to play Cpls. Panton, 43, & Phillips, 76 A.

- Auction Bridge. -

C. Q. M. S., Mc. Carthy, 8A, & Sgt. Shea, 9, to play Sgts. Hubbard, 41A, & Hickmann, 8A.

- Rummy. -

C. S. M., De Harte, 8A, & Sgt. Rodgers, 6A, to play Sgts. Wink, 8A, & Cameron, 9A.

- Bezique. -

Pte. Pegram, 26 A, to play Lce. Cpl. Llewellyn, 31. Pte. Sadler, 44, to play Pte. W. Exall, 43. Sgt. Hedge, 82 A, to play Pte. F. C. Radley, 82 A.

- Chess. -

Pte. Ellis, 9, to play Pte. Rollanson, 76 A.

- Fat. -

Cpl. Phillips & Pte. Hart, 76 A, to play Ptes. White & Woolton, 42. Ptes. Pegram & Coates, 26 A, to play Ptes. Bewley & Walker, 42.

- Cribbage. -

C. Q. M. S., Mc Carthy, 8 A to play Sgt. Hubbard, 41 A (5 card). Sgt. Hale, 17, to play Sgt. Hickman, 8 A (5 card). Lce. Cpl. Llewellyn, 31 & Pte. White, 42, to play Ptes. Bennett & Sadler, 44. Cpl. Green, 46 A & Pte. Duff, 52 A, to play Ptes. Woolton, 42 & Exall, 43.

- Draughts. -

Sgt. Baverstock to play Sgt. Shea, 9. Cpl. Panton, 43, to play Cpl. Box, 49 A. Sgt. Hubbard, 41 A, to play Cpl. Phillips, 16 A. Lce. Cpl. Bedwell, 49 Å, to play Lce. Cpl. Murray, 50. Pte. Hart, 76, to play Pte. Duff, 52 Å. Pte. York, 42 A, to play Pte. Lakin, 26 A. Pte. Pegram, 26 A, to play Pte. Baker, 46 A.

- Dominoes. -

Cpl. Panton, 43, to play Lce. Cpl. Bedwell, 49 A. Cpl. Phillips, 76 A, to play Lee. Cpl. Murray, 50. Pte. Lakin, 26 A, to play Pte. Jarrett, 42 A.

"Was it flogged"? or "Did he lose it"?

A few months ago, when the usual market was being held on the Hauptlager Strasse, our Regimental Flogger commonly called "Colonel", was approached by a comrade and asked to try to find a good customer for a watch. This the R. F. promptly took in hand.

Days went by and no signs, of the money being forthcoming, the owner thought he had better visit our noble auctioneer, to ascertain whether, or no, he had been successful in his

endeavours.

He (the owner) entered the required barrack and found the person mentioned dressing preparatory to going for his usual promenade. Dress: Review Order.

"Hello! Colonel. Going out? By the way; have you sold my watch?"

"Oh! Yes. Well; not exactly flogged it, but I've got rid of it. Like this, you see. I am so sorry, but when I went into the canteen, I showed it to a chap, and then somebody knocked me down and took it away from me, and when I got up I couldn't see who it was."

Words could not express the lawful owner's feelings enough. - The Colonel now says, after recovery, he thinks this method of obtaining

money is about played out.

I Sympathise with the owner.

W. T. G.

Amusement.

N. C. O.'s and men desirous of Singing or Acting at the Weekly Concerts should render their names to the Secretary or any of the Com-

Great Credit must be given to Sergt. H. Cain, 2nd Royal Scots, who has been appointed, a member of the Amusement Committee, and who is doing good work for the amusement of the Prisoners of War.

Practice for any amusements, takes place at Barrack 45, between the hours of 3 and 6 Pm. Daily.

> J. C. Greaves, Sergt. Secretary and Treasurer, Amusement Committee.

Committee.

Q. M. Sergt., Broome, A. O. C., President. Sergt., J. C. Greaves, 1st South Staff. Regt.,

Secretary and Treasurer. Sergt., C. N. Hickman, 1st Leicester Regt. and Sergt., H. W. Cain, 2nd Royal Scots, Working Committee.

Military Offences.

Contribution by J. Denny, A. & S. Highlanders. During some military manoeuvres, a private soldier was riding, one day, in a train, with his uniform jacket unbuttoned. This caused a sergeant to favor him with a reprimand.

"Button that coat up! Haven't you any sense of military decency at all?"

But here a gentleman on his left interfered, saying to the sergeant, "How dare you give an order with a cigar in your mouth? I am Major Colbrain".

At this point an elderly gentleman with a white moustache, leaned over and murmured in the Major's ear, "Colonel Brewster Fairfax is sorry to have to remind you, sir, that to rebuke a sergeant in the presence of a private, is a military offence hard to overlook."

Editorial.

We wish to make apology to Corp. Goodman for the way we spelled his name in our last issue. His initials are "W. T" but in some way the became mixed with "Heavy Expenses".

Likewise we desire to make ourselves right with Sergt. "M. H." Hedge R. I. Fus., though some of his friends say that the "J" was most applicable.

Private Radley the author of "The Shwe Dagon", appearing in the last issue, belongs to the Border Regt. not the Wilts. Regt. as stated.

Our secretary C. Q. M. S., P. E. Piper objects to being called a P. C.

THE WOODEN CITY

A JOURNAL FOR BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR

No. 3

GÖTTINGEN

August 1. 1915

Properly Had.

"Waiter!" Shouted Bubbajee Andrews, the oracle of the Blankshire's Sergeants' Mess. "Drinks all round here, please".

"What's the trouble, now? Andrews", boomed the voice of the S. M.

"Oh! Just a little bet on with Mick Flahive, the Band Sergeant".

"As to what?" queried the S. M.

"As to what date the 1st Battn. arrived home

from India. I say the 21st October, 95."

"And I say the 25th October", broke in Fla-hive, exitedly, "and I ought to know as I played 'God save the King' when they landed".

"Band Sgt. Flahive pays". shouted Andrews.

"But, why, Andrews?" asked the S. M.
"'Cos he didn't play 'God save the King' at all, Sir, the poor old Queen wasn't dead then".

Chorus of shouts. "Large on top, Waiter,

please".

A Short Cut.

"Does anyone know of a short cut home?" asked a young officer, ordered to march the Battn. home after a weary day on the Plain, all the other officers remaining for a "Pow Wow".

"Yes, Sir", replied Sgt. Turnip Top, an old Indian Wallah, but in his young days a native

of the plain.

"Lead on, then", said the Officer and the old

I. W. led on by a special short cut.

After marching about an hour longer than it would have taken to reach home by the ordinary route, he ran us right up against a high barbed wire fence.

"How the Devil did you expect to get home this way?" snarled the Officer, savage and weary.

"Well, Sir", replied Andrews, apologetically. "I could have got home this way twenty two years ago. There was no fence here then"

Expectation.

He had waited patiently and expectantly for a parcel from a benevolent old gent of his acquaintance.

Judge, then, of his feelings, when his wife

wrote in her letter. -

"I have seen Mr. X. who promised to send you something. I enclose it with my letter".

The enclosure was: -

Dear B. If at times you feel hungry, you will profit much if you chew your food as the cow chews her cud. Remember, food that is well masticated has double the value, so, if you chew yours twice as long as formerly, you should only require half the quantity. Yours faithfully X.
Said a friend. "Altho' you're hungry, Bill, no

doubt it's well intended".

All Bill's remarks were, "Blanketty, Blank, Blank, Blank".

Volunteer Yarns.

One of the best yarns I have heard had to do with the formation of a volunteer Highland Regt. in a city which shall be nameless.

The first parade in uniform was to take place in a public park, and the citizens turned out "en

masse" to witness the event.

One patriotic old gentleman approached a fine looking private, and asked him what part of Scotland he came from He was greatly surprised at the reply.

"Gaw Bli-mi! I come from Lunnen".

Rather disheartened, he walked on, until he saw before him a fine specimen of a highlander who stood well over six feet, and set off his uniform to advantage.

The old fellow thought he would try again and asked the same question as before. The

answer this time was.

"Scotland, did you say? Why, sure and its

just two months since I left Donegal".

Being the first parade of the new Corps, orders had been issued for "Review Order". One recruit not quite sure what that meant, asked a comrade. He had replied, "Oh! put everything on". The poor "Rookie" did so, and arrived on the parade ground dressed in his kilt, with his trews and his spats underneath.

The story is still told, that when the S. M. saw the man, he nearly died from apoplexy, but, finally recovered sufficiently to hail a passing cab, into which he bundled the man and told

the driver to take him home.

Scotsman. Hae ye seen Mc Nab's jacket? Englishman. Yes, I suppose it's a stray one he's picked up.

Irishman. Begorra, he'd look more dacint

in a straight one.

An Indian Incident.

It was one afternoon in August, 1907, that I left Muttra cantonments for my first experience of Shikar. There were five of us, not counting the bowarchi (cook), and his assistant, a small boy whose clothing consisted of two wire bracelets, and a pocket handkerchief, or at any rate, a piece of cloth about that size.

Our outfit comprised four small two-wheeled carts, with a sort of awning supported by four poles. Each of the carts was drawn by a small pony. We Europeans used three, and the other carried the Bowarchi, his assistant, and the eatables.

Our destination was Ral, a village about twelve miles away, in the middle of a big stretch of jungle to the north of Muttra. We were well equipped, with four rifles, two shot guns, and plenty of fishing tackle. So there was every prospect of our four days' leave passing pleasantly.

We were soon travelling at a smart pace over the blazing hot road. We proposed going first to Jait, a village about five miles to the east of Ral and working through the jungle on foot.

We arrived at Jait about three p. m.; fished out the guns, and got ready for action. Our transport was to go in charge of the Bowarchi, by a roundabout road to Ral. In a few minutes we had left the village behind, and were in the jungle proper, spread out in a long line, advancing stealthily and cautiously. I was on the left; and, being a raw hand, was under the instuctions of a big Scotchman named Robinson, a man who had spent nearly nine years in India and was quite an experienced shikari.

The first thing we saw was a fine nilghai. This animal is popularly known as a 'blue bull'; why, I cannot say, as it is neither blue, nor a bull; being not unlike a large deer. It was nearly half a mile away, much too far for a shot, and even, while we were looking, it took alarm at something, and went off at a great pace. To cut a long story short. - We worked the five miles, or so, of jungle with satisfactory results to everyone except myself. Our bag for the afternoon consisting of three hares, ten pigeons, and, best of all, a small buck, which Brown secured with a fine shot. Everyone had bagged something except myself, and I had done nothing, except waste ammunition. As it was getting dusk, we made our way to Ral, our Headquarters. It was a large village, and right in the middle of it, was an artificial lake, or tank, about a hundred yards square, with stone steps leading down to the water's edge, and in three or four places, small shrines, each, with an ugly, ochre-smeared image, and its attendant fakir. By the side of the tank we saw our carts, and, welcome sight,

Kuloo, the Bowarchi, standing beside a cloth spread on the ground covered with a goodly array of eatables. Talk of hunters' appetites; well, the way that grub faded away before our onslaught was a sight to make a dyspeptic stare. About half an hour later, however, the wants of the inner man being satisfied, we were lolling about, puffing away at pipes and cigarettes, discussing the events of the day and I came in for a good deal of chaff over my lack of success. I had been using a 275 Greener rifle, — a borrowed one — and excused myself, by saying, that I thought the rifle was inaccurate. "We can easily test that", said Robinson, "for the tank is roughly a hundred yards across, and we can have a little target practice to-morrow at a biscuit tin, and find out, whether it is the rifle, or the man, that is at fault". I readily agreed to the suggestion, and, shortly afterwards, we turned in for the night. We slept soundly and well, except for one interruption, when Owen insisted on getting up and going out to slay a jackal, that persisted in wandering round and howling.

He went off breathing threats of slaughter against the disturber of our peace, but came back, in a few minutes, much subdued. He had tumbled into a ditch in the dark and instead of getting sympathy from us, we merely grinned hardheartedly and advised him to get to bed.

Next morning we were up early. A plunge into the tank to freshen us up, and we were ready for the day. Three; Owen, Brown, and Punter, went off at once into the jungle, to try their luck. While Robinson and myself stayed behind to carry out our intention of testing my rifle.

I went round to the other side of the tank, placed a biscuit tin on the bottom step, not far from one of the images previously mentioned, and then went back. Robinson took the rifle, and, taking careful aim, fired, hitting the steps about a foot to the left of the tin. We each fired several shots and came to the conclusion. that the rifle was inclined to throw to the left. Suddenly hearing a noise behind us, we turned, and saw a crowd of several hundred angry-looking natives running towards us, all armed with ugly looking sticks and headed by a weird looking fakir, daubed with ashes from head to foot. stood dumbfounded at the sight, but, Robinson took the situation in at a glance. By Jove! We've done it. They think we were shooting at their god, that ugly image over there.

"Whatever you do, don't resist them". And,

even as he said it, they were on us.

To my surprise, they did not club us, or throw us into the tank, as I fully expected; but, three of then collared me, and three more did the same to Robinson. They then carted us off to a dirty little godown; into which, we were

thrown headlong.

I lay still for a minute or so, collecting my thoughts and then I heard Robinson's voice say, "Well, here's a nice state of affairs. A cheerful ending to a holiday."

"Any idea what is going to happen?" I asked.
"Well", he replied. "I managed to speak to
Kuloo, and told him to go to the Police Inspector
at Jait and tell him what has happened."

While we were speaking, we heard an awful row outside, and, after a few moments, I heard Owen's voice raised in excited remonstrance, but it died away after a time, and with it, our hopes of a speedy release.

Being a newcomer to India, I had no idea as to what was likely to happen to us. We had, evidently, committed unwittingly, a serious sacrilege.

I was reassured to some extent, by Robinson, who explained that there was not much danger, as, being so close to a British garrison, the natives had a wholesome respect for the British Raj, who would hold the headman of the village

responsible, for whatever happened.

Sure enough, after three or four hours, we again heard voices speaking English outside, and a native inspector of police stood at the doorway, with our companions in the background, the faithful Kuloo bringing up the rear. He, Kuloo, had set off post haste to Jait, interviewed the Inspector there, who immediately came to our rescue, meeting on his way our three chums

who were going to see him.

The Inspector, a tall fine looking native, explained to us, in fluent English, the nature of our indiscretion. The fakir, whose job it was to take care of this particular image, was a very holy man indeed. He had acquired much merit from a pilgrimage to Benares, and "his sanctity" badly wanted our blood to avenge the supposed insult. He had only been restrained by the head man, who was afraid of the consequences. The people were still very incensed against us, so the Inspector advised us, for our own sakes, to either go back to cantonments, or to take up our quarters elsewhere. We thanked him heartily for his help and advice, and held a hasty consultation, during which, we decided to move to Jait, where the Inspector promised us every assistance in obtaining good sport.

We moved that afternoon, and our subsequent adventures may be reserved for another time. Suffice to say we had excellent sport for the rest of our stay and returned to cantonments laden

with spoil.

As we were undoubtedly to blame, I need hardly say, we kept a discreet silence concerning the events at Ral. Vic.

By The Sea.

It is the custom in Naval Ports to fire a gun from the guard-ship at Sun-set every evening.

An old lady from the country on her first visit to Portsmouth heard the Bang! and wondering what had caused it, inquired of a passer-by. It happened to be a sailor, who, naturally, thought everybody knew the custom, so he replied briefly "Sun-set".

"Good gracious me", exclaimed the old lady, "I have seen the sun a good many times, but I have never heard it go down with a 'Bang'!

before"

She visited a warship in the harbour the next day. On reaching the vessel's side she seized the 'man-rope', which hangs from the gangway to assist people to climb to the deck. At the same time, the Quarter Master struck eight bells, twelve o'clock on board. On reaching the deck, the old lady went straight to the Officer of the Watch who was standing near, and apparently in great distress, and to the officer's surprise and amusement, exclaimed. "Oh! Sir, do excuse me, I didn't mean to ring the bell so loud".

The next thing to draw her attention was a mud-dredger at work. She watched the endless procession of buckets in astonishment for a long time, and appeared quite disappointed at not

seeing the last one.

Walking along the beach, she came across a very large, old anchor, partly embedded in the sand, and decided that, "It was a very big man who used that pick".

In the town, she was very much struck with a Gasometer, which was fully inflated. She inquired of a Scotchman, standing near, what it was, and he, not knowing, replied, "I dinna ken".

Thinking he said "A dinner can", she exclaimed "Oh! then, that must belong to the man who uses that pick.

W. Reuss.

"What led you to think, Sar Majaw, that Sgt. Soakley was under the influence of beer", queried the Colonel?

"Well Sir", boomed S. M. Bitem, viciously.
"I ordered the accused to furnish five men as a permanent working party for the R. E., to parade at 6.30, beds and blankets to be sent later. On being ordered to read it out, he read".

"Fünf men für arbeit at halp seben, blankets

and stroorsacks".

"Sgt. Soakley", queried the Colonel, softly, "were you evan — ah — prisonah of wah?"

"Ja, ja, Sir", replied the Sergeant.
"I thought so", said the Colonel — 'Case Dismissed'. "March him out, Sar Majaw".

Mark Anthony's Speech at Göttingen.

Friends, Frenchmen, Belgians and Russians, lend me your ears:

I come to speak of Smithy, not to praise him. The evil that men do lives after them. The goodness of the soup is oft within the bones. So let it be with Smithy. Our noble camrades Hath told us Smithy was ambitious, And could eat five bowls of soup. If it were so, it was a grievous fault; And grievously hath Smithy answered it. I speak not to disprove that Smithy hath it eaten; But here I am to speak what I do know. All men know Smithy; not without a cause. What cause withholds you then to mourn for him? For eating five bowls of soup; He hides himself within the closet and doth read

Now Smithy does not scorn his soup for packets; They come not oft but rare, And when they do arrive, Beechams Pills are claimed with joy. But none the less, Smithy is an honourable man, He hath brought much soup home And, offering it, hath always been refused. And, when at length unable to eat more, Smithy hath wept, and said, Soup should be made of sterner stuff. But Smithy is an honourable man. You all know well, not long ago, I thrice presented him a kingly bowl of soup; Which he did thrice refuse. Why? Because there was but one bowl. Was this ambition? think you?

"Smiffy" shouted Cpl. Snaphard, Bk. 9a, "what's your trade? The sentry wants funf men for arbeit."

"Got no trade," replied he.

"Well, what did you do before enlistment"?

"Oh! just knocking around, you know".

"Knocking around," snorted the Corporal.

"What sort of work do you call that"?

"Knocking around", persisted Smiffy. "I was a postman."

The Point of View.

A few years ago, I was Cycling, through the village of Shrewton, Wiltshire, when I came across an old soldier of my regiment. I dismounted, and commenced to walk with him. Of course he led, I followed, to the Village Inn, "Catherine Wheel" I think was the name. Having quenched our thirst, and conversed on various subjects, the old Sweat said, "I knew you in the 1st. Batt. in India".

"No, You didn't. I was never in that Batt.",

"Then", said he, "It must have been in Bordon before I went out."

"What Company were you in, in India?"

"C. Company", said he.

"Then you must know Cr. Sgt. P.".

"Know him! I do. And he's a proper soor."
"Is he?" I said. "Well, he's my brother." "Oh! Well. You know, he's not a bad sort. Very strict when on duty, but a proper toff otherwise. Drink up and let's have another pint."

C. Q. M. S., Parker.

Forth from the casement, on the plain Where honour has the world to gain, Pour forth and bravely do your part, O knight of the unshielded heart! Forth and for ever forward! — out From prudent turret and redoubt, And in the mellee charge amain, To fall, but yet to rise again! Captive? Ah! Still, to honour bright, A captive soldier of the right! Or free and fighting, good with ill? Unconquering bnt unconquered still! O to be up and doing, O Unfearing and unashamed to go In all the uproar and the press About my human business! My undissuaded heart I hear Whisper courage in my ear. With voiceless calls the ancient earth Summons me to a daily birth. R. L. S.

The Vacant Chair.

Scene. — Sergeants' Mess.
Time. — Breakfast.

Sergeant-Major. (to Junior Member.) Will you pass the salt, Jones?

J. M. I will.

S. M. (deliberately) I will, what?
J. M. (dubiously) I will.
S. M. (fiercely) I will, what?
J. M. (fed up) I will - not.

Chorus (receding) Oh! who will fill the vacant chair.

We travelled in the print of olden wars; Yet all the land was green; And love we found, and peace, Where fire and war had been, They pass and smile - the children of the sword -No more the sword they wield; And O, how deep the corn Along the battlefield. R. L. S.

The Lost Pipeclay Pot.

Without a doubt, Private Sidney Ring had "got it" bad. He had just finished reading "Sherlock Holmes" which he had obtained from the Regimental Library, and as he informed his chum Percy Sluring, "Could give Holmes a

few tips".

"Why, could tell the guilty man every time," and even the "smack a side the lug" he got from Sam Rogers for staring at him, he, Sam, being under the impression that Sidney was taking a lift out of his eyes, which had got slightly twisted at birth, or, the punch on the nose he got, for telling Sam that, "You were a Fish merchant before you enlisted, I can tell by the shape of your head, as the basket you carried has left its impression", failed to cure him.

On parade; in the library; even in the canteen,

On parade; in the library; even in the canteen, where he had to appease the wrath of Joey Stone, by buying him another quart of beer, Joey accusing Sidney of waiting to pinch the drop, he, Joey, had in his pint cup, he was always on the

lookout for clues.

At last his soul was filled with glee. Corporal Gaston had lost his Pipelay Pot.

"Now, Sluring, what do you make of the case?"

said Ring.

"Well, I suppose he has used it, and forgot to replace it under his bedcot," murmurd Sluring.

"You do not follow out my line of deduction, I am afraid, my dear Sluring. You know that Corpl. Gaston lost his pipeclay pot today. You also know his decided objection to 'cleaning up' and that he absolutely refuses to touch his "traps", until about half an hour before Guard-mounting, when he is for guard. He is for guard next Saturday, and has not done one for over a week. Proof positive, the pot has been stolen, and we shall have to look further afield. Just go and find out if there is a cricket match on to-day," and Ring filled his well worn briarpipe with coarse shag and was soon almost lost to view amid the thick smoke.

Sluring brought back the news, that there was a cricket match at 2 p.m. on the Naval Ground.

"Ha! I thought so, and here is the connecting link," said Ring, who was on his knees in front of "D" storeroom, carefully placing on a piece of paper, some very small whitish looking particles, he had evidently just removed, with a penknife, from the floor. "We shall have to take a walk to the Naval ground this afternoon and take Pedro with us."

At 1—30 p. m., Ring and Sluring, accompanied by a small black and white terrier, suspiciously like the dog of Jack Ouse, the Quarter bloke's storeman, were awaiting the arrival of the Regimental team. The Ist member to arrive was Moochee Davis, Colors of 'D' company, and like a shot from a gun, Pedro went straight for him.

"That is the man we are after; and now to trace the hiding place of the pot," said Ring, and, whistling to recall Pedro, the two chums returned to S. Barracks.

Color Sergt. Davis returned to barracks in a bad state of mind, to discover his storeroom door burst open, and, among a litter of equipment, rifles, documents, and the usual conglomeration of rubbish that a Company storeman considers it absolutely necessary to collect, our two friends Sidney Ring and Percy Sluring. He placed them in the Guard room, crimed with "Breaking into the Company Storeroom with intent to steal", etc., for which the C O. dealt out "14 days cells, and pay for damages".

"I am afraid, Sluring, we must put this case down as one of our undiscovered crimes," said Ring, while in the Guard Detention room, awaiting escort to conduct them to Detention Barracks. "Although the line of my deductions, with which you are so well acquainted, pointed strongly to Moochee Davis. Let'us once again review the facts. We knew that Cpl. Gaston did not like soldiering, and never did any cleaning up, until just before Guard Mounting, and not being for guard on the day he lost his Pipeclay pot, he had not mislaid it. Therefore, it must have been stolen. Now, then, who uses pipeclay? Is'nt it used to clean cricket boots? So I sent you to find out if there was a match to be played the day of the crime. On your return, you found me carefully preserving some particles of a whitish substance which I discovered on the floor, in front of the door of "D" storeroom, and which I afterwards proved to be pipeclay. Ask yourself. Who plays cricket? Who uses "D" storeroom? Is'nt the answer obvious, even without the further proof afforded by our little outing to the Naval ground. Although, I grant you the scent afforded to Pedro by Cpl. Gaston's towel was of the faintest, he not having used his pipeclay sponge for over a week, as we know. Still, I am afraid, my dear Sluring that you will have to chronicle this case as one of my few failures.

"Yes", said L.Cpl. B— of Barrack 18. "When the Doctor asked him to shew his bad leg, blowed if he didn't shew him the wrong one."

"Alright, B", said the chum referred to, who had overheard. "Next time, I'll do the same as you, wear a canvas shoe on the bad one to make sure.

List of British Prisoners of War at Göttingen Camp.

```
46134. Cowek, W., 13. Canadian.
 7828. Craig, J., A. & S. Hdrs.
                                           7186. Cliff, F., Leicesters.
                                          6523. Coleman, W., "
 7387. Cummings, A., "
                                                                                   24587. Cuin, W.,
                                          6888. Collins, M.,_ "
                                                                                24115. Carr, J.,
8784. Clarke, F.,
 2698. Christie, Scots Gds. 5934. Crighton, D., "
                                          9675. Chambers, F., "
                                                                                                            R. Scots.
 8286. Cross, R.,
5429. Cameron, J.,
                                                                                  11288. Cooper, J.,
                                           6472. Church, E., "
                                                                                 5480. Cassidy, D., A. & S. Hdrs.
                                           7095. Cavner, T., "
 8228. Conway, J., "
                                          9769. Clarke, J.,
                                                                                   517. Chambers, A., R. W. Regt.
 4389. Chapman, V., "
                                          6836. Coleman, A.,
                                                                                      248. Clayton, W., 18. Hussars.
 8218. Clisby, A., "
                                                                                 11582. Cox, B., Royal Fusiliers. 8432. Dowdell, E., Wilts. Regt.
                                         10620. Cross, H., R. Scots. Fus.
 5355. Clayton, E., "
                                           6700. Connolly, J., "
 3468. Cumsty, B., , ,
                                           6016. Campbell, R., ,
                                                                                    9683. Doughty, G.,
 8710. Cooper, J., " 9192. Cooper, F., " "
1214. Casey, W., R. War Regt. 9420. Cain, H. W., R. Scots Regt. 1499. Cull, C., " 10654. Collins, W. R., " "
180. Collins, J., R. W. Kents 10698. Curling, C.H., Middlesex.
                                                                                    8454. Draper, G.,
                                                                                    8736. Dash, A.,
1499. Cull, C., 10654. Collins, W.R., 180. Collins, J., R. W. Kents 10698. Curling, C.H., Middlesex. 10056. Curtis, J., 8601. Collins, W., 10012. Collins, A., 9962. Clay, W., Worcesters. 7653. Churchley, W., Qu.R. W.S. 10649. Carnes, P., R. Irish Regt. 7288. Canto T.
                                                                                    7658. Dix, T.,
                                                                                    9152. Dixon, R.,
                                                                                    8436. Drewitt, H.,
                                                                                    9289. Drew, T.,
                                                                                    8668. Dawes, G.,
 7288. Cawte, T.,
                                           4392. Cashin, P.,
                                                                                    8941. Dash, C.
                                                                                    7470. Drewitt, E.,
 8565. Calden, J.,
                                         10422. Caulfield, J.,
                                          1002. Chalk, Dur. L. Infantry
9653. Childs, A.,
10568. Clack, T.,
                                                                                    8816. Drew, W. J.,
                                          8250. Claton, W., Essex-Regt.
                                                                                    7226. Driscoll, J.,
                                                                                    8176. Drew, W.,
7993. Davies, A. T.,
 8172. Cannon, F.,
                                           6450. Cox, A., 3rd. Hussars.
 8828. Chalcroft, W., "
                                           7114. Chinnery, J., Northants.
 9988. Cates, F.,
                                                                                    7991. Duck, H.,
                                         12254. Christer, L., R. Fusiliers.
 7463. Cook, G., S. Staffs.
                                          7502. Collen, K. R. R. Corps.
                                                                                    8485. Dodson, E.,
 8462. Cox, G.,
8907. Choyce, D.,
                                                                                    7558. Durrant, S.,
                                           5276. Cramp, R., Leicesters.
                                                                                   7773. Dipper, E., R. Berks Regt. 5457. Dines, E., 10903. Davis, W., R. Welsh. Fus.
                                           9054. Castle, F., Buffs.
 8699. Carnelly, C.,
                                           8761. Cheesman, A.,
 8790. Cook, A.,
                                           9328. Cloake, L.,
                                                                                    5937. Davies, D.,
 8970. Cox, R.,
8877. Clarke, J.,
                                           9173. Cranmer, E.,
                                                                     99
                                           9555. Clark, F.,
                                                                                   11174. Davies, J.,
4861. Clansey, C., 10634. Carver, D., 10829. Cowdry, H., S. W. Borders 9248. Carter, E., 6884. Collins, T., 10799. Collins, H., 1870. Colthup, C.,
                                                                                   11003. Dinning, R.,
                                                                                   5951. Davies, A.,
                                                                                    4325. Dumpley, E.,
10751. Cooper, R.,
                                                                                   10953. Davies, S.
                                          1870. Colthup, C.,
                                 99
                                         768. Cook, T., 27424. Cameron, G., 48. Hdrs. 9960. Davies, T., 10469. Davies, G. M.,
 7309. Cunliffe, O., "
 7160. Clift, W., "
 8606. Casey, C., 86886. Crosby, J., 8
                                         27877. Crane, J.,
27872. Colman, V.,
                                                                                    9753. Daniells, T.,
  7796. Clay, A.,
                                                                                      260. Dockerty, E., A. & S. Hdrs.
                                                                                       58. Duff, S.,
 8620. Coatts, A.,
                                         27465. Coventry, A.,
 8904. Coatsworth, B.,
                                         27454. Campbell, A.,
                                                                                   10223. Denny, J.,
                                                                                     8935. Dunbar, J.,
10379. Clarke, W.,
                                         10749. Carmachael, R.,
 9515. Campbell, W., Cam. Hdrs. 27462. Carmachel, T.,
                                                                            99
                                                                                     9164. Devlin, J.,
 6968. Cameron, A., "
                                         27181. Connolly, J.,
                                                                                     5913. Doyle, J., 7350. Dodd, J., R. W. Kents.
 5781. Cochrane, A., 27457. Cockland, 8257. Cockburn, P., R.A. M.C. 27453. Callighan, O., 27455. Chatfield, T.,
                                                                                     6806. Donovan, J., "
                                                                                     8580. Dickens, G.,
D. of. W. W. Riding Regt.
 8256. Calvert, E.,
                                         27874. Colquhain, J.,
 8146. Collinwood, R.,
                                                                                     6924. Davidson, C., Scots Gds.
                                         27461. Craighead, C.,
 8349. Cook, W.,
4198. Craig, J., D. C. L. I.
9255. Connors, H., Leicesters.
                                         27607. Campbell, H.,
                                                                                     8377. Docherty, R.,
                                                                                     7886. Dowden, G.,
                                         27983. Christer, C.,
                                         27875. Conibear, P., 24119. Campbell, S., 13. Canadian.
                                                                                     8210. Drake, A.,
                                                                                     7177. Downing, F.,
  8283. Clarke, S.,
                                                                                     7121. Duffy, J.
 6664. Clarke, J.,
                                         46818. Cameron, H.,
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- Games. -

It has been found somewhat difficult to carry out all the original challenges owing to the numerous parties going away. We have however played out the games with substitutes.

The more the merrier; so send your names

in to us.

Results of Games.

- Bridge. -

Sgts., Beardmore & Astill forfeited the game with Ptes., H. Butler & G. Lloyd.

Cpls. Panton & Phillips beat Segts., Shea &

Allen.

Auction Bridge.

C. Q. M. S., Mc Carthy & Sgt., Shea beat Sgts., Hubbard & Hickman.

- Rummy. -

C. S. M., De Harte & Sgt., Rodgers beat Sgts., Wink & Cameron.

- Bezique. -

Sgt., Hedge beat Pte., J. C. Radley.

- Fat. -

Ptes., Weldon & Murray beat Ptes., Murphy & Blunsdon.

- Cribbage. -

Sgt., Hubbard beat Q. M. S., Mc Carthy. -Sgt., Hickman beat Sgt., Hale. - Ptes., Murphy & Scamp beat Ptes., Weldon & Murray.

- Draughts. -

Sgt., Baverstock beat Sgt., Shea. — Cpl. Panton beat Pte. Kennedy.

- Dominoes. -

Pte. Mellors beat Cpl., Panton.

Challenges.

- Whist. -

Cpl., Ormes & Pte., Dakin 8 a to play Ptes., W. G. Mansell & G. Vincent 9.

- Bridge. -

Ptes., H. Butler, 27a, & G. Lloyd, 35, to play Ptes., G. H. Marsh & A. Williams, 9.

- Rummy. -

Sgt., Greaves, 9a, & Sgt. Cain, 20a, to play C. Q. M. S., Parker, & Sgt., Cameron, 9 a.

— Fat. —

Ptes., Weldon & Murray to play Ptes., G. H. Marsh & A. Williams, 9. - Ptes., Chambers & Robinson, 76 a, to play Ptes., Mansell & Vincent 9.

- Cribbage. -

Ptes., Murphy & Scamp to play Ptes., W. G. Mansell & G. Vincent, 9.

- Draughts. -

Sgt. Baverstock, 10 a, to play Sgt., Hubbard 52. C. S. M., Connors, 52, to play Cpl., Panton, 43 (3 day match).

- Shorthand Writing. -

Sgt., Greaves challenges C. S. M., De Harte at the above. The writing to be taken down from a man reading a Shakespearian Book.

- Halma. -

Sgt. Greaves, 8a, & Sgt. Cain, 30a, to play Sgts., Smith, & Pte., Elliott.

- Polo. -

Sgt., Winyard challenges any Royal Engineer in Camp.

Field Sports.

C. S. M., Walwyk challenges anyone at Throwing the Discus, or Javelin, or Swinging the Lead. He reserves to himself the right of scratching (himself).

- Knurr and Spell. --

Nemo challenges anyone in camp at this ancient British sport.

We thank Onlooker for his letter. It is to the point and the suggestions will prove useful. The matter of prize competitions is under consideration and we hope to do something in that line shortly. Onlooker is evidently not aware of the difficulties of advertising in Camp, they would probably surprise him.

Lastly he again errs in his guess, as to what "the Editors, etc., will think and say". Letters such as his are most welcome and helpful, and no one would be more pleased, if he were to abandon his Onlooking attitude and gave his

active assistance, than

Yours truly, The Editors.

Matrimonial.

Winnie. 41. Eh! Never Mind, there's still a chance for you. Now, You Wooden Citizens!

Maggi. 82 Eh! Hopeless!!

About Town. It is rumoured that an "engagement" will shortly be announced in the West End of the City. Anyway it's a warm corner.

A busy Place.

Perhaps the busiest place in camp, the "Parcel Office" is certainly the scene of great activity. N. C. Os. & Men., with their jackets off, work pretty hard, in the endeavor to get our parcels from home into our hands, with the least delay possible.

And there really is not much delay if we con-

sider the work to be done.

A truck load of parcels came into camp at 5.30 p. m. Friday evening, the names were called and written on the parcel roll, the roll hung up in its appointed place and nearly all the goods delivered at 9.15 a. m. the following morning.

Parcels for men gone away to work camps, were handed over to the men who have charge of this end of the business. The men's names were looked up and the new addresses affixed, after the censors had examined the contents of the parcels, and they were sent off to these men as soon as possible. In cases where bread was found to have spoiled, it was removed by the censors and a note to that effect was placed inside.

The fact that men are continually moving to and from the work camps, the lists have to be kept very carefully and are constantly changing.

Then again every parcel must be signed for and those for men working and returning to the camp at night, have to be put aside, and delivered when they return.

Altogether the parcel office is, as must be in a camp the size of this one, a very, very busy place.

L. E. D.

The English Concert July 17th.

Our weekly concert was very well attended by the "Bhoys" this week.

We missed our favorite singer, Lce. Cpl.

Walsh, who is at present isolated.

The topical song, "Trouble", by Messrs. Kennedy and Rowe, was very good "as also was Pte. Kennedy's "Impersonations".

The "Choral" sang with their usual spirit

and met with a good reception.

The mandolin band provided a musical item

much appreciated.

Altogether a pleasant evening. Our regular reporter was otherwise engaged on that evening, hence, the curtailed report. D.D.O'S.

Editorial.

The following alterations have taken place in our Staff. — Sgt. D. D. Shea, Leicestershire Rgt., to be Editor vice C. S. M., L. E. De Harte, 48th Highlanders, resigned.

Sgt. E. V. Winyard, 15th Hussars, to be a

member of the Committee, vice C. S. M., E. Walwyk, the Rifle Brigade, resigned.

Sgt. G. Cameron, 48th Higlanders to be a

member of the Committee.

For the convenience of our contributors and for the furtherance of our Games Scheme, it has been thought advisable to reprint the names of the Staff of "The Wooden City", giving the number of the barrack where each resides.

Contributions and challenges may be given to

any of the Staff at any time.

We shall be pleased to receive any suggestions for the amusement or entertainment of our Citizens.

Editors.

Sgt. D. D. Shea, Leicestershire Rgt., Barrack 41a. Pte. R. A. A. Ellis, Leicestershire Rgt., Barrack 9.

Secretary & Treasurer.

C. Q. M. S., P. E. Piper, Wiltshire Regt., Barr. 9 a. Advertising Agenta.

Sgt. J. Harding, Leicester Regt., Barrack 41 a. Sgt. W. T. Goodman, R. Welsh Fus., Barrack 42.

Working Committee. C. S. M., H. Conners, Leicestershire Rgt., Barr. 41a. Sgt., E. V. Winyard, 15th Hussars, Barrack 41a.

E. Rogers, 48th Highlanders, Barrack 6a. H. Ashling, 48th Highlanders, Barrack 6a. J. W. Oakley, S. Staffordshire Regt., Barr 6a.

"M. Hedge, R. Inniskilling Fus., Barrack 82.

", G. Cameron, 48th Highlanders, Barrack 9a.

Notes and Notices.

Religous.

Church of England. — English Service is held in the Y. M. C. A. Hall every Wednesday, at 8 a. m. The Rev., Pastor Baring of Gottingen officiates.

Full Choral Service every Sunday at 10 a.m. There is now a sufficiency of books, thanks to the kindness of friends at home.

Roman Catholic. — Holy Mass at 7 a. m. in

in the Y. M. C. A. Hall.

A Morning Prayer.

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man. Help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces. Let cheerfulness abound. Give us to go blithely on our business all the day. Bring us to our resting beds, weary and content, and undishonoured, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

R. L. S.

Choral.

Choral Practice takes place on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. All members are requested to attend as regularly as possible.

THE WOODEN CITY

A JOURNAL FOR BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR

No. 4

GÖTTINGEN

August 15. 1915

A Glimpse of St. Helena.

St. Helena! The name brings memories. One sees in imagination the wonderful career of Napoleon which flashed like a meteor across the pages of history, and then the quiet ending to that brilliant life on the lonely island out in mid-Atlantic. Some such thoughts as these were in my mind, when I woke up one morning in January, 1913, and was told that the troopship on which we were travelling rested at anchor opposite Jamestown.

There was a rush to the deck to see the famous Island. Looking landwards we saw great frowning cliffs running down almost to the water's edge, a long line of them sweeping round in a rough semicircle. Right in the centre, facing the ship, was a huge gap, dividing the line, as though some giant of old had cleft the rocks in twain. At the bottom of this gap close to the sea is Jamestown; while in the background just behind, a road can be seen winding back and up into the interior of the Island. On the right of the gap, on the heights, is the small military station, with the famous St. Helena stairs leading up to it.

However, as we were all eager to land, we did not stand admiring the view for long. I made a hasty toilet, and an equally hasty breakfast, and was soon ready for shore. By this time the companion ladder had been lowered, and dozens of small boats were hovering round, waiting for passengers. I hailed one and with two chums started for the shore, which was about five hundred yards away. Landing at the wharf was by no means an easy matter, for there was a considerable sea running. Fixed at the stern of the boat was an upright post about two feet high, and each of us, in turn, stood balancing himself with the aid of the post, and as the boat swung up close to the wharf, stepped off.

Once ashore we were besieged by crowds of girls selling curios, mostly bells, bracelets, etc., made from little flat beans not unlike melon seeds. Some were very pretty, — the curios I mean, not the girls, — but we resisted their attractions for the moment, and walked on into Jamestown.

I was struck by the dark complexions of many of the Islanders, some almost as black as a kaffir. It seemed so bizarre to see such distinctly European features allied to a black, or nearly black, skin. Perhaps it is the effect of

climate. I merely mention the fact and cannot pretend to explain it.

Napoleon's house was of course the great objective, and in answer to our inquiries, we were told that it was about four miles away, towards the centre of the Island.

We could either take a pony or a carriage. The former cost seven shillings and six pence, and the latter, thirty shillings, which seemed a wee bit exorbitant. I suggested walking, but was promptly assured it was impossible. Being somewhat obstinate, that settled it for me. I would go; and walk at that. My two friends did not relish the prospect, so I set off alone.

First passing through the town, I glanced at the lace factory, where, so I was informed, some really beautiful work is done, but as we were under orders to sail at twelve noon, and it was already eight o clock, there was no time to go in.

The road after leaving the little straggling town was steep and narrow. The character of the scenery changed as I advanced, from bleak ragged rock to verdure and shrub. Still farther on it was not unlike a well kept garden; all kinds of plants flourished in every direction.

I arrived eventually at my destination feeling a little tired. I certainly should not have started so cheerfully had I known how far it was. The house was a large one standing in a big garden full of flowers. At the door stood a man selling the inevitable picture postcards. Inside, I found the rooms quite bare of furniture, but in the room where the great general died was a white bust of him. I was fortunate in being alone in the room for a few moments and it was impossible not to feel a sensation akin to awe when I realised that I was standing in the room where the wonderful man, who shook the destinies of Europe, breathed his last. Though he made and unmade kings at his pleasure, yet like the meanest slave, he had to fall before the remorseless sickle of Time.

I could not stay long, much as I wished to, so I left and commenced my walk back. Four miles I was told at the wharf, but they were certainly the longest four miles I have ever walked.

Anyone who has travelled in Ireland knows what a delightfully vague distance is meant, when one is told, in answer to an inquiry. "Yes, about

a mile and a bit". Well, those four miles were something similar, perhaps a little more so.

However, I am digressing. On my way back, I overtook an old gentleman who bade me "Good morning", and we entered into conversation. He informed me he was Editor and Proprietor of the 'St. Helena Guardian', the only newspaper published on the Island. He also mentioned, that he was nearly seventy years of age, and when I expressed surprise, for he certainly did not look it, he said; "It is nothing unusual. We are a healthy lot here. The climate is so good that people are generally hale and active to a good old age."

When we reached the town he wished me a cheery, "Good bye", and I went down to the wharf.

The long swell, so noticeable when we landed, had increased, and getting into the boats was a proceeding frought with difficulty and perhaps a little danger. One had to wait till the boat rose on the wave and then jump. I managed it without accident and sat down in the bow of the boat watching the scene before me.

Picture it, if you can. A flight of steps, perhaps twenty feet wide, crowded with soldiers in Indian Khaki, most of then laden with curios, fruit, etc.; at the foot of the steps, dozens of small boats rising and falling on the heavy ground swell; the boatmen all clamouring for custom;

everyone shouting and nobody listening.

A young band boy, carrying a huge bag of fruit, jumped for one of the boats a second too late, made a wild grab at nothing, and disappeared into the sea. He appeared a moment later, spluttering and gasping. Fortunately, he could swim like a fish, and was pulled into the boat, none the worse for his immersion, still clutching the big brown paper bag.

We pulled away to the ship, re-embarked once more, and shortly afterwards, steamed away. I stood on the poop watching the Island gradually disappearing below the horizon. It faded slowly from view and by evening, the circle of sea and sky was unbroken and St. Helena was to us nothing but a memory.

Topical Song. — Trouble.

T.

We're not here to sing you a coon song; We don't think we could if we tried. We're not here to do you a cake-walk; We'd rather commit suicide.

TT.

We're not here to sing of your troubles; We're got quite enough of our own; But what we should like is some good natured tyke Who could tell us the date we go home. III.

We strolled on the prom one fine evening, And met a kind friend you all know. We said, "Mister Wheeler, now, you're just the dealer, To remedy some of our woe."

IV.

He said, "State your troubles at once, men". So we poured forth a terrible tale
Of rheumatic mothers and paralysed brothers,
And something gone wrong with our mail.

V.

About three days after we'd seen him We appeared on the old packet list. So we paraded ourselves, and got ready our shelves For the things, we for so long had missed.

VI.

We filed in and drew two big Hudson's. The size of'em did make us smile. When the lid it was raised, we stood there amazed, For the contents were packed in such style.

VII.

There was roti, some lard and some cocoa, Posh stuff on your boko to shove, Commended by Leno. Four tins of Sardino That were gasping for breath through the lid.

VIII.

But we won't keep on harping on packets; Of such things you've heard quite enough, We'll endeavour to change it. In fact we've arranged it

To end up with different stuff.

IX.

We're penned in with Frenchmen and Belgians And agree with a love that is true.
We sell for a lark, our shirts at "half mark"
And they flog us tabac for "quatre sous".

X

But when all this trouble is over And we're back in old "Blity" once more We'll laugh and we'll dance. We'll sing and we'll

And we'll answer "The old Cookhouse Door".

XI.

And now our long story is ended We hope your won't show us the door This is not all rotto, for truth is our motto For "Good-bye" let's say "au revoir".

Kennedy & Rowe.

"Aha"!! said the gefangener, who sold a pot of treacle to a chum, only to discover, when too late, that a half quid had been put in the pot by his friends. "Now, I know why they call it Golden Syrup." (True History.)

The Redemption of "Dodger" Brown.

There was not the least doubt about it, Private "Dodger" Brown, D. Company, 2nd Roamshire Regiment, was a "waster" of the worst kind. But the funniest thing about it was, he knew it. Drunk every blessed night of the week. on Friday, "D" company's "Waterloo Day" being Tuesday, he'd somehow manage to raise the necessary entrance fees to the land

of brutish forgetfulness.

Coy. Qr. Mr. Sergt. Simkins could probably have put an obstacle in Dodger's way if he had thought about it, for the amount of 'clothing and necessaries' Dodger required every month was phenominal, although he never had a decent suit of clothes, and his kit at the weekly inspection. beggared description, and caused his Platoon Officer to explode with wrath. "Put him down for the whole damn lot, Qr. Master Sergeant"; at which order Dodger smiled greatly. But the Coy. Q. M. S. had only just joined the company on promotion, and besides C. Sgt. Maj. Ralph, while 'running' the accounts before the promotion of a C. Q. M. S. to the company, had dropped on to Dodger's tactics for obtaining the needful and had refused to - "Put me down, please Color Sergt., for a new suit of khaki."

The following morning, Private James, who slept in the next cot to Dodger, was deficient of one new greyback and two pairs of socks.

"Yes"; said Dodger, when asked if he knew anything of them. "I was broke, and sold them". With the result that he got, "28 days cells" from the C. O., who would have kicked him ont of the service, only for the little piece of blue - well; blue at one time - ribbon, that he wore on the right breast of his jacket, which had been presented to him for saving the lives of two of his comrades, at the same time nearly losing his own, the losing of which he thought, perhaps might have been a blessing.

Dodger never again made the mistake of "borrowing" his next door neighbour's kit. Not because of the actual punishment, nor yet because he had recognised that his method of borrowing, and stealing, were one and the same, - for to give him his due, as soon as he was "flush" he had given the youngster, from whom he had "borrowed" the shirt and socks, double their cost - but because, as he said, "I can do wiv one or two pints when I am short, but 28 days wivout a blinking single drop. Strike me lucky! Never no more".

Oh! Yes. Dodger had been a recruit once upon a time, and could still picture in his mind -- altough at the present time he had close on "Seventeen in" - the day he had enlisted, and the journey by train to the Regimental Dêpot.

One of the bright spots in Dodger's nature

was his love for his Regiment.

Can it be anything else but love? You, reader, have it in you, so will be able to answer me. You may, or may not, let a man of another regiment call you a duffer, or say you are no good; probably nothing happens. But instead of to you, let him apply the same terms to your Regiment, and although, perhaps, you yourself have, within the last day or two, or perhaps, even within an hour, given your Regiment and all appertaining to it, the worst names your imagination can supply. What happens?

After you have left the service 'Fed up' with your 'Seven in', or discharged to pension after twenty one years service, what makes you run like a mad thing when you hear a Military band in the distance, and if by chance it should be your "Old Regiment", what makes you feel that you would like to dance, jump, shake the hand of every man in the Regiment, although probably you do not know a mother's son of them, laugh,

and cry at the same time.

II.

The Regimental football team of the 2nd Roamshire's had stubbornly fought their way, round by round, into the Final of the Army Cup. In the preliminary rounds, the playing abilities of each team they were drawn against, had been magnified a thousandfold, as is the way in every regiment.

"I am afraid their forwards will be too good for our backs. They are the finest forward line in

the Service."

Such-like sayings were heard all over the barracks; but ever in our minds was something that kept on telling us that 'Our Team' would pull through alright, and the joy in the Regiment, as each team was disposed of, has been felt by us all.

And now, we are within a week of the day, when we shall see all our hopes, or perhaps our fears (there are still a few who are doubtful of the result) realised, and although none know it, whether we are to lose miserably, for a certainty, or perhaps, win glorionsly, is at the caprice of a waster; our friend "Dodger".

And the way of it.

Dodger turning out of the canteen at 2.15 p.m. decides, in his half maudlin way, that he will have a sleep, and a providence, which seems to watch over drunkards, sends to his brain the fact that the best place for a sleep is not in his barrack room, where some overwatchful N. C. O. may spot him, but as far from that place as possible, so he makes for the Ramparts. All of

us who have served at Gosport know those

ramparts.

Dodger has only just, so it seems to him, altough actually four hours have passed, stretched out, when a buzzing noise makes itself felt in his half numbed mind and gradually it dawns on him that it is voices that he can hear, and snatches of a conversation, such as: "They must not win;" and, "Fifty quid for you, on the day that they lose;" bring him, with a sudden shock, to the realization that it is the Regimental football team, in which he and his Regiment are putting such hopes and faith, that is under discussion.

Gently parting the bush behind which he had flung himself down to sleep, he sees two figures, both of which he recognises. One is that of the Secretary of the Football Club; and the other is a noted Gosport bookmaker, with whom he knows the whole of the Regiment, from the Colonel down to "Young" Watts, the latest joined boy, has a bet. He is awake now with so clear a

brain as never before in his life.

The bets are forgotten, he only recognises that the football team of his Regiment, that he has cheered on to victory in many a hard fought tussle, amid wind, rain, and snow, is threatened with defeat. Not a fair defeat, but one through roguery; because he knows, without the slightest shadow of a doubt, and so does every man in the Regiment, that without Jack Rhodes, and 'Tiny' Smith their two backs, defeat will be their portion, since the two reserve backs would have as much chance of holding the five forwards of the Broadshire Regimental team, all Army Team players, as you or I have of holding water in a sieve. Yet, here was an agreement to keep those two backs, from putting in an appearance on the football field at Queen's Avenue, by hook or by crook. The way suggested being, that they should be placed in the wrong train during the journey to Aldershot, and so be unable to reach the ground in time for the match, which would necessitate the two reserves being taken into the team.

Ш.

Dodger realised the fact that there was one thing he must do, and that was, to keep sober, and he knew from his experience in "Stir" that he was up against the fight of his life. In Detention Barracks, he had not the least chance of obtaining liquor; now, he had only to walk across the square, to obtain as much as he wanted, and once inside the canteen he would be a beaten man.

He thought of putting the matter before the Colonel, but it struck him that by so doing, he would put the chief culprit, the bookmaker, in a position to put in operation other schemes, of

which no one in the Regiment would know anything. Now, he knew that the dirty work was to be carried out on the journey to Aldershot, and it was up to him to stop it.

But to go without his beer. Could he do it?

It was not for one day, but seven!

Reader, are you a smoker? If so; you know what a craving for tobacco comes over you, when you have been deprived even for a few hours, of the chance of a smoke. Multiply that craving a thousand times and you have some idea of the

suffering of poor Dodger.

Day, after day, the craving for drink seemed to drive him nearer and nearer to madness, and he often found himself wandering towards the Canteen, with the intention of having a pint, whatever happened. But he always pulled up in time, knowing that one pint would lead to many, and that he would most probably finish up in the Guard Room, and the scheme which had been simmering in his brain, for the safe arrival of Jack Rhodes and 'Tiny' Smith on the football ground at Queen's Avenue, could not possibly be carried out.

The week passes; but not without leaving signs of the struggle between Dodger's will power and the great attraction at the Canteen, which can be seen in the pale face, and sunken eyes of the man; and at last we reach the day before the "Great Day"; when the awful discovery is made that Jack and Tiny are "Absent without leave." Dodger is reported the same. They have not even put in an appearance at the station, on the morning when the team entrains for Aldershot, accompanied by at least five hundred Regimental supporters. But not the enthusiastic supporters they would have been, if their two safeguards, Jack and Tiny had been with the team. There is not a man among the whole five hundred who does not know that the team. as it will now have to take the field, will be hopelessly beaten, and it is in that mind that they crowd round the ropes, and wait for the teams to turn out.

The blue and claret of the Broadshire Regimental team is the first to appear, Cluck, the captain and centre-half punting the ball down the field to his men for the usual five minutes practice, followed more slowly by the red and white stripes of our team, looking, in our eyes, as if they know they are going to be beaten.

An electric shock seems to run round the field, and in a second the whole crowd of the Roamshires have suddenly gone mad. Their caps, sticks, and in many cases, the caps and sticks of other people, — in this sort of madness one is not particular whose cap one uses — are flung wildly in the air. (see page 32.)

Boxing Notes.

The attendance at the Boxing Contests, which took place on Saturday, the 24th July, in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, showed to the full the appreciation of our Citizens for the arrangements made by C. Q. M. Sgt. Mc Carthy, Leicester Regt., M. C. and Cpl. Panton, Middlesex Regt., Whip.

There were eight contests in all, each consisting of four rounds. No decision. Also, an interlude by Pte. Kennedy of the Buffshires, who, to the general enjoyment, gave a few of his imper-

sonations.

Pte. Dodge, Leicester Regt. v Pte. Sheppard, R. Irish Rgt.

Dodge was somewhat the heavier and although receiving a few more knocks, still had the best of the first round. Round No. 2. Dodge proved himself to be in much better condition and again had the advantage. In the third round, matters went slowly; both men seemed somewhat fagged. The fourth round. Dodge again came to the fore, but Sheppard fought gamely and well.

Pte. Mc Donnagh, S. Staffords. v Pte. Holland, Wilts. Regt.

These two were very well matched. Both fought well, but neither gained any advantage in the first round. The second round was also even going, both men still going strong. Round three was somewhat lighter, but was again fought well. In round four, matters were proved even. Troughout, the bout was taken in the true spirit of boxing.

Sgt. Shea, Leicesters v Pte. Rudden, Border Regt.

There seemed no doubt of a conclusion being arrived at here and, althoug giving a great deal of weight away, Sgt. Shea held his own. In round two the Editor of the famous and highly appreciated journal "The Wooden City" gained a decided adwantage. The audience showed great enthusiasm, and it looked as though there was to be blood on the moon, both men going for all they were worth. Pte. Rudden more than recovered himself in the next round. In round four the combatants dealt much more lightly with one another and the match finished in the good old English spirit and again the audience were very enthusiastic.

Pte. Moore, Middlesex Regt. v Pte. Stanley, Border Regt.

Again we had a very well matched couple, but Stanley had slightly the longer reach. The first round was very even; both men were very game. In round two Stanley went ahead somewhat, although Moore was fighting very well. Stanley maintained his lead in the third round and he seemed to take the whole thing as a jolly good

joke, — a little way of his. Moore came up to the scratch in round four and regained a good bit of lost ground, which surprised both the audience and his opponent, who, however, still thought it a jolly fine joke.

Cpl. Vesey, Queen's Regt. v Cpl. Nabbs, R. W. Fusiliers.

Cpl. Vesey seemed to be giving a good deal of weight away; consequently, round one went slightly in his opponents favour. Round two; Vesey boxed well; but the superior weight of Nabbs was a lot to contend against. In round three both men did very well but Vesey's blows lacked weight. Very shortly after the call for the fourth round Nabbs got home with a fine right and Vesey was counted out. Vesey received a splendid ovation for the fine fight he put up.

Pte. Donnolly, Gordon Hdrs. v Pte. Edwards, R. W. Fusiliers.

Pte. Donnolly agreed to box in place of Cpl. Berry who was taken ill at the last moment. Edwards had a good deal the better of the first round. He was in better condition than Connolly, also a good deal younger. In round two Edwards again had the better of the round. There was no sparing of hard hitting and things were getting pretty lively. Round three Donnolly bucked up a lot and equalised matters a little. In round four both men were fagged but they boxed with plenty of spirit still and matters at the close were fairly even.

Pte. Elliot, A. & S. Hdrs. v L. Cpl. Cox, S. Staffords.

Round one was very even, both men boxing well. In the second round Cox gained some advantage, but Elliott was boxing very well indeed and in the next round, not only made matters even but seemed to have gained the upper hand. Round four Cox got home several left jabs; one of which showed red. But at the close, there was a little more left in Elliott than in his opponent.

Cpl. Panton, Middlesex Regt. v Pte. Terry, S. Staffords.

A very finely matched pair. Terry was very quick and boxed beautifully, using his left with great power, but he did not have it all his own way, as Panton once again showed himself to be a very fine boxer. Round two was also fairly even; but in the third round, Terry's blows began to tell. Panton, however, was game and continued to box well. In round four Terry certainly gained the advantage; but Panton's science came to his assistance and he fought a good fight to a fine finish.

R. A. A. E.

List of British Prisoners of War at Göttingen Camp.

```
6437. Davey, C., Scots Guards. 5113. Eatwell, G., Wilts. Regt.
                                                                             262. Frazer, J., A. & S. Hdrs.
 4087. Dick, A.,
7099. Doherty, P.,
                                      8195. Everley, E.,
                                                                            1443. Fortescue, J., Gren. Guards.
                                     11004. Evans, A., R. Welsh. Fus.
                                                                            5879. Foster, J., R. W. Kents.
 8195. Dodd, T.,
                                     10820. Edwards, T., "
                                                                            7897. Fairney, G., Scots Guards.
 8215. Davidson, J., Border Regt. 10614. Edwards, H.,
                                                                           8303. Fox, T.,
                                      6510. Evans, A.,
 9345. Dawes, A.,
                                                                            4151. Farran, J.,
 8205. Dyer, G.,
                                      1187. Ellis, R., A. & S. Hdrs.
                                                                            8347. Felwick, W., "
                                     10183. Elliott, N.,
                                                                           4562. Fraser, J.,
 7163. Dewey, G.,
 8733. Dugmore, F., R. War. Regt.
                                                                           5733. Findley, C., "8582. Ferguson, W., "
                                      8269. Edgeworth, J., Scots Gds.
                                      2391. Ellis, W.,
3025. Edwards, W.W.,
 7228. Davies, B. M., "
 1486. Devonport, J., "
                                                                            5139. Farries, G.,
 1555. Darbyshire, J., "
                                      8066. Edson, G.,
                                                                            8323. Fox, G., Q.R. W. Surreys.
                                      7499. Edkins, J. R.,
 1474. Darwood, A.,
                                                                            7769. Featherstone, H.,
10076. Davies, W. Yorks, Regt.
                                     14566. Ellaway, J., Gren. Guards. 10444. Fleckney, H., ,
 7014. Denham, S. Staffs.
                                     10318. Earley, G., Q.R.W. Surreys.
                                                                            7606. Fleming, G.,
 8328. Dean, W.,
                                                                            1899. Fox, F., R. War. Regt.
                                      8279. Etherington, G., ,
 8390. Davis, T.,
                                      7935. Edmonds, G., "
                                                                            7860. Foster, J.,
 9154. Davies, J.,
                                      9967. Emmett, C., ", 8657. Edwards H., Borders
                                                                           1577. Friend, W.,
 9118. Dunn, A.,
                                                                            1686. Farnsworth,
11319. Daley,
                  Middlesex.
                                      7731. Edwards, W.,
                                                                          11572. Field, Middlesex.
                                      1860. Evans, W., R. War. Regt.
8854. Exall, W., 7326. Earp, J., S. Staffs.
 9761. Dickson, A.,
                                                                          10834. Ford,
7206. Fall, H., Leicesters.
 9569. Daniels, E.,
 9882. Donnelly, H., Gordons.
                                                                            7321. Fairbrother, G., "
                                      6068. Ellis, G.,
7855. Ely, G., R. W. Kents
 7309. Driscoll, J., Leinster Regt.
                                                                            6875. Firn, G.,
 6409. Donohue, E., K.O.R. Lancs.
                                                                            8835. Foster, W., S. Staffs.
11006. Davis, W., S. W. Borders.
                                      8937. Ellis, R. A. A., Leicesters.
                                                                            9170. Flavelle, F.,
 8024. Devlin, T., R. Innis. Fus. 10305. Eley, G., Essex-Regt.
                                                                            7859. Ford, T.,
                                      8222. Evans, J., R.A.M.C.
 7518. Davenport, J., S. Lancs.
                                                                            7548. Flanagan, T.,
6437. Davies, J., Cheshire Regt. 8925. Evans, 10354. Dickson, C., R. Scots. Fus. 6220. Eyles,
                                      8925. Evans, J., S. W. Borders.
                                                                            8869. Fulford, J.,
                                                                            6177. Farmer, T.,
 3201. Datson, Dur. L. Infantry. 21785. Elliott, A., 48. Hdrs.
                                                                            7785. Field, H.,
11570. Dickson, Royal Scots.
                                     47348. Essex, J., "
                                                                            7907. Fisher, A.,
                                     27888. Everett, J.,
                                                                           8838. Farmer, W., ", "9242. Ferns, W., ", 8026. France, W., S.W. Borders.
 9564, Donohue, J., Buffs.
 5782. Dillon, J., R. Irish Regt.
                                    25035. Evans, R., 13. Canadians.
 7783. Dawkes, T., Leicesters.
                                     10076. Elderton, A., Buffs.
 9703. Dodge, G.,
                                      9537. Ellis, W.,
                                                                           18226. Francis, R., ..., 8784. Farrell, F., Leinster. Regt.
 9299. Durrant, A.,
                                       774. Evans, G.,
 9718. Dakin, J.,
                                      1427. Edwards, A., Northd. Fus.
                                                                            9369. Franklin, S. W. Borders.
27840. Duguid, G., 48. Hdrs.
                                      7532. Farnham, J., Wilts. Regt.
                                                                            7330. Fletcher, G., N. & D. Regt.
27836. De Harte, L. E. R.,
                                      8225. Frost, F.,
                                                                            7226. Farthing, P., East. Yorks. 5202. Fegan, S., R. S. Fus.
                                      8225. Frost, F.,
8565. Flippance, F.,
28018. Dunbar, R.,
                                      8175. Fortune, F., "
27469. Dutton, F.,
                                                                           6181. Flynn, J., R. Irish. Fus. 9109. Ford, E. C., D. L. Inf.
47179. Dadson, H.,
                                      8191. Field, H. F.,
46998. Dewar, L., 13. Canadians.
                                      8978. Fisher, T.,
                                                                           10253. Ford, M. J., K. O. R. Lancs.
41306. Ducie, P.,
                                      8608. Fuller, E.,
                                                                            8955. Furyer, B., Som. L. Inf.
24469. Davidson, G.,
                                      8539. Filchett, A. S., "
                                                                                  Charles Fay, Civil.
 9037. Dowling, P., Cheshires. 7922. Dickson, A., Royal Scots.
                                      8910. Fisher, H.,
                                                                            9558. Fitzgearld, J., Buffs.
                                      7380. Fielding, S.,
                                                                           16887. Foyster, 7. Canadians.
6294. Doyle, S., South Lancs.
13753. Darville, P., Middlesex.
8202. Ellison, E., Wilts. Regt.
                                      4635. Flynn, W., R. Welsh. Fus.
                                                                          27474. Foster, G.,
                                                                                                  48. Hdrs.
                                      6720. Fieldhouse, S., "
                                                                           27152. Fellows, J.,
                                      3067. Fitzgerald, D., "
                                                                           27189. Foster, W.,
 8577. Elms, S.,
                                     10397. Fitzgibbons, J., "
                                                                           27597. Fraser, W.,
                                     10962. Forsyth, J., "
                                                                           46480. Fox, A.,
 8628. Ellis, R.,
                               99
                                      9964. French, W.,
 8377. Ellis, W. J., "
                                                                            9211. Foxworthy, H., "Col. "Gds.
 9393. Edwards, A., "
                                                                            9165. Fischer, J., Hants.
                                      6834. Faickney, J., A. & S. Hdrs.
                                      8077. Finlayson, D., "
 9255. Evans, G. W.,
                                                                            2109. Frost, A., 5. Lancers.
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Wealth versus Courage.

Lenard had a distinctly lonesome feeling. He had experienced the first pangs of love's jealous nature, and had received her refusal to marry him. Why? Because she had met someone in a higher social and financial position than himself.

Man and position? What a tremendous meaning there is in these two words, since education and wealth have made their debut on the stage of life. How cruel it seemed; merely for the greed of wealth, this one girl whom he loved had despised him in spite of the fact that he knew she loved him.

So, often has mankind had to pay the price of honour through this ever increasing disease to gain wealth.

Such were the feelings of Lenard as he stepped off the train. He did not follow the gay crowd; but indifferently made his way along the side streets into the park. After some time his meditations were disturbed by paper boys running in all directions giving the news that war had been declared against China.

On the following day Lenard was passed by the Doctor and sworn into the Army.

Chapter II.

"George! George!! Where are you?"

"Oh! There you are. Well, my dear; have you tried to enlist? The Government are again appealing for men, and all my friends keep asking about you."

"Gertie; I have told you before it is quite impossible for me to volunteer. What would become of my business, money, and lastly, you dear, if I went to the front. I can do my duty at home by giving subscriptions towards the poor soldiers."

"George! I think you are very mean at such a time as this, when your country is in danger, to make such excuses, when we women are capable of looking after things at home. No, George. It is impossible for you to offer such an excuse, and if you do not promise me that you will enlist I shall tie this piece of white ribbon round your arm to denote you are a coward, which would be very true."

"Miss Mortimer! I think you have forgotten yourself by making such statements to me and kindly remember when I wish to be advised by women I will certainly come to you. Kindly consider Miss Mortimer our engagement from now is broken."

It was not until after a few seconds that Gertie was able to think of what had happened in the past few minutes, and, when she did, all she could utter was; "Coward! Coward!!"

Chapter III.

Gertie was seated a few months afterwards in the dining-room reading the daily paper and uttered an exclamation of surprise upon reading-the last exchange of prisoners captured during the late war, would arrive at 1 p. m. that day, and would receive a lunch from the Mayor of the Town.

She decided at once to see the men upon their arrival and immediately commenced her toilet.

Loud cheers were heard in the distance and as the Soldiers were drawing nearer so the spectators became more and more excited.

Gertie had a strange feeling of excitement as the Soldiers were marching by, for in the last row of fours was Lenard, who, although shabbily dressed, was still the same fine fellow as before. In spite of all protests from the police, Gertie was able to march along with Lenard, and many happy recollections were indulged in.

Gertie had received her lesson and will always agree that courage is worth three times more than wealth. She is now doing her duty to Lenard in her love, and to her country, in helping to rebuild the population.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that Mr George Tyrrell has since gone into bankruptsy and was unable even to pay his creditors 6s. 8d, in the pound.

C. Hibbert.

Concert Notes.

The special concert held in the "Ray of Sunshine" Theatre on Saturday, 31st July, was a huge success.

The management and artists are to be complimented on the production of Parker. P. C.

The Camp Orchestra opened the programme with a stirring march, "Jolicour", and their subsequent rendering of "La Chanson de Fantine" and "Les Cloches de Corneville" was magnificent.

The Evening Star was undoubtedy L. Cpl. Walshe, who sang "Let me like a Soldier Fall", "Mary" and "The Death of Nelson".

M. Wetzels gave a Violin Solo and a much appreciated encore "The Last Rose of Summer".

The Choral sang with their usual success in "Sweet and Low" and "The Three Chafers".

The Boxing Item was a well contested and clever exhibition.

Several new singers put in an appearance and did very well.

Parker. P. C. was a popular number and the acting of Parker in the person of Pte. Kennedy was a treat.

The programme was closed by the Polka "Mariette" conducted by a amusing individual known to Camp fame as "The Solo Wrestler".

The Redemption of "Dodger" Brown. (see pag. 28.)

Close by the Officers, enclosure two figures have appeared, and as they hand thair greatcoats to a third, who we recognise as our friend Dodger, we see that they are in football rig, with the red and white striped shirts.

IV.

Of the match I can give you no account; except that the Roamshires won, two goals to one; one of the hardest games they had ever been called upon to play. The part played by Jack and Tiny at back is spoken of in the Regiment

to this day.

But what inducements Dodger used to get them to go to Aldershot the day before the match, and how he had managed to keep them hidden till the last minute, has never been told; unless it be to the C. O., who we think must have known; as the Secretary of the club got sudden orders to "pack up", and it was a known fact that Dodger was offered the chance of promotion; but as he said;

"What the blooming use of the 'Stripe' to me now? I can jog along quietly, taking the pennies off you chaps for your 'Fifties up' at

billiards, as blooming marker."

But of beer, he has not touched a drop, since the afternoon of overhearing the little scheme to keep the Regimental team from winning the Army Cup. "Z."

Notes and Notices.

- Religous. - Church of England.

Service 8 a. m. Wednesdays and at 10 a. m. Sundays. Full Choral.

Roman Catholic.

Holy Mass at 1 a. m. Sundays.

. - Boxing. -

Boxing Practice as usual under the direction of C. Q. M. S. Mc Carthy and Cpl. Panton.

A Boxing Tournament will take place in the Y. M. C. A. on Saturday, 21st August, consisting of eight four round contests. No decision.

A special plan of front seats can be seen at 49 Hut., C. Q. M. S. Mc Carthy, where seats can be booked. Price 30 Pfg.

Our Organisation.

A Meeting of all the senior N. C. O.s was held in the Camp on the 22. 7. 15 at which C. S. M. Murray, presided.

The object of the meeting was to endeavour to improve upon the present system of providing amusement for the British Prisoners of War.

It was also unanimously decided that the following will now compose the new committees.

General-Committee.

C. S. M. Murray, K. O. R. L. Regt., Barrack 49. C. Q. M. S. Wheeler, 2nd Wilts. Regt., Bk. 9. C. Q. M. S. Parker, 2nd Wilts. Regt., Bk. 49a. Cpl. Hibbert-Sandell, Notts & Derbys., Bk. 49a.

A musement Committee. C. S. M. Connors, Leicesters., Barrack 41 a. Sgt. Hickman, Leicesters., Barrack 49. Sgt. Davies, Royal Warwicks., Barrack 41 a.

Sgt. Winyard, 15th Hussars, Barrack 41 a. Pte. Kennedy, The Buffs., Barrack 41 a.

Boxing Committee.
C. Q. M. S. Mc Carthy, Leicesters., Barrack 49.
Cpl. Panton, 2th Mid'sex. Regt., Barrack 49.

Library Committee.
C. S. M. Allen, The Royal Welsh. Fus., Bk. 45a.
Cpl. Goodman, The Royal Welsh. Fus., Bk. 34.
Cpl. Blake, The Royal Welsh. Fus.. Bk. 34.

Choral Committee. C. S. M. Walwyk, 3rd Rifle Brigade, Bk. 41.

J. Murray, C. S. M.
1st The King's Own, President.

Editorial Letter.

Citizens: Owing to the fact that the craze for emigration has almost depopulated our little City, it behoves us to tread very cautiously the path of journalism. Our competition scheme must stand over awhile, and, more than ever now, we require your support to keep the journal going till the wanderers' return. We think "The Redemption of Dodger Brown very good and you should all read it.

Irish wit again.

An Irish Tommy on sentry had received strict orders not to let anyone pass him smoking.

On seeing an officer approaching his post, Paddy shouts out "Halt! No smoking allowed entering barracks".

The officer with a sneer threw the unsmoked cigar down and walked past, with his head held

high.

Paddy wanted a smoke very badly, so he picked up the cigar and went to the sentry-box, there to have a quiet smoke. The officer, happening to turn round at the identical moment that Paddy picked it up, went to the sentry box and saw Paddy smoking.

He demanded to know why he was smoking

on duty.

"Oh!" replied Paddy. "I am not smoking. I am only keeping this alight till the Sergeant of the Guard, comes round, as evidence against you".

J. Sheppard.

THE WOODEN CITY

A JOURNAL FOR BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR

No. 5

GÖTTINGEN

September 1. 1915

Spirits.

The title of this article is purposely somewhat vague, the reason for which I will explain

a little further on.

We all like Spirits of some description. — Roars of dissent from the T. Ts. and the R. A. T. A. members, etc. At first this will appear rather a sweeping statement, but it is as true as the fact that you are well — not in England. Let me set forth my proofs, Citizens.

After deep and vigorous reseach, I find that Spirits may be divided into three groups; Spirits Corporeal, Spirits Liquid — Bet you swallow here. — and Spirits Spiritual. We will for short-

ness call them A. B. and C.

Now, it does not matter a tinker's cuss — I have never heard one, but is sounds alright, and I am not Irish, — what kind of a man you are; whether you are religious, superstitious, abstemious or the opposite, optimistic or pessimistic, a Mark Tapley or a Mrs. Sarah Gamp; you like Spirits,

either A, B, or C.

It is strange but true, that all three are more closely connected than one would think at a casual glance. For instance; a medium quantity of B. will produce, generally, a goodly portion of A, either good or bad, and a goodly quantity of B, will result in a fair amount of Group C, all shapes and sizes. So, if you are greedy and like a lot, in accordance with the hypothesis set forth, you know which is most

likely to serve your needs.

As some of us like A, some B and some C, at the same time disliking one or both of the remaining groups, (here we exclude those who like the lot), it was advisable to conceal the exact class of spirits I intended treating on, and I do not mean what you may hope I mean. So that as everybody, not knowing what I am talking about, — excepting myself though that may appear doubtful — liking spirits, will commence to read this article, thinking it refers to the spirits he likes, may I hope that, having got as far as this, they will show the true British Spirit. — I have not put my foot in it; it is group Ai. — and stick it to the end. Here you have the explanation for the vague title.

What I intend to write about is the Spirit Corporeal, Group A. Better late than never,

say you.

We will deal firstly with the weary and fed

up man. He need not necessarily be a pessimist. If he is; he likes low spirits and endeavours to force his likes upon other people, about which we will talk later. If he is not a pessimist; he likes good Spirits (Group A, please) and you will find he has some special reason for his fed-upness. We know there is a medium in all things so there must be a pessimistical optimist or an optimistical pessimist, whichever you may please to call him.

This weary and fed-up man may, therefore, since we have dealt with the pessimist, be either of medium tendencies or even be one of the greatest optimists living. Now, some great man, very much wiser than I (since I have no means of reference may I be excused from naming him) discovered that there is never cause without effect and never effect without cause.

The weariness and fed-upness is the effect

and the cause or causes are - what?

Well, the cause which, although perhaps not the most prevalent, deserves the greatest sympathy is bad health, in which category we will include the wounded and maimed. Here it behoves our optimists and our lovers of good Spirits to show their cheerfulness and sympathy. And in saying sympathy if one thinks about it, one says a lot. If they have ever been ill, particularly here, they do not need telling the effect and if not, let them apply the cause for an experiment and the effect will surprise them.

Another for whom there is every excuse, should he be fed-up, is the newly arrived citizen, who cannot expect to hear from home for somewhere about five weeks; but once he gets his mail in going order, his excuse is no longer valid and he should 'Get a smile going'. Again, we

do not include our friend 'Pessi'.

There are two other things, which — I could say it in more expressive but more vulgar language — take the heart out of a man situated as a citizen of The Wooden City is. The first is bad news from home which it is absolutely essential should be communicated to the man concerned. Like most other things, however, there are more ways than one of doing this, but very often, probably due to want of thought, the report comes at the poor beggar more like a concussion shell than aught else. The few who hear his news, certainly pity him, but they can really do nothing for him here.

The other disheartener, certainly not quite to the same extent, is for those at home, to write letters, which, although there appears to be no real trouble, convey the impression that there is nobody on earth so miserable as the writer.

Ye Gods! At Home; among their relatives and some of those they love and yet they put the damper on some poor beggar, who is struggling to 'Keep smiling', away from Home and every mortal thing he loves. Yet, in spite of this I will wager that the reply is twice as cheerful as the original in nine cases out of ten. And why? Because he, optimist, p—o, or o—p, likes good Spirits, Group A, and sticks to them. Once again our old friend 'Pessi' is out of it. He plays a losing game, but he still likes Spirits—'low uns'.

To revert to 'Pessi's' desire to force his likes on other people. At first he succeeds and obtains quite a strong following, but when these followers observe that the 'Grin and bear it' party are getting stronger at the grinning every day while their own faces are becoming longer, they stop to think. Once they begin to think about it, old 'Pessi's' next greeting is a grin, somewhat strained perhaps, but, for all that, a grin. 'Pessi' knows his time has come and he seeks new fields to conquer. Every day his range will become more limited, until at last he will seek refuge, or at any rate let us hope he will, with a party unmentioned yet.

We will call this party, for want of a better term, the Ultra-Optimist. He apparently loves his present environment and has no grievances to voice. In fact, the horrors of war appear to have been to him, or to us, only a dream. We will say however, it is we who dream and since we dream and he does otherwise, we should be obliged if he would leave us to continue our dreaming and spend his time in endeavouring to convert 'Pessi' or in letting 'Pessi' convert him. Anyway, 'They never would be missed'.

There is only one more party of note. In spite of bad heath, new arrival, no mail and, perhaps, discouraging letters, there have been Men here who have 'stuck it' and 'kept smiling' throughout. These Men, I make the statement defying contradiction, are heroes and deserve as much honour and admiration as any hero on the battlefield, be he a V. C. or a double V. C.

Just let me add, 'Smile! Damn you! Smile'. R. A. A. E.

There is a tide in the affairs of men. Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; Omitted, all the voyage of their life Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

Shakespeare.

Ode to The Choral — and paid.

Away with the viol;
Boil tea with the cello.
Away with all strains
That are classic and mellow.
To be voted by all
A most musical fellow.
All that you require
Is to yello' and bellow.

II.
Away with all art,
Follow 'Old Mo' 'en masse'.
A sensation create
On the Hauptlager Strasse.
The entrance exam is
Quite easy to pass;
What's required of you here

What's required of you her Is opinions — and Gas.

'Old Mo' is the leader;
So crown him with laurel.
Mount him on an ass, or
For rhyme's sake a sorrel;
And since no poem's complete
Lest is points to a moral;
Will this pass the censor?
To — with the choral.

P. S.
Sorrel is vague, I've
Looked up my lexicon.
And find it means ass,
Both in Spanish and Mexican.
When in search of a rhyme,
The poet's no option.
So if you can't beat it,
Forgive its adoption.
Dom.

What Price This.

'Jack' was ashore on furlough at his native village He agreed, rather reluctantly, to go to church on Sunday with the family, and they sat quite near the pulpit.

The text of the sermon referred to the Prophet Elijah, and the preacher began by saying.

"And now, my friends. Who was Elijah?"

The usual diamatic pause followed of course, silently, but by this time poor Jack was quite flustered. So at last he jumped up and shouted to the parson.

"Well, Guv'nor, as I seem to be the only mug here, I'd better buy it. 'Who was 'e?"

Never call a man ignorant because he does not happen to know what you know; very likely he knows what you don't know.

The Chronicles of Sinclair and Winton of the Blankshires.

Before the Fight.

When I joined the 2nd battalion of the regiment at Hong-Kong it was all agog with excitement.

"What's wrong?" I asked a fellow who passed us as we entered the Barrack gates.

"Expecting a cyclone round here"?

"Go to —", was all he said, and then passed on. On forming up on the square, we went through the usual routine of being posted to the respective companies.

"Winton: C. Company", yelled the Sergeant-

Major

I took up my position on the marker. After a few delays we were marched off to our bungalows by the Colour Sgts. and there appointed to our cots. I was put next to an old soldier, who was seated on his bed with a forlorn and haggard look on his face.

"What the deuce is the matter with the troops here? Home sickness?" I asked him.

"Home sickness! You blamed rookie! It's wuss than that", he replied.

"What's the trouble, Chum?"

"By Gosh! It is trouble, if you like".

"Get it off your chest then and confide in me". He gave a grunt, then turned sullenly away.

"A beautiful reception we've had, I don't think". I remarked. "Thought we should be welcomed with open arms in the 2nd, instead of which, you are all as unconcerned about us as if we had not arrived at all. It's not 'Esprit de Corps', you know".

"Don't know about spirit, but I do know the honour of the regiment is at stake", he replied.

"Why?" I asked.

"Why! Why!" he said. "Well, being as you are so durned inquisitive, it's because Sinclair can't fight that blamed Yankee tonight".

"If that's all the trouble, I can't see why you should all worry. Surely, he's not the only fighter

in the regiment"?

"That's just where you're wrong, Sonny. We hav'nt another blarsted man to face the Yankee".

"Well, why not withdraw?"

"What"!! yelled the O. S. "Not if I have.

to fight the blighter myself".

"Gaw Blimey! Wind! Eh? Why, if he heard you say that, he'd smash your face for you, you son of a gun".

Just then, there was a flutter round the door.

The O. S. and I looked towards it.

Then the O. S. remarked, "Here's Sin. Ask him why he can't fight".

There, framed in the doorway, was as fine a

specimen of a Britisher as you could ever wish to see. Six foot, good looking, deep set grey eyes, which shone like two small balls of fire, muscular, and one who looked all over an athlete. On his face he wore a downcast look. I then noticed he had his left-arm in a sling.

He gazed around for a few seconds, and I noticed the looks of sympathy all the fellows gave him. He then walked slowly down the room until he reached the cot next to mine, where he seated himself in a dejected manner.

"What's wrong, chum?" I asked.
"Why, everything's wrong", he replied.

"Here's me, Sinclair, Heavyweight Champion of the Blankshire's, booked to fight Abe Johnson, the Yankee Fleet Champion, and for me to go and get stuck in the arm by a Chink. Holy Moses! It's enough to make a parson cuss".

"Is there no one else to fight him?" I asked.
"Look here, Kid", he replied. I ain't bragging, but there isn't two men put together in this regiment that could see me off. Savvy, Sonny"?

As I looked at his fine figure I did savvy. Just then, in dashed Walters, an old pal of mine.

"I'm in D Company, Win. Wish I'd been put with you. Never mind; I'll transfer later".

A short breathing space; then the bombshell

exploded.

"Say, Win", he almost shouted. "Have you heard all this talk about this Sinclair fellow? Blimey! They're making as much fuss as if he the only boxer in the world".

I went hot all over, and with looks and motions tried to make him understand that the person he was talking about was seated on the cot next to mine. He was so excited, he went

gabbling on.

"Got to fight an American Johnny, then goes and gets stuck by a Chink. Result. — Can't fight. Regiment in mourning, and all that bally rot — Blimey! What a Batt we've come to; not like the old first".

He paused a moment, looked me up and

down, then went on.

"Why don't you take the challenge up, Win old chap? You'd knock spots off the American or this Sinclair fellow. Get your left on them the same as when you outed Kramer, and they'd be no more".

I expected Sinclair to get up and wipe the floor with Walters, but he just turned round and drawled out.

"Say Youngster, I'm Sinclair".

"Are you?" said Walters, as he looked him up and down. "Well, I suppose you expect me to retract, don't you, old sport? Well, I don't; I repeat, as Win here, could knock spots off

anyone in the regiment or in the whole of bally

"You don't say so", said Sinclair.

Then he glanced at me. I was as red as a peony. I had been thinking that if we did meet, we should be equally matched, as we were alike as two peas in all but the face, he being light and dark.

"Can you scrap, Sonny?" he asked. "Well, just a little", I replied.

"A little!" my chum shouted. "I should think it's a lot. He's won the heavies in the 1st, and knocked out Kramer at the Stadium in London. Ain't that good enough? If not, I'll tell you some more battles he's won"

"Shut up", I said. "Don't be an ass".

"Is that right"? asked Sinclair.

"Yes", I replied.

"Then you'll fight the American tonight", he said.

'I have not said so. Have I?"

"Why, you blooming idiot, don't you know that the regiment was depending on this fight to uphold our reputation as the 'Unbeatables'?"

"Will you fight him?" asked the old soldier

eagerly.

"One moment; what are the full particulars?"

I asked of Sinclair.

"Well, you see it's like this", said Sinclair. "The American Fleet came in a week ago and of course we chummed up quite naturally. Well, they challenged us at football, cricket, and everyother game mentionable, and up to the present, honours are even; now, there remains this boxing bout, which not only decides, who gets the odd trick, but also, the Championship of China. They've got Abe Johnson who knocked out Murry the previous Champion, in one round. Heard of Abe?" he queried.

"Not unless it's The One-Round Abe of

America", I said.

"That's the blighter", went on Sinclair. "Well, they're full of swank now. Think we haven't got any one to see him off. So we had a meeting amongst the Britishers and after a lot of haggling, I decided to fight him. 'Righto', everybody said, and so it was settled. There was a clause, that, should I get injured before the fight, I could appoint a substitute. you take it on?" he asked, eagerly.

I sat considering for a few minutes. To think of it! Here was I, not been in China twenty-four hours and only in the regiment one, being asked to fight for the Championship of China, against

such a formidable opponent.

"Go on, chummy, take it on. If you can fight, for God's sake let's make a show for the old flag", said the old Soldier. That decided for me. "Righto", I replied. "I'll fight him".

"You're a toff", said the O. S., and Sinclair,

full of gratitude shook hands with me.

He jumped off his cot and said "Come on, old fellow, let's get things settled". And we both rushed off to the Quarter Master, who had made all the arrangements.

"Well, Sinclair. Why all this excitement?"

he asked.

"The fight can come off, Sir", replied Sinclair.

"Oh! and how, pray?" he queried.

"This fellow will fight Abe, and a good man he is too, Sir", replied Sinclair.

"Hem! Looks a bit of an athlete. Well, if you think he will do, Sinclair, I'll agree".

"Right, Sir. He'll suit I'm sure", he said. "Settled then. Don't forget; in the ring 9.30 sharp; your own seconds. I'll leave that in your hands, Sinclair. And Good Luck to you, Sonny.

May you come back victorious", he said, as he turned away.

"Thank you, Sir", we both replied. We had not got far on our way back before we were surrounded by dozens of our chums, all with eager looks in their eyes.

"Going to fight him, Kid?" someone shouted.

"He is that"! yelled Sinclair.

Then up went a true rousing British cheer. I felt embarrassed and stammered.

"Thank you, all".

Then Sinclair caught hold of my arm and said "Clear off, you fellows. I'll get him fit for

the fray", and we both moved off.

"Now, Chummy", said he. "A nice little feed and a good sleep, then we will put the final touches on. Your chum Walters, and Cotton our middleweight, will second you, and I shall be by the ring to cheer you up". "Thanks, old chap. I'll do my best", I replied.

After a feed, I lay down and in a few mo-

ments was in dreamland.

(To be continued.) A. Bramwell, R. W. F.

A Chance of a lifetime.

"What the deuce are you kicking up all that row about", said Weary Willie, who stood on the bank of the canal, watching a man struggling in

"I'm drowning, and I can't swim", said the

fellow in distress.

"Well, my deah boy, now's your chance to learn". And Weary Willie passed on.

"Have you anything to say in your defence, Cpl. Bunkum", asked the Colonel, "anything to shake the evidence which Sgt. Nobon has given".

"Yes, Sir", replied Cpl. Bunkum, "I deny what I said to un".

A Good Samaritainess.

I don't know yet how it happened, but somehow or other the conversation turned to barmaids.

There were four of us, comfortably seated in a "third smoker", travelling north on the 11.50 p. m. from King's Cross. Our party was two fellows of the Naval Reserve, "one of them Canadian blokes" (as one of the Jackies described him) and myself, representing the R.F.A. We had been talking about the War, and about the Army and the Navy; and then, as I said before, somehow or other, the conversation turned to barmaids.

I think one of the sailors must have made some slighting remark about them, but whatever it was, it evidently did not meet with the approval of our Colonial comrade. For, after a slight pause, he replied as follows.

'Well, I don't know much about barmaids in general because we don't have any where I come from, but I can tell you about one girl behind a bar right here in London, whom I call a lady;

yes, right to the tips of her shoe laces.

'It happened during the Coronation celebrations in June 1911. Perhaps you "guys" will remember that the Canadians, and in fact, all the Colonials were stationed in the Duke of York's School in Chelsea during their stay in London. We had a fine time there. — Each day some new entertainment was provided for us, by a committee of City men.

'About three days before the eventful Coronation Day, we received a special invitation to visit the great 'Empire Festival' show that was then running at the Crystal Palace. That day was to be called 'Canadian Day', and we Canadian soldiers were to have free entrance to every-

thing.

'Right after dinner, quite a lot of the boys got dressed and started out for the Palace, mostly in "schools" of from four to even as many as eight, and all were bent on having a good time.

'I was right there with the bunch. There were six in our school, and we stepped round the corner to Victoria, caught a train; and landed out at the Palace Grounds before two oclock that afternoon.

Being strangers, we were greatly struck with the beauty of the buildings, and the "lay-out" of the grounds. But, it was not long before we were right in the thick of the fun; seeing all the shows, having a shot at the galleries, 'shying shies', and having the time of our lives, in fact. Of course, all these exertions nesessitated several visits to the Refreshment Booths.

'Now, there would have been no harm in that, except for the fact that, it being 'Canadian Day', the Booths were making a special display of

'Canadian Club Whisky' and, of course, we, being true loyal Canadians, had to sample the 'Rye' every time we made a call. Things went alright, however, until the pressure became too great for Tom Arthurs, one of our fellows, who, like my-

self, was on his first trip to London.

'Poor Tom started talking a little to much; endeavouring to educate the public about Montreal and Winnipeg and so forth. The other five of us then thought it was about time to make a move. It was now nearly six o'clock, so we decided we would get Tom home to Chelsea, and then spend the night at some theatre or other.

'We had got as far as the last bar before reaching the exit, and there we succumbed to Tom's earnest invitation to have 'just one more'.

'We went in. There were two girls behind the bar; and the same show of Rye Whisky to the fore

'Probably we stayed a little longer than we intended, for one of the girls gave me the hint, that we had better get a move on if we meant to catch that train. We got going again and sure enough we had to run for it. We just managed to jump into a carriage. The door was banged to, and we were off.

Imagine our consternation when we looked

round and found that Tom was missing!

'Well! we couldn't help it now. We had done our best for him; so, when we arrived at Victoria, we simply 'dug up' a restaurant, had a good meal, and a stroll round, and spent an enjoyable evening at one of the Music Halls. We finally arrived at the School about 12:30 a. m.

'Of course, no 'hours' were enforced on our fellows on that trip, so long as a man arrived

home 'straight'.

'We got the surprise of our lives to find Tom in bed, in a sound sleep, with his uniform neatly, folded up and laid down with care; just the same as usual when he was alright.

'We looked at him, and we looked at each other. We could find no answer to the riddle, so

we went to bed and said nothing.

'In the morning, just after I awoke, I was hunting around for a match, when I noticed Tom was lying awake gazing at the ceiling.

'I gave him the usual hail. "Hullo! Tom,

old boy. How do you feel this morning?"

'He was silent for a moment, and then replied, quite seriously; "I feel like a damned fool".

'It wasn't long before we were quizzing him about his experiences of the previous night.

'He had lost the train, and had made his way back to the bar where we had had our last drink. He had got into the company of two smoothtongued Johnnies, and had got talking and buying drinks for the crowd. (see page 39)

List of British Prisoners of War at Göttingen Camp.

```
7538. Holland, J., Wilts. Regt.
10093. Fotheringham, R., Borders. 9749. Grey, W., R. A. M. C.
                                                                         8502. Hulbert, C.,
10361. Fitton, E.,
                                    10636. Glover, H., K. O. S. Bdrs.
7119. Faughey, G.,
5301. Gleed, E., Wilts. Regt.
9269. Gane, W.,
                                     5693. Ginley, H., A. & S. Hdrs.
                                                                         7392. Hillier, S.,
                                   7676. Gilchrist, R., 7873. Graham, A., R. W. Kents. 10173. Groome, T., Buffs.
                                                                         9727. Hunt, P.,
                                                                         5168. Hudd, G.,
                                                                         9650. Hull, A.,
 8067. Godwin, W.,
                                                                         8099. Hibberd, A.,
 8657. Gee, C.,
                                   10699. Gambell, A.,
 8388. Gallichan, P., "
                                     6393. Godden, J.,
                                                                         8703. Hawkins, W.,
                                      240. Gardiner, F.,
                                                                         5171. Hurden, H.,
 6160. Gillett, H.,
                             27
                                                                         8298. Harvey, W.,
                                   10023. Gomm, H.,
 8697. Gunning, R.,
                                                                        8624. Harvey, J., 10357. Hook, C., R. Welsh. Fus.
 8639. Gale, J.,
                                     2755. Gilbert, G.,
                                     5256. Giles, J.,
 8183. Gills, F.,
                                      ·42. Grant, E.,
                                                                        10504. Howell, A.,
 8822. Grubb, A.,
 9691. Griffen, L.,
                                    10120. Green, W.,
                                                                         3555. Hughes, P.,
                       99
                                   201. Green A.,
27841. Gillesbie, M., 48. Hdrs.
                                                                        10382. Humphries, E., "
 8760. Green, H.,
 7949. Grant, F.R.S., "
                                                                       10485. Hennebery, G., "
                                                                        10327. Hodgkinson, W.,
 7707. Garland, R., Scots Guards. 27478. Gallamore, T., "
                                                                        10567. Hill, C., A. & S. Hdrs.
                                   27477. Goodfellow, J.,
 7505. Gillespie, J.,
 4560. Goddard, W., "
                                                                         1205. Howie, R.,
                                   24354. Green, H., 13. Canadians.
                                   24067. Goldsmith, S., "
                                                                         1332. Hendren, J.,
 7366. Griffiths, E,
                                   24130. Grant, W.,
                                                                         9144. Hall, J.,
9889. Hewitt, W.,
 6845. Gibb, F.,
8944. Glover, H.,
11241. Glynn, M., R. W. Fus.
                                   21698. Good, H.,
                                   9978. Ganby, J., W. Yorks.
14524. Gilbert, B., Middlesex.
                                                                         8257. Hamilton, J.,
                                                                         9843. Henderson, J.,
 9904. Gilderthorpe, R.,
                                                                         7580. Hayward, J., R. W. Kents.
 9730. Gorman, G., "
                                     9904. Garrett, G.,
                                                                         7945. Harris, W.,
                                       25. Goodchild, H.,
11001. Griffiths, J.,
                             99
10310. Goodman, W., ,
                                                                         7962. Higgins, A.,
                                     2518. Groombridge, R., Life Gds.
11129. Gooding, S.,
                                     2895. Geeves, J.,
                                                                         7689. Hart, J.,
                                     9106. Goltoway, A., K.O.S. Bdrs.
                                                                         8041. Herrick, C., Q.R.W. Surreys.
 9959. Gowers, C.,
                                                                         6051. Hone, A.,
 5625. Grundy, J., Queens R.W.S.
                                    8838. Green, J., Northd. Fus.
                                                                         8900. Howlett, A.,
 5989. Gardiner, J.H., "
                                     8590. Holmes, A., Wilts. Regt.
                                     8062. Hall, W.,
                                                                         7668. Hawkins, E.,
 8787. Granger, W., "
 8479. Grudley, W., "
                                                                         6712. Heming, J.,
                                     8023. Hale, C.,
                                                                 99
10329. Gardiner, H., "
                                     8706. Harding, A.,
                                                                         6913. Handley, D. of. W. W. R. Regt.
 8535. Galt, S.,
                                                                         7184. Holmes, J., Scots Guards.
                                     5295. Hall, C. E.,
                                     8107. Higgins, A. C.,
8937. Hawkins, F.,
                                                                         8948. Harrison, R., "
 8498. Green, H., Leicesters.
                                                                         6258. Hall, E.,
 8348. Gibbs, A.,
                                                                         7125. Hannon, S.,
 7593. Goodmann, J., "
                                     8412. Higgins, C.,
                                     8883. Higgins, H. J.,
                                                                         7586. Holmes, A.,
 7987. Gilbert, H.,
                                                                 77
                                                                         7398. Hunter, J.,
 6539. Grey, J., Cameron Hdrs.
                                    8070. Hayward, W., "
                                                                         5406. Huston, J.,
 4996. Grant, W.
                                     5189. Hurle, H.,
 1989. Grainger, W., R. War. Regt.
                                     5445. Hall, W. F., "
                                                                         8459. Hutton, R.,
                                                                         8579. Hook, S.,
7358. Howard, V.,
                                     8598. Haines, F.,
8683. Grady, M., "10431. Gibbs, H., Middlesex."
                                     9883. Hunt, J. W.
 9999. Geyer, W.,
                                     7853. Hemmins, T.,
                                                                         8575. Hawkins, A.,
                                                                         5817. Heccles, J.,
10732. Grimmer, W.
                                     8482. Harris, G.,
                                                           .99
                                                                         6806. Honeybourne, S.,
                                     8731. Hopkins, F.,
                  R. Scots Fus.
10275. Gibb, T.,
10629. Gaynor, T.,
                                     8976. Hughes, J.,
                                                                         4797. Hanson, R.,
 8968. Grover, A., Essex Regt.
                                                                        15912. Hinks, J.,
                                     9815. Hicks, E.,
                                                                                           Gren. Guards.
                                                                        15793. Hessell, E.,
 8282. Green, J., South Staffs.
                                     5264. Hunt, G.,
                                                                         6128. Hamilton, W., Cameron Hdrs.
                                     8380. Haggard, C. E., "
 7510. Green, W.,
                                     8409. Hatherall, H., ,
                                                                         8857. Hamilton, H.,
 7436. Greaves, J.,
 8536. Griffiths, W., "
                                                                         1063. Harboard, A., R. War. Regt.
                                     8833. Hayward, C.,
                                     8591. Hillier, R.,
                                                                         1945. Hannan, W.,
 8313. Gough, C.,
                                                                         4966. Hickman, C.W., Leicesters.
                                     8720. Hutt, C.,
 4892. Gorman, M.,
 6381. Greaves, A., West Yorks.
                                    8376. Herbert, R.,
                                                                         8593. Harding. J.,
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A Good Samaritaness.

'This had gone on for some time, and in all probability he was in a much worse condition than when we left him, when the incident happened that I've been leading up to. You would

never guess what it was.

'That girl who was behind the bar, knew the two Johnnies, and knew that they were after Tom's money, and she made up her mind they would not have it. She left the other girl in charge of the bar, dressed herself in her street clothes, called a taxi, and took Tom home to her lodgings. She handed him over to the care of her landlady, who made some tea for him, and got him off to sleep, while the girl went straight back to her place behind the bar.

'The Palace eventually closing, she made her way home and arrived there just as Tom was having a good wash, feeling much better after his

few hours' sleep.

'Although he was far from feeling right; still, he had sense enough to know he had disgraced himself, and his one idea was to get away from the house as quickly as possible, which he accordingly did, after tendering his thanks and apologies.

'Now, you fellows. That's the case I was thinking about, and that's the girl that I call a lady "right down to the tips of her shoe laces",

even though she was a barmaid.

Just then one of the sailors asked if the bloke

Tom ever saw the blooming girl again.

'He did', said the Canadian. 'Tom was man enough to go right out to the Crystal Palace that same afternoon, and apoligize to the girl, in his sober senses. Furthermore, he bought a nice little piece of jewellery before he went, and he never told us what he did with it.

A. Macnore.

And the Seventh Day.

A soldier in barracks asked for exemption from Church Parade on the grounds that he was Agnostic.

The Sgt.-Major assumed an expression of

innocent interest.

"Don't you believe in the Ten Commandments?" he asked.

"Not one, Sir", was the reply.

"What! Not the one about keeping the Sabbath?"

"No, Sir".

"Ah! Well, you're the very man I've been looking for to Subaltern out the Canteen.

Swifty.

Scene. — A barrack square.

Young Sub. (performing duties of Supernumerary Orderly Officer) "Oh! Corporal! Where is the bugler?"

Corporal. "He is in the Guard Room, Sir". Y. S. (with alarm) "In the Guard Room! Why? Who put him there?"

Corporal. "He stays here with the Guard, Sir."
Y. S. "Oh-h-h!!!" (Exit quickly.)

Balance Sheet.

We have much pleasure in issuing our first official Balance Sheet as under. The period covered is up to and for the 31st August.

The Reserve Fund of 100 M. was kindly presented to us by the American Press at Berlin. It can be seen from the B. S. how very useful this has been to us.

The concert referred to took place on June 18th. The details of Office Requisites may be seen

on application at the office of the paper.

The copies on hand although assets have not been included as of actual value although sure to be sold.

Detailed Balance Sheet for June, July and August 1915.

Dr.	Mks.	Pfs	Cr.	Mks.	Pfs.
To Office Requisites	20 63 58 50 50 50	35 62 30 0 0	By Reserve Fund	100 72 50 27 32 24	0 40 70 80 0 0
Assets. Credit Balance Sept. 1st	64 	63 - 63	Nil		-

Notes and Notices.

Religious.

Church of England.

Scrvice 8 a. m. Wednesdays and at 10 a. m. Sundays. Full Choral.

Roman Catholic. Holy Mass at 7 a.m. Sundays.

Amusement.

Whist.

The first 'Wooden City' Whist Drive was held in Barracke 49 a on Friday, 20th August.

A most auspicious opening! Some say, suspicious, owing to the circumstance of our Secretary climbing away with the first prize. Anyway C. Q. M. S. Piper made a splendid score of 181. Sgt. Welsh came second with 176 and Cpl. Panton third at 173.

Other prize winners were Sgt. Matthews, Pte. Murray, C. S. Ms. Beebee and Shea, Sgt. Hubbard

and Lce.-Cpl. Barnett.

The Booby prize, score 138, was won by Pte. Jukes, 2nd Wilts, who caused a great deal of amusement in unwrapping his immense acquisition.

We greatly hope to continue these whist drives

weekly.

Any citizen having a pack of cards to spare will render us great service.

The Rummy Championship.

In a recent contest the Camp Rummy Champions, C. S. M. De Harte, Sgts. Rodgers and Lyne, were severely beaten by Sgts. Huston, Wink and Ashling. The Scores were 3-2.

The new champions challenge all and sundry

at this noble game. Three at a time.

Pte. Doyle, S. Lancs. challenges Pte. Rollason, K. O. R. Lancs. to a hundred yards' sprint along the Hauptlager Strasse. Time limit three days. Best purse or parcel offered.

Sgt. Winyard's Challenge Accepted.

Citizens will remember that Sgt. Winyard took advantage of the fact that the Royal Engineers were not represented in Camp when his challenge was issued and now, owing to the enterprise of 'The Wooden City' we have a veritable champion of champions in Camp.

We shall see what we shall see.

Owing to the unusual circumstances under which this challenge was issued we think it will prove more interesting to all if we give Sgt. Matthews' letter in full. Dear Sir. Your excellent paper was brought up to my bedroom with my breakfast this morning and amongst the very interesting Challenges, one came under notice to the following effect. — That a certain Cavalry Sergeant will meet any

Royal Engineer in Camp at Polo.

Now, Sir; it struck me as being a very ambitious thing for a cavalryman, of all people, to challenge anyone in such a renowned polo-playing Corps as 'The Sappers', at what is, in fact, their one great game and as a member of the aforesaid Corps I feel it no less than a duty to take up your challenger's offer. Moreover, I will go so far as to agree to play on his ground but the other conditions of the match should be submitted by him for approval before the matter is finally arranged.

Needless to say, I have travelled many miles and have been put to great inconvenience as regards travelling, etc., but in the interests of the Corps' world-wide reputation for Polo (Horse, Water, Bicycle etc.) I cheerfully put up with this.

I am, dear Sir, Yours faithfully

H. P. Matthews, Royal Engineers.

Editorial Letter.

Citizens; The office of "The Wooden City" is now located in Barrack 49. Any artistic contributions which will help to make the room bright and cheerful will be useful.

The room is open to the general public between 9 a. m. and 11 a. m. and for business also between 2 p. m. and 4.30 p. m. Our services are at the disposal of anyone in Camp and our advice and such knowledge as we possess will be

given willingly.

We are of opinion that the Journal has established itself in the confidence of its readers and to keep this confidence we shall be pleased to consider any suggestions for its improvement. Although not quite paying its way yet, we can safely say on the return of the 'Bhoys' this will be remedied.

One thing more. Some arrivals from other camps seem to have brought a wrong impression of 'The Wooden City' due to the fact that it has been taken too seriously. Our first object is to amuse and cheer our comrades up and if people will believe that we have a polo-ground, tennis courts, knurr and spell pitch and olympic games, it is not the fault of

Yours truly THE EDITORS

Oddments.

The best of men do not always look it, and if our faces were our fortunes most of us would be in the workhouse.

THE WOODEN CITY

A JOURNAL FOR BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR

No. 6

GÖTTINGEN

September 15. 1915

Contribution by Mr A. C. Harte.

By permission of the authorities I have had opportunity of visiting a Camp for Prisoners of War. One of the impressions which I carried away was the feeling that I should be driven mad if I was to spend weeks and months under such conditions, reduced to inactivity at a time when my country would need me most. Activity is under all circumstances one of the privileges of any able-bodied man. It would be easier to bear the conditions, if one knew a definite time limit after which they would be changed. But here again is a great trial to one's patience. You know nothing about the time which you are to spend in the Camp and you know very little of what is happening in the world.

I should not wonder if many of you became bitter in your mind not only towards man, towards those who keep you imprisoned and those whom you think you have reason to blame for exposing you to the chance of being taken prisoner — but also towards God who could by a slight change in the development of your life history have prevented such calamity to be yours. I do feel deeply for you, and if I try to point out a brighter side, it is not because I undervalue the trials you are passing through.

I remember reading about that saintly woman, Madame Guyon, who for seven long years was imprisoned in the Bastille in Paris because of her faith, and I remember what a deep impression the beautiful song which she wrote in her prison has made upon me time and again as I have sung it with hundreds and thousands. Perhaps you know it too:

"Thou sweet, beloved will of God, My anchor ground, my fortress hill, My spirit's silent, fair abode, In thee I hide me and am still.

Thy beautiful, sweet will, my God, Holds fast in its sublime embrace My captive will, a gladsome bird Prisoned in such a realm of grace.

Upon God's will I lay me down
As child upon its mother's breast.
No silken couch, no softest bed
Could ever give me such deep rest."

Are you able to make these words your own? It should not be impossible, but I know it is

not easy. It requires faith in the love of God, and it may be especially difficult to exercise such faith when one feels badly treated and every unfriendly act is rendered doubly unfriendly by one's own nervousness. And yet if you can rise to this faith your whole outlook on life will be changed, and what seems to be an unbearable disappointment will, when it is accepted as his appointment, be turned into an opportunity for special blessing. You have a Bible or you can get one. Read it and you will find how at all times God has led His own through great trials and persecutions on to victorious faith and self-sacrificing love.

St. Paul in the midst of his missionary career, when he was eagerly making plans for conquering the world in his Master's name, was put into prison and kept there for years, and yet he was able to sing praises and to exercise an influence which extended from his nearest surroundings to wide circles in his own time and over a distant future. Look around and you will discover opportunities for altruistic service in the limited surroundings where you are now. And the more you are able to serve others, the more your own life will be enriched and happy, and you will be able to say with St. Paul, when speaking about his own imprisonment: "I know that this shall turn to my salvation", and "I would that ye should understand that the things which have happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel". (Phil. 1, 19,12.)

Karl Fries.

In his own life, then, a man is not to expect happiness, only to profit gladly by it when it shall arise; he is on duty here; he knows not how or why, and does not need to know; he knows not for what hire and does not need to ask. Somehow or other, though he does not know what goodness is, he must try to be good; somehow tho he cannot tell what will do it, he must try to give happiness to others.

We can all be angry with our neighbour; what we want is to be shown, not his defects, of which we are too conscious, but his merits, to which we are blind..

R. L. S.

Chronicles of Sinclair and Winton of the **Plankshires**

The Fight.

It was seven o'clock when I awoke, feeling as fresh as a daisy. The first thing I noticed was that Sinclair and Walters were seated one each side of me like sentries.

"Feeling alright"? asked Sinclair.

"As right as a trivet", I replied.
"Come along then", he said. "Just a little to eat, a cold douche, and a good rub down;

then to the arena".

As we left the bathhouse all the regiment were lined up from the door to the barrack gates. Talk about a royal reception. Their cheers were deafening. Down the lines we proceeded to a rickshaw which was waiting to take us to the stadium. Then, off we started with all the boys following us, cheering like mad.

As we drew near to the stadium we heard yells and cheers from the opposite direction. "Your opponent's team", said Sinclair.

We were the first to arrive at the door of the building and getting out of rickshaw, we passed through the door, up a short passage, and into a small room, which was to be my dressing apartment. It wanted an hour to the fight, so, taking Sinclair's advice, I stripped and lay on a camp-bed in the corner. Then, after a little massage, I lay still eagerly waiting to face the foe.

"Feeling nervous"? asked Sinclair. "No", I replied emphatically.

"Then get a little rest before you dress", he

Hardly five minutes seemed to pass before Sinclair said,

"Time to dress".

I sprang up and put on my knicks and belt, which of course was the good old Union Jack.

Open flew the door and a voice shouted

"Time to get in the ring, please".

Now for it! I thought, as up the passage we went. We had not far to go before it was like entering daylight. As I stepped into the light a great cheer arose from the boys. The first thing I noticed was the vast size of the building and the glittering array of uniforms. Admirals, Generals, and a great many more army and navy officers were present. It reminded me of a great rainbow in colours. Union Jacks and the Stars and Stripes were waved by the troops.

I had hardly seated myself in the ring before my opponent appeared. The Yankees rose 'en

masse' and sang 'Yankee Doodle'.

I was amazed when I saw Abe. His dressing gown hid his figure but I could see what a giant he was. What I noticed most was, that he was more black than white. Flat nosed and thick lips with a brutal smile. I knew now that I had got my work cut out. Abe entered the ring and bowed to his compatriots, smiling and showing his dazzling white teeth. He went to his corner and sat down. Everything was now ready, but what a noise the troops made. Cheers and vells which regularly shook the building. A bell rang and the referee entered the ring. He seemed to be a fellow who knew his business.

After the cheer which greeted him, had died down, he called us both to the centre of the ring, and explained that he would judge the fight to the best of his abilities and hoped that we should prove worthy opponents. We shook hands; the gloves were then produced and we selected our pairs, then went back to our corners. The referee held his hand up and silence reigned.

"Are you ready"? he asked both of us. "Yes", we replied.

We took off our dressing gowns and donned the gloves. I glanced at Abe, who in turn was

eyeing me up and down.

What a size the fellow was. He had an enormous pair of arms and the muscles of his body I could see were well developed. His skin was almost as black and shiny as ebony.

"Gentlemen", said the referee, addressing the audience. "A ten round contest for the Championship of China. On my right, Abe Johnson, Heavy-weight Champion of the American Fleet. On my left, Harry Winton, Heavy-weight Champion of the 1st Blankshire Regiment".

Chapter II.

Winton has asked me to describe the fight as I was able to notice all the moves from where I was situated. I will do my best.

If anything, Abe had a little advantage of Winton, in height and reach. It was a battle of

giants. Well, to get on.

1 st Round. Both men left their corners and advanced to the centre of the ring, shook hands, then sparred up. Abe led off with a straight left which Winton cleverly guarded and clinched. Breaking away they sparred cautiously, then Abe with a swinging right caught Win on the ribs. No damage done. Win then got in a vicious swing with the left which caught Abe over the heart and made him grunt. Abe wore a confident smile and jeered.

"Come on, Sonny. Guess you've got to hit

harder than that to smash Abe".

I could see Abe was watching his opportunity for a knock out, but Win was sparring cautiously. Suddenly Winton rushed in and with a straight left caught Abe on the jaw, which jarred his head back. Then there was a rapid exchange of blows. Abe would have to buck up if he was to

hold his reputation. Winton was playing a safe game. With a feint with the left Abe let his right swing round and caught Win on the mouth which caused the blood to flow. "First blood to Abe I guess", said Abe, but Win only smiled. Both then sparred a little, then crash crash — crash — blows were exchanged which could be heard all over the place. But both men were used to hard knocks. They clinched. After the breakaway Abe rushed in and dodging a blow from Win brought up a terrific uppercut which caught our champion on the jaw. straggered and before he could recover Abe shot out his right and caught Win a blow fair on the chin. Down went Win to the boards.

"One — two — three — four — five — six seven" — counted the referee.

"Get up! Win", I yelled. But he could not move.

The Yankees were yelling themselves hoarse. Abe stood away with a decisive smile. "Eight".

Then, thank goodness! 'Clang-clang'! went the bell. Time had saved Win.

We picked him up and took him to his seat, wondering if it was possible to get him round again to time. A good douche of cold water on the head and neck revived him a little.

"Alright, Sinclair old chap. I'm not done yet",

Play cautious next round, Win and don't let

him rush you", I told him.

2nd Round. Win got up and I noticed he seemed a little groggy but the light in his eyes boded no good for Abe, who came up smiling. They soon got to business. Abe dashed in, his arms going like a windmill, but Win sidestepped, and caught him a clip under the ear which soon pulled him up. All through this round Abe tried his rushing tactics thinking to wear Win down. But, with clever side-stepping, backing and dodging, Win evaded him. Almost on time Abe rushed Win, there was a sharp exchange of blows, then Win caught Abe under the heart with a short jab. The American staggered against the ropes, and Win followed up his advantage and planted three or four blows on Abe's ribs which made him grunt more than once. The gong' then sounded.

Win had now recovered from the effects of

the blow in the 1st Round.

"Play on Abe's heart Win", I told him. think that is his weak spot".

"Right", replied Win.

3rd Round: There is not much to record in this round which was all in Win's favour. He got in some blows on the heart and I noticed that Abe was in trouble when he reached his corner.

4th Round: Win had now got the measure of his opponent and there were no preliminaries. Both men meant business, and some heavy blows were exchanged. They struck, dodged, countered and side-stepped. It was glorious to see them. They were as crafty and as lithe as tigers. The

round ended in equal points.

5th Round and Last. Both men on the call of time sprang to the centre like wild cats. Crash went Abe's right at Win's body who luckily stepped back and missed the full force of the blow. Without more ado Win sprang at Abe. Crash — crash — went his left and right on Abe's ribs. Crash - went Abe's right on Win's eyes which soon swelled and started bleeding. I saw a fierce glitter come in Win's eyes. Abe brought up a right swing but it only struck the air. Before he could recover Win dashed in with his left and right going like piston rods. The blows could be heard in the furthermost corners of the building. The troops were standing up and cheering with the excitement. Abe was now blowing a lot, but he was very game. He dashed in with his left but made no impression on Win, who got in some lovely jabs on the region of Abe's heart. Then came the 'coup de grace'. After unclinching Win rushed in with a couple of lightning blows on the ribs. This staggered the Yank and before he could recover, Win, with a splendid upper cut on the jaw, floored Abe, who lay like a log and was counted out.

After the Belt had been presented to Win, by the American Admiral, the boys stormed the ring and carried Win shoulder high to his room. What yells and cheers! I wonder the building

didn't collapse.

Of course I need not dwell on the reception we got on return to barracks, after dining at the Europia Hotel with Abe and some of the Officers. That was the commencement of a life long friendship between us. And as to what adventures we did go through, well, more anon.

A. Bramwell, 1st R. W. Fus.

The Young Idea.

Officer to boy aged 13 who wants to enlist as a bugler, and has given his age as 16. "Do you know where boys go to, who tell lies!" The Boy. — "Yes, Sir, to the Front, Sir."

Orders.

Tramp. "Can you help a poor man, lady. I've been a soldier".

Colonel's daughter. "Oh! Have you? Now then, Attention! Eyes right! What comes next?" Tramp. "Present Alms! mum",

The Good Intent.

A fortnight ago a valliant and very successful effort was made to raise the wherewithal for the purchase of surgical boots and appliances for our wounded and maimed fellow citizens.

Our Amusement Committee put forth special endeavours and gave us a splendid concert which was highly appreciated by an audience sufficient ly large to show their approval of, and their wish to, support this good scheme.

The takings amounted to 72 M. which considering our now small population is very satisfactory.

The programme consisted of the following items.

1. March. Et Alors. Orchestra.

2. Boxing. Pte. Edwards & Pte. Terry.

- 3. Song. Far Down the Green Valley. Choral.
- 4. Song-comic. Captain Ginger. Cpl. Wilson.
- 5. Song. Come into the Garden, Maud. L. Cpl.
- 6. Archie & Doris in their latest Musical Duologue.
- 7. Intermezzo. When Bobby Cries. Orchestra.
- 8. Boxing. Cpl. Veasey & Pte. Dodge.
- 9. Song. Comrades' Song of Hope. Choral.
- 10. Ballade des Apaches. Orchestra.11. Jim Bill in his latest Novelty turn.
- 12. Waltz. Merry Widow. Orchestra.
- 18. Musical Sketch. The Man from the Street. Kennedy & Co.
- 14. Schottishe. Eglantine. Orchestra.
- 15. Song. The Devils' Ball. L. Cpl. Cox.
- 16. Dark Sketch. The Lame Kaffir's return to his Kraal.
- 17. March. Mariette. Orchestra.

We were sorry to note that the Lame Kaffir had to be marched to his barrack by two English N. C. Os.; and not an account of his lameness. R.A.A.E.

Wit and Humour.

"My boy", said a sergeant to a junior member of the force, "you can't say I am lazy".

Then the sergeant bent his arm.

"Look at these stripes, my boy. I didn't get these by loafing about the streets and outside public houses".

"No", the other answered with a sour smile. "I know you didn't get them in that way, or

you'd be a zebra by now".

Sergeant to Recruit. "Never approach the horses from behind without speaking, lad. If you do, they'll kick that bloomin' head of yours, and the end of it'll be that we shall have nothing but lame horses in the battery".

Scene: A Grocer's Shop.

Old woman behind the counter to young lady customer. "You'll excuse me serving you today, miss, but my husband's joined the National Preserves".

A Visit to New York's Chinatown.

Although New York may not be the largest city in the wolrd, yet it is probably the most cosmopolitan. Within its portals, the wanderers of almost every nationality may be found, and in a number of instances they have concentrated in one district, forming, as it were a little city within a city, and retaining to a greater or less extent, the national customs and observances of their respective countries. Of these 'colonies' or 'quarters' probably the most interesting is 'Chinatown', as it is called.

New York's Chinatown has a population of probably 10,000, but it must also be remembered that it acts as a centre for a number of neighbouring cities and towns, which in all give a total of at least 50,000 Chinese who have a personal

or commercial interest in it.

The stranger in New York is well rewarded by paying this quarter a visit. Of course some people will tell you they have seen Chinatown when they have simply taken a walk down one street and up another, and gazed at the curious signs above the doors, and peered into the dark interior of some ill-lighted Chinese general store, but — they have not seen Chinatown.

Such is the ingenuity of the money-making Yankee, that it is now possible to see Chinatown in the same manner as Europe, on a Cook's Tour. - 'Personally conducted with a skilled guide and interpreter; meals, etc. provided, and all expenses included'. And such are the impressions I received on one such trip, that although it was several years ago, they are still very distinct.

The sightseeing coach, or 'rubberneck car' as these coaches are commonly called, started from the neighbourhood of the famous Flat-iron Building between eight and nine in the evening. Night is the time to see Chinatown at its best.

After a pleasant drive through some of the busy streets with their never-ending crowds, we eventually reached the section of the city we were in search of. We passed through streets of Chinese stores, where all manner of merchandise, dear to the Chinaman's heart and newly imported from China is exposed for sale.

A little later we reached some narrower winding streets, and in one of them, the coach came to a halt. Our guide and conductor informed us that we were then about to visit a Chinese Temple, and respectfully asked us to descend and proceed indoors. The entrance to the Temple consisted of an ordinary door and a passage, between two semi-dark shops. The interior of the edifice was a bit of a surprise. The wall at one end was almost entirely concealed by a massive piece of wood carving, which extended from one side wall to the other, and reached eight or nine feet in

height. It was a splendid specimen of real Chinese workmanship, and probably illustrated some point

in their ancient mythology.

The other walls were almost entirely covered with beautiful silk embroideries, giving a pleasing appearance to the eye of the visitor, but probably conveying some moral lesson or text to the Chinese. At both ends of the temple, altars were erected on which reposed, or rather sat images of wood representing the Chinese Deity. The altar at which end the panelling was erected was a massive affair, not unlike an old English sideboard, while the one at the other end was considerably smaller. The guide then gave a short account of the temple and the religious customs of the people, after which we were introduced to the High Priest or Custodian of the Temple, who was arrayed in most beautiful garments. This individual holds a position that few would envy, as when he takes his vows of office, he is appointed for life. He swears never to leave the building night or day, and his whole future existence is spent in attendance on his God. He has a little corner curtained off as a sleeping apartment: his food is conveyed to him by the faithful and he never again journeys abroad until his successor has been sworn, and he is carried out a corpse.

Right here, it may be of interest to state the ambition of every wandering Chinee is to be buried in his native land, so the custom among the wealthier inhabitants of Chinatown is to bury their friends in their own cemeteries, and once a year or there about, the bodies are disinterred, a special ship chartered and a whole ship's cargo of as many as 5,000 coffins is despatched from

all over the United States to China.

After leaving the Temple, and journeying through some more mysterious-looking streets, each with its dense population of Chinese of all ages from the infant to the veteran of four score years and more, we next paid a visit to a real Chinese restaurant where I at least discovered that a 'Chinese restaurant' as it is commonly understood all over the American continent, and premises of this description in Chinatown, are vastly different. On entering we were invited to inspect the kitchen and appliances, before partaking of our meal. The kitchen staff consisted of five or six Chinese 'boys' of all ages, and the utensils they were using were decidedly interesting, being metal pots and dishes of oriental make. One thing noticeable was the extreme cleanliness, but perhaps the same may not be said of other places, not open to public inspection.

The dining-room was full of small tables to seat four, and quite a number of Chinese were eating at various tables. The waiters were softslippered Chinese, dressed in their national clothing, and to the visitor, they handed special menu cards printed with one side in Chinese and the other in English. Passing over such dishes as stuffed frogs, roasted mice, parrots' tongues, etc., we decided on the farfamed dish called 'chop-suey' composed of several ingredients, the principal one of which is chopped chicken.

The meal was served with curried rice as a side dish, and the eating 'tools' were the inevitable chop sticks. There was also served cups of real China tea, the cups very diminutive and without handles, and the tea very black and taken without sugar or milk. Soon after we had taken our seats, a Chinese native band who were seated on a dais at the far end of the room, commenced another number. The band consisted of four musicians I think, one of which played a native one-stringed violin, two had some species of the flute or clarionet, and one made a noise on a kind of kettledrum with one stick.

The tune, if such it could be called, was decidedly monotonous. On leaving the establishment we were presented with one of the interesting

menu cards as a souvenir.

We next walked through a part of the 'town' where some better class stores were, into one or two of which we were invited to enter, to examine the curious and interesting articles offered for sale, and no pressure was exercised to induce

purchases.

It was now about eleven o'clock, and soon after we found ourselves in the famous Bowery, a district where some years previous, if a policeman was ordered to enter, he literally had to say good bye to his wife and family. In the Bowery a stop was made at Steve Brody's Saloon, a place abounding in stories of many 'shootings' and sudden deaths, but today the 'bad men' are all cleaned out, and the Bowery is tamed.

Eventually the party arrived back at the Flat-iron Building about midnight, after spending a memorable evening and enjoying some never-

to-be-forgotten experiences.

Angus Macnore.

What's who?

A young Scottish recruit had been placed on guard for the night outside the Colonel's tent. In the morning the Colonel stuck his head out of the tent door.

"Who are you?" he demanded shortly.

The young man turned and affably replied.
"Fine. Hoo's yersel?"

Oddment.

To he born a gentleman is an accident. To die one is an achievement.

List of British Prisoners of War at Göttingen Camp.

```
9059. Harlow, H., Buffs.
                                                                                  3932. Johnson, J., Scots Guards.
 9426. Hall, A., Leicesters.
                                                                                  8019. Jay, G.,
7739. Jardine, A.,
 8414. Hardy, W.,
                                          4691. Hayward, A.,
                                        27489. Hannan, B., 48. Hdrs.
 9613. Holland, W.,
                                                                                  9150. Johnson, G., R. W. Kents.
 7047. Hunt, S.,
                                        27493. Hill, R.,
                                                                                  8839. Jetten, T., Queens.
8458. Jarvis, F., Borders.
7334. Jackson, T., R.War.Regt.
 8039. Hollingshead, F.,
                                        27143. Harcombe, F.,
                                        27491. Holmes, J.,
 7050. Hemmings, H., ,
 6979. Hubbard, J.,
                                        27481. Harvey, J.,
 8318. Hollington, T., S. Staffs.
                                        27483. Hubbard, A.,
                                                                                  9115. Jones,
 7744, Hyfield, F.,
                                        27678. Husband, A.,
                                                                                  1643. Jarrott,
                                                                                  4616. Jeffrey, S., Cameron Hdrs.
 7882. Handy, C.,
7081. Hinde, G.,
                                        27486. Hannam, A.,
                                        27484. Hunter, A.,
                                                                                  9673. Jacobs, G., Northants Regt.
                                        27488. Haley, F.,
27205. Howard, V.,
 8563. Hyden, J.,
                                                                                  5434. Johnson, J., R. S. Fus.
8102. Johnson, T., K.O.R. Lancs.
 8654. Heath, H.,
                                        27487. Hopkins, E.,
 8300. Haynes, H.,
                                                                                  7604. Jones, J., S. Staffs.
                                                                                  9439. Jones, W.,
                                        24137. Harper, H., 13. Canadians
 8800. Holden, J.
                                                                                  8959. Jones, R.,
 7127. Hearl, F., Borders.
                                        24138. Holden, M.,
 8591. Hahn, A., "24722. Hare, C., "8555. Harris, J., "24843. Holdway, C., "7441. Hall, W. A., Coldstreams. 7233. Holmes, W., R. Innis. Fus.
                                                                                  9093. Jordan, G.,
                                                                                  9230. Jarvis, E., ", 7584. Jones, W., R. Irish Regt.
                                                                                  1683. Jackson, F., D. L. Inf.
                                          8025. Harper, W., R. Scots.
10162. Houldsworth, F.,
 9158. Hurford, W., R. A. M. C. 10227. Horsley, F., E. Lancs.
                                                                                  7530. Jee, D.,
                                                                                                       Buffs.
                                          7986. Higgins, L. C., R. A. M. C.
                                                                                   847. Jenkins, C.,
 Hazell, A., 7694. Holton, K. R. Riffes.
                                          2226. Harman, G., Northd. Fus. 1081. Hodgkinson, J., "
                                                                                  8805. Jenkins, G., 9367. Johnson, W., ,
 6012. Hagan, R. Irish Fus.
                                                                                 9213. Joy, H.,
230. Jaques, W.,
27495. Jackson, T., 48 Hdrs.
                                          2032. Holt, W., 5 Lancers.
11289. Hassan, P., R. Dublin Fus.
                                        14533. Hillier, W., Middlesex.
 5625. Hannan, W., Leinsters.
 8940. Hickey, G., Notts & Derbys.
                                          8289. Ingram, F., Wilts. Regt.
                                          7533. Ilott, A.,
8433. Iles, W.,
                                                                                 27190. Jones, A.,
27764. Johnson, J.,
11198. Haines, A., K. L. Regt.
8770. Harrison, C., K. O. S. Bdrs.
                                          9363. Irvine, J., Scots Guards.
                                                                                 27207. Jolliff, J.
 6989. Hamlett, G., E. Yorks.
                                          7742. Irvine, P.,
                                                                                 10672. Jonathan, S., K. L. Regt.
10017. Hamilton, F.,
 7010. Hunter, R., R. Scots Fus.
                                          8238. Irving, R., Borders.
                                                                                  9642. Jones, W., Cheshires.
                                                                                  9229. Johnstone, D., Cam. Hdrs.
                                          6803. Ingham,
 9995. Hardwick, Imniddlesex.
                                          9104. Iliffe, A., Leicesters.
8828. Johnson, W., Wilts Regt.
                                                                                  9386. Kittlety, W., Wilts. Regt.
12444. Holmes, E.,
                                                                                  7569. Kent, F.
10073. Hill, A.,
                                                                                  7499. Knight, W. C., "
 8146. Hedge, M. H., R. Innis. Fus.
                                          9494. Jones, A. J.,
 6936. Hart, M.,
                                          6934. Jefferies, A. E., "
                                                                                  7459. Kent. S.,
10809. Holywell, H., S. W. Bdrs.
                                          8813. Johnson, A. J., "
                                                                                  7372. Kyte, F.,
                                          5452. Jukes, G.,
                                                                                  9666. King, L.,
  7519. Harmsworth, C., Hants. Rgt.
 6827. Hilker, L., 8177. Hurcum, W., E. Lanc. 8351. Helstrip, H., Scots Guards.
                                                                                  8272. King, H.,
                                          7954. Jackson, A.,
                                          8829. Jefferies, E. J.
                                                                                  8095. Kimber, A.,
                                                                                  5770. Ketcher, W.,
                                          7559. Jones, E.,
  7994. Hunter, G., Leicesters.
                                          8206. Judd, F.,
                                                                                  7426. Kyte, J.,
                                         10479. Jones, J. R., R. W. Fus.
                                                                                  8696. Kirby, L.,
  884. Hooker, P., Buffs.
                                                                                 10883. Knight, J., R. W. Fus.
                                          7122. Jones, A.,
  9064. Halton, J.,
                                         10015. Jones, C.,
                                                                                  9044. Kerr, R., A. & S. Hdrs.
    51. Hayes, A.,
                                         11050. Jones, R.,
10553. Jones, W.,
                                                                                  9378. K.-Welsh, J., " "
1174. Knight, G., Rifle Bde.
2886. Keep, W., R.W. Kents.
8351. King, E., Scots Guards.
1923. Hughes, W.,
10412. Harris, F.,
                                          9201. Johnstone, R., A. & S. Hdrs.
  8930. Harris, A.,
  5211. Harold, J.,
                                          1373. Jackson, J.,
                                                                                 4664. Keith, R., 10510. Kingham, S., Queens.
                                          6475. Jamieson,
  3018. Holton, H.,
                                          8593. Jupp, T., E. Yorks.
  9217. Hammond, G., "
                                        8197. Jenkins, I.,
12529. Jones, T., Gren. Guards.
                                                                                   7675. Kelling, C.,
  9968. Harlow, T.,
                                                                                  7126. Kirkpatrick, J., Borders.
  9510. Hart, E.,
                                                                                  8611. Kennedy, J., 5391. Kimber, W.,
                                         7302. Johnston, J., Scots Guards.
   541. Haynes, G.,
                                          4482. Jones, J. C.,
   136. Higgins, W.,
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A Helping Hand.

"Well, Boys", said Cpl. Bluenose of the Mudshires, as they sat in the Corporals' Mess. "It's like this. — I've called this meeting with a view of trying to help our friend Reggie, here, out of his difficulties. I think you are all aware of the circumstances, perhaps however I had better just go over them.

"Our friend Reggie was, a short time ago, on Battn Guard, and in a fit of absent-mindedness, left his guard and wandered into the Corporals' Mess and stayed for an hour. Now, what my opinion is of the Authorities who were responsible for the building of the Guard Room and the Corporals' Mess in such close proximity, I'd better not say. Unfortunately, Sgt. Spry, our ever dutiful Provost-Sergeant happened to walk in and spot Reggie, and such was the obstinacy of Sgt. Spry, that he absolutely refused to believe Reggie's story of a 'feeling of faintness during which his mind became a blank, and from which he awoke to find himself in the Corporals' Mess', and, advising Reggie to 'try that yarn on someone who hadn't got quite so much service,' reported it at once to the S. M. - Result, - a C. M. for Reggie."

"However, by the diligent efforts of Lawyer Snatchall, who conclusively proved absentmindedness, or as he called it, mental aberration, (chiefly borne out by the fact that Reggie 3 years ago, had borrowed two quid from his Coy Officer and hadn't paid it back) Reggie 'got away with it'".

"I grieve to say, however, that Snatchall would not hear of Reggie's forgetfulness with reference to a charge of three guineas, which he insisted was his lowest possible fee, same to be paid in three days. This necessitated a visit to his Colour Sgt. and after a stormy, but finally successful haranque, he got the money advanced. Now this means that our comrade will be without money for at least a month, having as the C. S. put it, blown his clothing compo the first pay day."

"Now, I put it to you, Boys. Shall we see our popular chum go without money, and what is worse, without beer, for a whole month? Or; shall we uphold the glorious traditions of the Mudshire Corporals by doing what I now propose. That is: tomorrow, being pay-day, each member subscribe half a dollar and by so doing we can pay our comrade back his three pounds and have a smoker" with the surplus cash."

"All agreed? Good. Meet here tomorrow at 6 p.m. then we'll present the money and hold the "smoker" afterwards."

The next day at 6 p.m., Bluenose continuing: "Comrades, how very pleased I am, to be able to say, that, we not only have enough to pre-

sent Reggie with his three pounds, but 30s. besides. Unfortunately, the presentation cannot be made tonight, Reggie being again on guard, due I believe to spite on the S. M's. part altho', when Reggie demurred about his turn, he said, 'It was to straighten up the roll'. So, shall we postpone it till tomorrow evening at the same hour, when Reggie will be here?"

'All agreed? Good business! Waiter! Drinks all round and put it down to me." (Sotto voce to waiter) "I mean to the Subscription Fund."

The meeting was accordingly closed.

On presentation night, Cpl. Bustbreech, second senior, presiding says, "Comrades, as Bluenose has not yet arrived and he's got all our money, we can't continue until he comes, so we'll 'stand easy' for 10 minutes.

Cpl. Smith, A. S. Corps clerk in Hd. Qr. Offices, enters the Mess and says "Good evening, Boys, What! A Mess Meeting! Sorry I intruded. I'll call in again later on".

A chorus of shouts of; "No! No! Smith, stay"

burst forth.

Bustbreech explains, "You see, Smith; it's not a pukka Mess Meeting. We are making a presentation of three pounds to Reggie here, and having a smoker after, so you've come at a very good time. Oh! Good idea! Will you make the presentation, Smith?"

"You bet I will. Where's the money?"
Says Bustbreech, "Oh! That will be here in

a few minutes. At least, as soon as Bluenose comes. He's got it."

Smith, somewhat mistified, replies, "Bluenose! But, has n't he gone home on the 6 year hookum?" "Oh, no", Bustbreech says, "He's due to sail in four days on the next P. & O."

"But; Man alive!" Smith cries excitedly, "I tell you, he's gone. I wished him 'Goodbye', on the gunharf at 3 p. m. to-day. Our office wired to your C.O. at 2 p.m. to say there was room for one man aboard the Agamemnon. He was the first on the roll and sailed at 4 p. m." Oh! My Sacred Aunt! Now I know why he was three parts slued and impressed on me the fact that all of you would never forget dear old Bluenose. I shouldn't think you would. He's rooked you all and sailed with 'all the money."

Silence! Broken at length by Lipton's man behind the bar, "I say, you fellows. When will you square up for the beer you all had the first evening? Ten bob it is. Five for the beer you had and five Cpl. Bluenose borrowed and told me to put it down to the same fund.

L. Cpl. Wag, a tack wallah, departs, humming

saftly, "Quoth the raven 'Nevermore'".

Notes and Notices. Religious.

Church of England.

Service 8 a.m. Wednesdays and at 10 a.m. Sundays. Full Choral.

Roman Catholic.

Holy Mass at 7 a.m. Sundays.

Amusement.

Concert Report Saturday Sept. 4th 1915.

Programme.

1. March. Et Alors. Orchestra.

2. Boxing, Exhibition. Pte. Edwards & Pte. Me Donagh.

3. Song. Mc Gregors' Gathering. L. Cpl. Walsh.

4. Song. The Wedding of Lanchu Mc Graw.
Pte. Doyle.

5. Duologue. Archie & Doris. Elliott & Lewis.

Valse. Tesoro Mio. Orchestra.
 Song. Mississippi. L. Cpl. Cox.

8. Song. Why do they call me Archibald. Cpl. Wilson.

9. Polka. Chiki. Orchestra.

10. Boxing Exhibition. Pte. Griffiths & Pte. Dodge.

Musical Piece. Djer Kiss. Orchestra.
 Skit. The Policeman. Pte. Kennedy.

13. Song. Sister Susie sewing shirts for Soldiers. Pte. Mawson.

14. Song. What a Mouth! Cpl. Bates.

15. Valse. Seduction. Orchestra.

16. Song. The Troopship. Pte. Kingston.

17. Sketch. Honour is satisfied. Ptc. Kennedy. As regards this concert the above programme speaks for itself. To dilate upon the individual merits of the various artists would require more space than the worthy co-editors of our famous

journal could allow me.

Mention might be made however of our new singer Pte. Kingston who received a rousing reception at the finish of his initial item, The Troopship. Archie & Doris too, easily maintained their reputation and 'twill be a wonder if Doris' head is not turned with her host of admirers. Pte. Kennedy & Co's interpretation of "Honour is Satisfied" was simply splendid and like all his previous sketches a great success.

Chess.

We have much pleasure in bringing to notice The International Chess Club now in existance

in The Wooden City.

The Club is firmly established and has the full sanction of the authorities. A slight knowledge of the game is all that is necessary to become a member.

Anyone desirous of joining or of obtaining

further particulars may do so by applying to the Secretary, Pte. R. A. A. Ellis, Barrack 49.

Whist.

A Whist Drive is held every week in Barrack 49 a, Thursdays at 4.45 p.m.

Boxing.

On the 21st August we held our 2nd Boxing Tournament consisting of eight contests each of four rounds duration and 'no decision'. Some very fine bouts were witnessed.

The duties of Referee were ably carried out

by C. Q. M. S. Mc Carthy, 1st Leicester Rgt.

Programme.

Cpl. Panton, 1st Middlesex Regt. v Pte. Griffiths, R. Welsh Fus.

Pte. Kingston, Worcester Regt. v Pte. Ford, Kings Own.

Cpl. Veasey, Queens Regt. v Pte. Dodge, Leicest. Pte. Moore, Middlesex Regt. v Pte. Rudden,

Borders. Pte. McDonagh, S. Staffs. v Pte. Holland Wilts.

Regt.

Pte. Morton, S. Staffs. v Cpl. Nabbs, R. Welsh. Fus.

Pte. Mc Guire, Leicesters. v. Pte. Davis, "Pte. Terry, S. Staffs. v Cpl. Donelly, Gordon Hdrs.

The Boxing Club are holding another Tournament on Saturday, the 18th September.

Programme.

Eight contests. Four rounds; no decision. Club Swinging. Highland Dancing. Musical Dumbells. Cpl. Wilson (Comic).

Shorthand.

This class takes place every evening at 5.30 p.m. Anyone desirous of joining will please apply to Pte. R. A. A. Ellis, Barrack 49.

Aviaries in the Army.

Company Officer: "Why did you get drunk last night".

Pte. Murphy: "Oh! Just for a lark, Sir."

C. O.: "Right then, we have cages for birds of your description. 'Fourteen days'. March him out, Sergeant Major".

Errata.

25. Goodchild, H. Royal Flying Corps (not Middlesex Rgt.).

8760. Green, P. Wiltshire Regt. (not H.)

5167. Green, H. " (insert). (see No. 5, page 6.)

THE WOODEN CITY

A JOURNAL FOR BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR

No. 7

GÖTTINGEN

October 1. 1915

Camp Philosophy.

One is justified in assuming that to everyone of us here there comes, at some time or another, a serious and earnest desire to live better, — so far as regards what is known as the higher side of one's life. For example, at the end of a day, how many can look back and convince themselves honestly that the results fairly represent the best of which they are capable, or that there has been no room for improvement. Very few, I venture to think. Such being the case and owing

it would make in our outlook, if it were followed to any extent whatever. Although it seems, on the face of it, quite an ordinary and acceptable attitude, yet how very rarely is it maintained to any great degree. Is one not, for instance, rather disposed to adopt a hypercritical attitude where others and their acts are concerned? Not only so, but how many are also by no means averse to spreading their criticisms right and left, for the participation therein of others. What an extraordinarily popular occupation among so



View of our City from the Main Gate.

to the fact that one naturally wishes to do one-self justice, one looks round to ascertain in which direction improvement lies. In my opinion, which is probably shared by many, one could hardly do better than refer to the Bible for advice, and here one finds a very wealth of teaching, and many are the sources from which one is able to draw. As an example, one little passage picked at random seems fraught with very wide possibilities. It is quoted by Paul in his Epistle to the Romans, and therein he exhorts them: — "Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love". — Now, after all, what a splendid little piece of teaching, and what a great change

many, is that of "picking people to pieces", and how comparatively rarely does one hear one man speak of another in anything approaching terms of affectionate sincerity. After all, this should not, and most certainly need not, be so. After making due allowance for the unemotional temperament of the average Englishman, do not circumstances frequently arise where a certain amount of sincere sympathy and affection, as should exist between brothers, would come in really acceptable? There are times when one feels depressed and one's outlook for the time being becomes dreary. In cases such as this,

(see page 8.)

The wooing of Carmencita.*

Carmencita was a thing of light perfumes, swishing alluring draperies, and of Junoesque proportions, and had the face of one of Murillo's angels. So you may guess she was wondrous fair.

If I were one of the Fleet Street confraternity whose chief attributes appear to be an inordinate fondness for long hair and longer neckties, I would proceed at length to enumerate her charms in a different manner. As, shall we say, eyes of the sloe with the dewy freshness of dawn in their clear fathomless depths, mouth of the rosebud. And so on, ad infinitum.

The garrison had their different expressions concerning her charms, too. The Sgt. Major thought her, "A regulah stunnah, demmit, doncher know".

He had a habit (God bless his shades), of consulting his dainty wrist watch with a view to determining how the time flew at such moments as these, when he rose to the giddy heights of vast metaphorical idealisms to express the promptings of his fond and foolish heart.

Of course we all knew that the Sgt. Major stood no ghost of a chance there. Between you and I, gentle readers, Cr. Sgts. Sniper and Sharker were ever so much more in the running. Which is neither here nor there really, for Sniper and Sharker are both married (the giddy old whelks, God bless'em also). However, all this in passing.

The garrison in question consisted of a few gunners who tended the hundred odd guns that on occasion shouted: "To hell with you", in no uncertain voice; and a few thousand Infantry, who when they were not 'on guard', or fatigue, or 'dodging fatigue' or juggling with lemonade bottles in the canteen on that barren, sunkissed, arrogant rock in the Mediterranean, paid sundry visits to a certain group of towns in the south of Spain; sometimes by way of the neutral ground dividing the British and Spanish lines, and occasionally by the aid of a fussy little steamer that flew a red and yellow flag. (A certain Sergeant once tried to swim across, but there's an excuse for him as he was held in the clutch of the fishing mania.)

One day a youth who formed one of the draft destined for an Infantry battalion, landed at Gibraltar. He was a goodly man, that youth. You know the kind I mean. The sort of chap all the Cr. Sgts. of the Regiment try to capture as their batman. The sort of fellow the average novelist allows to enlist as a private one day, and about three months after, promotes to the rank of Colonel after winning the V. C., D. S. O., and other decorations including the sweet, soulful eyed daughter of a Major General.

*) All rights reserved.

When the Sgt. Major saw him, he said: "Haw, haw, my man. Hem! Your name is Percy Arcy d' Arcy, Vere de Vere. What?" The Sgt. Major himself could write and tell a very decent tale on occasion, and doubtless had dreamt dreams of his own in the past.

Cr. Sgts. Sniper and Sharker simpered. (They ought to be bally well shaken. How dare they presume to simper when the mandate of

the Sgt. Major has gone forth.)

Said the recruit: "You appear to be labouring under a slight delusion, Sir. My name is Brown.

— John Henry Brown. — I've got two sisters. One's named Mary, and the other Ellen. They're aged three and five years respectively. My people live at Pewsey in the county of Wilts. My father's a farm labourer and has reached the ripe old age of seventy one. My mother "

What Pte. John Henry Brown might have said further had better be cut short in the interests of discipline. Which by the way, was the identical view the Sgt. Major took as he ordered the goodly youth off between a file. Then he said a few words to Sniper and Sharker concerning the fine point as to whether it would'nt be advisable in their interests to take their profession a little more seriously, unless they had irrevocably made up their minds to make their debut on the comedy stage as low comedians, or fishhooks, or something of that sort. (It isn't quite convenient that I should be very concise as to the exact wording because he was so very wild about it.)

So you perceive, my unsophisticated military acquaintances, that Pte. John, Henry, Brown, in addition to being a goodly youth, was also a very cheeky youth, which partly explains what follows.

II

Pte. J. H. Brown emerged from the Cafe Royal with a brisk step, a head held very high and vested with a certain jauntiness that was even more pronounced than had been the case some four months before, when he had landed at Gibraltar. His boots shone beautifully. His face was bronzed a becoming brown. His khaki drill was wonderfully stiff through the medium of starch, and a beautiful crease was apparent in his trousers.

He made his way toward the Victoria Gardens at North Front, and there was many an eye cast in covetous admiration at the slim lines of his figure as he threaded his way through the motley crowd of whiterobed moors; sombrero crowned, black-clad Spaniards; Yankee sailor men, and all the many others that go to make up Gibraltar's many hued, fleeting and permanent population.

Brown sat himself down on one of the seats amid the semi-tropical plants and blooms, and sucked at the knob of his swagger stick reflectively.

Little spiral heatrings ascended from the parched ground. Out from somewhere on the surface of the shimmering. sunlit bay there came to him the hoarse 'hoot' of a torpedo destroyer, then the deeper bellow of some ocean-going leviathan. He' began to find the heat a trifle tiring so made his way to one of the palm-sheltered seats in the direction of the high, iron palisading that serves as a boundary line to remind hot-blooded Spaniards that Gibraltar is British territory, and the property of no one else.

Now Pte. Brown was inclined to be a gay young dog, as has been previously mentioned; and at that precise moment he was wondering how on earth he should spend the residue of

that happy, sunlit, Spanish day.

Suddenly the suggestive 'swish', 'swish' of femininedraperies stole in on his hearing, and at the same moment that a delightful fragrance was borne in on his sense of smell his blue eyes looked up and his head swam with the sheer intoxication of it all.

He rose suddenly his hand held in a stiff military salute. Pte. J. H. B., knew how to interpret the vagaries of things psychological, and some inner instinct told him the moment had come as he looked into the half startled, dark eyes of the girl. Then her eyes grew a trifle mirthful, and her features relaxed in a wondrous smile the while she scrutinised him with one swift, appraising glance, and the import of his tumultuous, almost incoherent words dawned on her.

"Would you care to accept my seat Miss. — Er Miss" —, he was saying. His hat was by now in his hand, and the sun lit caressingly on

his fair, wavy hair.

"No, thank you", she replied, after a brief breathless moment at the thought of his audacity. Yet strangely enough she turned away almost reluctantly, and at the same moment a dainty, painted fan that depended from her small Moroccan leather handbag of Spanish design,

fluttered gently to the ground.

Her voice had not savoured of particularly Arctic temperature thought the khaki clad man a second later, as he watched the stately, mantilla clad figure of the girl receding out of his sight in the winding labyrinths. There had almost been a laughing challenge in it, a suspicion of coquetry. His head was in a whirl, and in that moment he felt that something had happened to change the whole tenor of his life.

Then his eye lit on the fan, and he smiled joyously as he picked up that dear, dainty, painted

fan that even then, seemed to carry with it in some queer, indefinable manner the sweetly scented, elusive charm of its owner. His heart beat happily. There was the song of many birds in his hearing. That old-world, semi-tropical garden suddenly became a veritable garden of Eden as he realised the possibilities that lay within his reach.

His hand closed over it, and the next second he was sprinting through that garden for all the world as though he were in chase of a thousand houris of Paradise.

"Pardon me, Miss, but I fancy this is your

property", was all he said.

Foolish Brown! Didn't it strike you that the charming damosel hadn't proceeded on her way more than some twenty yards? Didn't it occur to you, John, Henry, Brown, that the lady's very faint "Oh!" intended to convey an idea of surprise as she turned suddenly in her tracks, was a trifle laughter laden? I say again, John H. Brown, weren't you aware the armour of the fair sex is passing subtle and wholly delightful in its naive simplicity? Yet we wouldn't have it otherwise, would we, my heroic military acquaintances of the erratic Mark VII Lee-Enfield? But none of these things apparently occurred to him.

Then she answered, "Thank you", ever so

Then she answered, "Thank you", ever so sweetly. And the man likened her voice unto the tinkling of a thousand fairy bells. Unconsciously almost, he fell into step with her as they passed the British sentry and were on Spanish

territory.

"I trust you will not mind my trespassing on your company", said he. "I know these people" — he indicated the gaudily attired Spanish gendarmerie and the lines of smugglers, — "are not always polite in their attentions, and I thought", he stumbled in his speech, and blushed, but went on manfully; "Oh! I hoped you would at least allow me to accompany you as far as the Spanish lines. Will you, please?"

The girl was examining him covertly out of the corner of her eye. Then she turned away suddenly to where the expanseless, limitless blue of the Mediterranean stretched out to their right,

and a dimple was in her check.

Her whispered "Yes", a moment after seemed to Brown as sweet as the breath of dewladen roses at dawn. Thenceforth they were more at their ease, though it is extremely doubtful if the

girl had ever been otherwise.

Later, pressed to concede her name, after a space in which she playfully rapped him over the knuckles for his temerity, she admitted to the cognomen of Ferguson. "Father was a Garrison Artilleryman, oh! ever so long ago, and mother, a Spaniard". A pause.

There came more repeated passionate requests on the part of Brown, and she spoke once more, but this time with a heightened colour. "Carmencita, silly boy, if you must know. But what it has to do with you, I can't make out." latter with a faintly enigmatical smile as she half averted her head.

Brown nearly made an ass of himself. I verily believe he would have kissed her tantalisingly red lips there and then, in spite of their close proximity to the Spanish sentries, but that, as she pointed out, the decision did not rest with him. A moment after they hove in sight of a queershaped, high, round building that she informed him was the bullring.

Perhaps it was the sound of the cornet that decided him. Or it may have been that the orgy of gorgeous colours and the sun had something to do with it, for Brown up to the present had evinced an aversion to witnessing the sordid tragedies of the bullring. Anyhow he suddenly arrived at the conclusion that Carmencita might possibly care to witness the spectacle.

After a little persuasion the girl agreed to his suggestion, and Brown duly paid his eight pesetas for the two seats 'in the shade', and they made their way through the jostling, and by no means orderly crowd, into the bullring.

(to be continued.)

A Yankee and Irishman, happening to be riding together, passed a gallows.

"Where would you be", said Jonathan, "if the gallows had its due?" "Riding alone, I guess", said Pat.

The following is a resolution of an Irish

Corporation:

"That a new jail should be built, that this be done out of the materials of the old one, and the old jail to be used until the new one be completed".

"See there!" exclaimed a returned Irish soldier to the gaping crowd, as he exhibited with some pride his tall hat with a bullet hole in it. "Look at that hole, will you? Ye see, if it had been a low crowned hat, I should have been killed outright.'s

An Irish school teacher had occasion to reprimand one of his scholars who seemed to be very busy eating apple pie, instead of paying attention to the lesson then in progress.

"Will you please pay attention to me?" asked

the teacher.

"Oi am, Soor", replied the Boy.
"Faith, then", the teacher said. "Ye're listening wid wan ear, and 'ating poie wid the other".

His second Enlistment.

It was with a heavy and gnawing feeling of oppressive loneliness that the old man returned to his cheerless lodging.

Well he was not so very Old, did I say? True, he had done his twenty one and retired as Sergeant 'Jim' Reed, with the best wishes of the whole battalion, and although that was several years ago, Jim Reed's name is still mentioned in barrack yarns. But these intervening years had not been all the peaceful leisure that Jim had looked forward to. When he first arrived, and took up house in the little peaceful Sussex village, with his wive and their two boys, he was straight as a dart, with a hearty cheery laugh, looking every inch a soldier, and proud of

And he was a proud man when Jack, - his boy Jack, his pride and joy, - joined the old regiment. Of course, he would have been very much disappointed if Jack had not joined his old 'mob', but he had never even hinted as much and Jack had just done it off his own bat and the

old man's heart was glad.

his record.

But soon after that, ill luck seemed to set in. First, Ned the younger son had an accident, which finally resulted in the loss of an eye, necessitating the use of spectacles, and putting an end to poor Ned's military ambitions. Ned, however was not the lad to settle down in a quiet peaceful village, so soon after he was on his way to the Land of the Dollar, with a companion of his own age, and a hazy half formed idea of a farm of his own in the future in the State of Nebraska.

Jim's next taste of bad luck was when his wife gradually declined into ill health, and all his time and attention were required by the invalid.

It was about this time that he received reports concerning Jack. Reports that caused him many an anxious thought. Jack, of whom he had expected so much, was evidently becoming, too familiar with the canteen, and had already got several marks on his sheet.

The next blow he received was the death of his wife, the partner in all his joys and sorrows, who had journeyed with him and the regiment, in stations pleasant and otherwise, in climates good and bad, and who had ever been the light of his home, and the bearer of cheer and comfort.

The effect of cruel fate began to tell on him. His friends could note the change, but still he retained the straight and military bearing impressed by long years of practice. But the next stroke completed the breakup of his iron will, and reduced him to despair. Jack, his boy, whom he had worshipped almost as an idol, had been discharged as worthless. The thought of it cut at his

very heart. Discharged! Worthless! In his old regiment, too. Oh! How he cursed that canteen which had been the means of his boy's disgrace.

And Jack, probably ashamed of his army career, and ashamed to meet the father whose example he had disgraced, disappeared, and was lost as far as any information concerning him could be obtained.

It was one day some time after these later events that, as I said before, with a feeling of utter loneliness, poor Jim made his way home to his cheerless room. Arriving there he received a pleasant surprise in the shape of a letter from Ned, a letter full of hope and good news. Ned told his father in optimistic sentences how the farm was progressing; told of his work and the improvements he was planning; told of his hopes and rosy prospects for the future. He finally said how much he would like his father to come and see the results of his early labours, and share with him the pleasures, the profits and the comforts of living the open air life in the Far West. He painted the picture in elegant phrases, and pleaded that it would be as much for his own benefit as for his father's, and even offered to come all the way East, and meet his father at New York.

The old man read and re-read his boy's letter, and meditated. He thought of his army career, and all that had happened since. The thought of Jack came back to him, and the memory hurt him. "Ned, my boy, I'll go to you, and may Heaven bless you for being a good son to your old father." His resolution was made, and as he rose from his chair, his face had a brighter look than it had had for months.

About two months after the receipt of Ned's letter, during which interval another message had passed between them completing the arrangements, Jim stepped off the gangway at the Cunard Line Dock in New York, and was met by his son Ned. Over their meeting, and the long talk which followed, we had better draw a curtain, but the next morning we find them bent on sightseeing, for Ned was determined to let his father see the sights of New York, before starting on their long trip West. Several suggestions were made and discussed as to where they would spend the day. Jim had been greatly impressed by his first view of the famous Statue of Liberty. The massiveness of it, the grandeur of its position, and the idea it represents, of a gigantic female spreading her huge arms as in the act of benediction and welcome to the newcomers from across the seas, had keenly interested him, so it did not take long to settle their programme for the day in favour

of a visit to the statue. During their walk downtown, every yard of the journey disclosed something of interest to Jim, till finally they reached the Battery. Arriving just in time to board one of the ferry steamers plying between Bedloe's Island and the Battery, they were soon under way, and in a short time landed at the Island. Looking landwards one could not but be impressed with the scene, the endless succession of buildings towering heavenwards some reaching their noble proportions to a height of from forty to fifty Others, although making no claim to honours as regards size, yet rivited the attention by their design, and the symmetry of the lines which they presented to the eye. During the short walk which brought Ned and his father to the pedestal of the statue, Jim was surprised to see several figures in khaki, although not quite the same uniform which he had been so proud of. He learned on enquiry, that they belonged to a detachment of the U.S. Signal Corps, and were stationed on the little island, mostly for telegraphic purposes. Ned and his father proceeded up the stairs in the stone pedestal of the statue, and then started to mount the long winding staircase constructed inside the figure of the female giant. Eventually they reached the topmost platform, which is the inside of the forehead. Looking out from there, they were enchanted by the magnificent view towards the broad Atlantic, and the ever endless shipping coming to and going from New York. The little platform, where they were could accommadate only six to eight persons, and is only reached by the little staircase winding up through the neck of the statue.

The old man enjoyed the scene, and the novelty of their situation to the utmost, and finally he and Ned were about to leave, when footsteps were heard ascending. As the iron staircase is only about two feet wide, they had perforce to wait, until the person coming up had reached the platform. Looking down, Ned discerned the service hat and khaki uniform of one of the Signal Corps, and as the soldier reached the top step, he was able to see the face, and the hurried words came to his lips.

"Father, here's Jack." Jack stood on the platform in amazement, his glance travelling from his father to his brother, then his eyes dropped. But only for a moment, then his head went erect again, as he said. "Father, I came out here because I couldn't face you, finally the army drew me, but I'm going straight this time."

Old Jim straightened himself, and clasping his son's hand, he said. "I'm glad to see you in a uniform, my boy, and wish you luck to your second enlistment. A. Macnore.

List of British Prisoners of War at Göttingen Camp.

```
7110. Knox, W., Border-Regt.
                                      7093. Lowe, J.,
                                                            Scots Gds.
                                                                          9902. Maisey, W., Wilts Regt.
 6928. Kemp, T.,
9411. Kinghorn, W.,
                                      7964. Livingstone, A., "
                                                                          5375. Merrett, W.,
                                      8580. Lord, J.,
7694. Loader, W.,
                                                                          5377. Morris, A.,
 7306. King, F., Leinsters.
                                                                          8339. Mead, J.,
 9208. Kerr, A., R. War. Regt.
                                      8245. Lees, A.,
                                                                          8659. May, D.,
                                      2702. Lucas, A,
 1636. Kelly, M.,
                                                                          8657. Musgrove, J.,
 7023. Kerr, J., Cameron Hdrs.
                                     3377. Lothian, W.,
                                                                          8820. Maibitt, A.,
                                                                          8301. Miles, W.,
 5618. Keane, P., LeicesterRegt. 13652. Layton, W.,
                                                             Middlesex.
                                                                          9607. Malin, C.,
 8727. Kenny, J., Con. Rangers. 11057. Longman, H.,
                                                                          8371. Marshall, A.,
12237. Kane, J., H. L. Infantry
                                     9484. Larcombe, L., Queens.
10549. Ketley, ., Middlesex. 7245. Larcombe, F., 8035. Keenan, P., R. Inn. Fus. 10315. Luxford, W., 8151. Kendrick, C., S. Staffs. 5324. Lomas, E., Le 8953. Kehr, S., Berks. Regt. 9569. Lines, J.,
                                                                          8513. Miles, J. H.,
                                                                          8424. Morris, A.,
                                                                          8698. Mobey, F. R., "
                                     5324. Lomas, E., Leicesters.
                                     9569. Lines, J.,
                                                                          5550. Maggs, H.,
                                                                                                  99
                                     8759. Lee, G.,
 5924. Kennedy, J., R. Irish Regt.
                                                                          8803. Mundy, C.,
 Knowles, W., Civil. 7714. Kennedy, F. J., Buffs.
                                      6561. Lester, J.,
                                                                          8125. Maskelyne, C.,
                                     9719. Loseby, H.,
1226. Lawrence, A., R. War. Regt.
                                                                          8246. Mullis, W.,
 9011. Kitley, F.
                                                                          7944. Mutton, L.,
                                                                          6907. Moore, H.,
8867. Merchant, W.,
10470. Kemp, W.,
                                     5579. Law, R., Cameron Hdrs.
  687. Kelly, R.,
                                     4510. Laing, J.,
805. Kaalar, B., 4391. Lingard, J., Colds. Gds. 24141. Knight, G., 13 Canadians 10052. Layton, W. Yorks.
                                                                          8344. Mitchell, C.,
                                                                         10979. Martin, C.,
                                                                                              R. W. Fus.
27214. Kensitt, J., 48 Hdrs.
                                     7414. Lowe, H., Northants.
                                                                         10744. Morgan, A.,
27747. Kears, M.,
                                     6635. Lynas, E., R. S. Fus.
                      48
                                                                          5736. Morris, J.,
 2693. Knight, H., 14 Hussars
8078. Luker, F., Wilts. Regt.
                                     8175. Lythall, J., S.W. Borders.
                                                                          6082. Morris, E.,
                                                                          8217. Mason, N.,
                                    11054. Lewis, N.,
                                    10902. Lynas. J.F.D., L. Infantry
 5342. Looney, J.,
                                                                          8941. Medhurst, A., "
 8991. Legg, P.,
                                     7986. Lindsey, T., S. Staffs.
8146. Lewis, W., "
                                                                         10462. Morgan, J.,
                                                                          6372. Morgan, W.,
 8305. Linsell,
 9188. Ledbury, E.,
                                                                         10671. Mayne, C.,
                                     8568. Lovesey, T., "
                                           Lamb, V., "
 8008. Lay, L.,
                                                                         10492. Mullins, H.,
 8951. Lafford, R.,
                                     8070. Lacey, H.,
                                                                          4325. Morris, A.,
                                                                                                 Scots Gds.
 8277. Lane, G.,
                                    10519. Lee, S., Borders.
                                                                          6082. Marchant, F.,
 6366. Lyne, R.,
                                            Luce, Harry, Civil.
                                                                          6962. Mc. Lennan, J.,
                       99
                             99
 8607. Locke, L.,
                                                                          6947. Mc. Kenzie, W., "
                                     8803. Laver, E., Royal Scots.
                            77
 8868. Luker, W.,
                                                                          5692. Mc. Donald,
                                     4797. Lawrence, H., Buffs.
 8349. Lay, A.,
                                     9186. Latter, W.,
                                                                          7268. Mc. Ewan, J.,
                             99
 7637. Liddiard, A., "
8147. Love, T. J., "
                                     7176. Lewer, H.,
8401. Luckhurst, W.,
                                                                          7814. May, A.,
                                                                          4709. Mackenzie, W., "
                             99
 8516. Lewis, R., "
                                                                          6783. Mc. Masters, T., "
                                    24320. Lee, H., 13 Canadians.
                             "
 8250. Lewis, C.,
                                                                          3681. Mc. Kim, A,
                                    27505. Lundins, W., 48 Hdrs.
                      77
                             99
 7192. Lester, W., "
                                    27220. Leckers, W.,
27502. Lusted, W.,
27429. Lusted, T.,
                                                                          6466. Mc. Gregor, W., "
                                                                          5997. Mackenzie, A., "
 8288. Little, F.,
 8142. Lovegreve, A., "
                                                                          5044. Mitchell, J.,
                                    46503. Lamb, H.,
 8495. Large, R.,
                                                                          3356. Mc. Hugh, W.,
                     27
 8526. Lawrence, E.,
                                                                          8205. Moss, J.,
                                    27226. Long, W.,
 9785. Lampitt, C., R. W. Fus. 27222. Lewis, P.,
                                                                          6098. Miller, G.,
                                                                          4667. Mulvin, J.,
10064. Lewis, H.,
                                    27221. Ling, L.,
                        77
                                    27626. Ladd, F.,
 4710. Lillygreen, J., "
                                                                          6505. Mitchell, J.,
 6232. Lakin, J.,
                                    27501. Lewis, J.
                                                                          6191. Mc. Leod, R.,
10792. Lane, C.,
                                                                          6337. Mc. Intosh, J., "
                                    27225. Logan, D.,
                                                                          8030. Mc. Carthy, W., "
10938. Lewis, C.,
                                    27916. Le Rocque, A.,
9433. Llewellyn, C.,
                                                                          7559. Mc. Nabb, J.,
                                     8151. Midgett, W., Wilts Regt.
1190. Laing, W., A. & S. Hdrs.
                                     8544. Miles, F.,
                                                                          5825. Mc. Crae, D.,
14198. Larkin, J.,
                                                                          7650. Mc. Donald, J., "
                                     8687. Mead, C.,
                      Gren. Gds.
                                     6239. Mead, W. H.,
14520. Lovell, W.,
                                                                          7203. Mathers, H.,
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Busty.

Busty was the Daleshire's pet baboon and owing to his mischievous habits was supposed to be kept chained up. But, possessing a kindred spirit in the person of one, Sgt. O. Looney (who full of mischief himself was never happy unless Busty was at large) he had been diligently taught by this same to dig a hole round the peg which held him, also other methods of getting loose, which he readily learnt. Consequently the chaining up was a supposition.

Busty tied up was always an object of curiosity.

Busty loose was the very devil.

Should bread be short from the tent were it was kept it nearly always proved to be Busty. Had not Jack Douse seen him on one occasion actually stealing it. His description of it was, that, "Busty lifted up the flap of the tent he did, to see if the Quarter Bloke were looking and then took a Dodger and hopped off on dree legs

as vast as ever he could go.'

On returning, however, one day with a loaf under his arm Busty made the alarming discovery that his house was inhabited by a stranger and on close and careful investigation discovered it to be Jim, the Quarter Master's dog, fast asleep. Now if there was anyone or anything Busty hated, it was Jim. There seemed to be a feud between them. Jack Douse, the Q. M's. batman would hint darkly that he knew the reason and mentioned something about Jim robbing Busty of a choice piece of beef suet at the ration-stand one day. But of that, I know not. Anyway, Busty saw an opportunity of getting his own back and did so. Creeping cautiously behind the box which stood on a fairly high bank, he gave it a lusty push and sent it hurtling to the bottom and there it stuck on end with the door downwards and Jim howling. As Jack Douse, who released him some five minutes later, said. "There were that black son of a gun sittin' on the top scoffin' the loaf a cool ez a cookummer".

Busty had a decided preference for the Sergts'. Mess possibly on account of the extras received there. Owing to it being just a detachment he was allowed to sit at table, always with Sgt. Looney and could polish off a piece of pudding or a handful of potatoes (not too hot) with great gusto, invariably finishing with a cigarette end which he ate and as much beer as one felt inclined to give him. However a painful incident occurred one day, as the result of which "Busty came no more", and altho' Sgt. Looney vowed vengeance on the author of the fearsome act he never discovered him. Among other tricks Busty had learnt to draw a cork from a bottle and then drink. One day everyone was seated at dinner and the majority were looking on amused

at Busty's efforts to withdraw a cork which seemed to fit more than ordinarily tight. One supreme effort however, fored the cork to come out with a mighty Bang! causing the astonished Busty to fall backwards from his stool, jump on to the table and make a dash for the tent flap scattering en route everything that was eatable. Close investigation of the bottle by Sgt. Looney revealed the fact that a few large lumps of carbide of calcium, such as used in cycle lamps, had been put in the bottle and a few drops of water added, thus making a real fizzer for anyone inclined to open it.

These are only two of the many incidents which occurred before his master was reluctantly compelled by the O. C. to send him to the Zoo,

and that's where I believe he still is.

Paddy, the Yankee, and the turtle.

In New York a man was carrying a live turtle along the street, when by came an Irishman followed by a large dog. The countryman tried by gentle words to get the son of the emerald isle to put his finger into the turtle's mouth, but he was too smart for that.

"But", says Pat, "I'll put my dog's tail in,

and see what the baste will do."

He immediately called up his dog, took its tail in his hand, and stuck it in the turtle's mouth. He had scarcely got it in when Mr. Turtle shut on the poor dog's tail, and off the latter started at railroad speed, pulling the turtle after him at a more rapid rate than ever it had travelled before. The countryman, thinking that his day's work would be thrown away if the animal should run at that rate, turned with a savage look upon the Irishman, and exclaimed:

"Call back your dog!"

Paddy put his hands into his pockets, threw his head to one side, winked, and then answered, with a provoking 'sang froid':

"Call back your fish!"

Paddy has a great power of enjoyment after all. One day he saw a bull attack a man, and he had to hold on his sides with both hands, the scene was so funny. After a time the animal turned his attention in another direction, and poor Pat, after exploring the heights, came down with a thump on the other side of the fence. He rubbed his wounds, and as he said to himself, "Fath, I'm glad I had my laugh when I did, or I wouldn't have had it at all, at all."

"How do you like that whisky, Pat?"

"Shure, your honour, it has made another man of me, an' that other man would like a glass too."

Notes and Notices.

Religious.

Church of England.

Service 8 a.m. Wednesdays and at 10 a.m. Sundays. Full Choral.

Roman Catholic.

Holy Mass at 7 a. m. Sundays.

Amusement.

Concert Report Saturday Sept. 11th 1915. Programme.

March. Nina Pancha. Estudiantina.
 Choral. Far down the Green Valley.

Song. Fow the Noo. Pte. Doyle.
 Song. Alas! Those Chimes. L.Cpl. Walsh.

5. Club Swinging, arranged by. Q. M. S. Mc. Carthy.

6. Valse. Fine Fleur. Estudiantina.

 Song. I've lost all Ambition in Life. L. Cpl. Walsh.

8. Scottish Dances. Argyll, Broadswords.

9. Choral. The Frog.

10. Song. I've met a Pretty Maid. Pte. Hunter.

11. Song. Anybody seen my Tiddler? Pte. Worsley.12. Comic Duologue. L. Cpl. Wilson & Pte. Doyle.

13. March. Retour de Concours. Estudiantina.14. Impersonations Selected. Pte. Kennedy.

15. Song. The Song that will live for Ever. Pte. Kingston.

16. Song. The Night I fought Jack Johnson. L. Cpl. Bates.

17. March. Cyrnos. Estudiantina.

18. Ragtime Review. The Death of Ragtime.

The above Programme given in the Y.M.C.A. on the 11th. Sept. was another great success and

went swimmingly from start to finish.

The Mandoline Band was quite a change from the Camp Orchestra and was greatly appreciated by all. The Choral sang with their usual precision and the comic items of Wilson, Bates, Doyle, Hunter and Worsley fairly brought the house down.

Pte. Kennedy, who by the way was taking an Irishman's rest in the sketch-producing line, fairly charmed the house with his impersonations and incidentally did double the amount of work he would have done had he not been, as he called it, having a rest. The Ragtime Review was a stunner and Cpl. Wilson and his Courtiers deserve great credit for their apt interpretation of a musical death for the renowned ragtime.

Whist.

A Whist Drive is held every week in Barrack 49 a, Thursdays at 4.45 p.m.

Camp Philosophy. (from page 1.) sympathy, feeling and a little brotherly understanding costs nothing, and is hardly likely to do harm, but very infinite are the possibilities proving comforting, encouraging, and probably strengthening. It is only necessary to place oneself for a moment in the shoes of the recipient, to admit these possibilities. Bear in mind, that although not necessarily brothers, we are most certainly brothers in misfortune. We know that in our present circumstances any effort which sincerely tends to mutual help and encouragement, would be welcome. That being so, the principle contained in St. Paul's few words should be striven after unceasingly by us, and during these exceptional times, surely should not prove unattainable.

Editorial.

Citizens. We have much pleasure in publishing the letter which follows. It contains an extract from a letter written by a British Officer interned at Osnabrück (Hanover). Since its receipt a letter has been received by C. S. M. Murray K. O. R. L. Regt., from the British Officers at the above Camp, together with the sum of 216 M. which is to be used for various purposes. "The Wooden City" has much pleasure in gratefully acknowledging the receipt of 100 M. from this fund, which our Officers instructed C. S. M. Murray to hand over to us. It will be a great pleasure to all our comrades of "The Wooden City" to receive this, probably the first, news of their Officers, who apparently have not forgotten their men. Our correspondent writes:

One of the British Officers in the Officers' camp at Osnabrück who has received a copy of the first number of "The Wooden City" expressed his appreciation of this English Prisoners' newspaper and said he would study it thoroughly with his brother officers and see if they could contribute an article to the paper and if they would

like to become regular subscribers.

After having read the different editions of "The Wooden City" which he received, he wrote a letter of which the following lines are an extract: "... I think we shall be able to put up a suitable article for "The Wooden City" which appears to be an excellent little publication; in any case we shall always be glad to help to finance it if it gets into difficulties . . . "

"The Wooden City" will be glad to take note of this.

Dr. P.

We publish the first part of an excellent little story by S. M. Reason, a name perhaps familiar to many readers as an author of some note.

Verantwortlich: Prof. Dr. Carl Stange; Druck und Verlag: Louis Hofer ("Göttinger Zeitung"); beide in Göttingen.

THE WOODEN CITY

A JOURNAL FOR BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR

No. 8

GÖTTINGEN

October 15. 1915

The Point of View.

When you really think about it, this is a funny old world after all. What pleases one makes another miserable, and what one takes as the hardest of hard luck another interprets as a

blessing in disguise.

There's my friend Bob Gray, for example. Why! Bob actually believes that the fates are against him, and luck has deserted him, and goodness knows what, while I am prouder of Bob than ever I have been, and only wish I had his luck. I believe it's all a question of from which point of view you look at it, and perhaps you will agree with me when you have heard Bob's

story.

Well, Bob is one of the finest young fellows you could wish to meet. Happy-go-lucky, without a care or a worry, and only one little secret grief. Bob had tried to enlist, but couldn't. The doctor said 'No', and that settled it, but it only made Bob's veneration of the Army more. A soldier was an object of the highest esteem to Bob. I only mention it to let you understand his nature. The incident that changed Bob's aspect on life occurred on a Sunday evening. He was coming down the street, dressed in his best suit, quite contented with the world in general and himself in particular, when suddenly he saw something on the pavement before him. He picked it up. It was a watch, a lady's gold watch. There was a monogram on the back of it, A. E. W. Bob decided he would keep the watch, and see if it was advertised for in Monday's papers. As he said, 'who knows what might come of this'. On Monday, the watch was advertised for alright, with a full description, monogram and all, and the lady's name was Miss Williams.

Of course, Bob went around to the address given to return the watch, wondering to himself what kind of a girl Miss Williams was. He arrived at the house alright, and on explaining his errand, he was well received by Mrs. Williams and a Miss Williams, but it was another Miss Williams. Her name was Mabel. It was her sister Agnes who had lost the watch, and she had just gone out.

This only made Bob all the keener to see the real Miss Williams. The mother mentioned that Agnes had left the reward in case anybody should call while she was out. Bob would not hear of any reward, but at the same time he was greatly disappointed at not meeting Agnes personally. During the conversation with Mrs. Williams and her daughter Mabel, the information leaked out that Agnes was employed in 'Matthews', the tobacconist. Quick as a flash the idea came to Bob; he would call there the following day, introduce himself as the finder of the watch, and settle the question again of the reward. "Who knows", said Bob.

On the Tuesdsy, he went around to 'Matthews', and screwing up his courage, went inside. He told me all the sensations he went through so I had better just describe them as he underwent

them

("So that is her, eh! By Jove! This is a bit of alright".)

"A packet of Gold Flake, please".

("Ain't she a beaut; such hair, and such eyes".)
"Thank you; a box of vestas, please".

(And she has got the watch on. Just wait till I broach the subject. And what's that on her neck? It's a locket. No! It's a —")

"Thanks. That's all. Can you change half-a-

rown'

("Goodness gracious! That ain't a locket, it's one of those photo-pendants, and the photo is of a soldier.")

With a soft "Thank you", he picked up his change and went out of the shop, without broaching the subject, feeling as if he was the most

ill-used man in the world.

As he said to me. "I couldn't keep the watch, and I wouldn't take any reward, and of course I don't want the girl if she belongs to a fellow who is away at the War. Just my bloom-

ing luck".

But no matter what he says, if he had done anything different from what he did do, I shouldn't have thought so much of him. It's all a question of the point of view from which you look at it, isn't it? But we all make the same mistake sometimes.

A. Macnore.

"Can any little boy", asked the new teacher, "tell me the difference between a lake and an ocean?"

"I can!" replied Edward whose wisdom had been gained from experience, "Lakes are much pleasanter to swallow when you fall in".

The wooing of Carmencita.

They were seated at one of the bottom tiers of the ring, the soldier and the girl of the mantilla and the fan. All was new to the man: the sanded, gory ring that the fierce afternoon sumblazed down on; the sea of dark, animated faces grouped row above row in the circular tiers; glimpses of bright eyes that glanced coquettishly from behind many-hued fans; the lurid touch of colour afforded by the Spanish Infantry band.

Then the cornet wailed out. It sobbed and rose to a shrill crescendo and sobbed again, finally dying away to a mere nothingness. There seemed something tragic about that wail of unearthly music to the man. It seemed in some queer inexplicable way to suggest greater depths

of tragedy than he had yet dreamt of.

Tragedy. — Yes, that was the whole dominating theme of the wildly barbarous burst of music. — Tragedy and Death. Desires unfulfilled. Hopes unrequited. Pitiless suns in pitiless firmaments shining down on arid, desolate, unwatered desert wastes. He was something of an impressionist, you see.

Then the bull cantered in at a brisk trot and he partly forgot the sense of tragedy that had weighed him down a moment agone. He saw the clever 'banderilleros' plant their crude darts into the agonised animal's side. And as he watched the swift byplay of the men with powdered wigs, red jackets, white skin-tight breeches and tightly fitting hose who threw the 'banderilleros' he grew a little sickened as he saw the efforts of the by now frantic animal as it twisted and dodged, and alternately rushed at its tormentors in the hope of putting an end to its oppressors, or of ending its own agony.

Brown felt sorry for that bull. Being an impressionist it followed he was something of a sentimentalist. He felt he would like to reverse the position of the men and the bull. He almost shouted aloud to that effect but was recalled to the fact of the girl's presence at his side by a

touch on the arm.

He looked around and met full her wondrous beauty. Her eyes shone strangely bright as they

met his.

"This is the worst part of the business", she said. "What follows, though on sterner lines, is to my way of thinking, much the more noble part, if nobility can be said to redeem the situation in any way". The scorn in her accents was only too apparent. He was pleased to observe that such was the case.

"This it the second performance I have witnessed", she went on. "And the first at which you have been present I should imagine." She looked

up at him interrogatively, and he nodded an affirmative, while he gazed anew at her dark passionate beauty, and a glow came over him.

The glamour of her eyes well nigh overcame him. The seductive ripeness of her lips appealed to him irresistibly. She saw the sudden flash of passion that came into his eyes and spoke quickly, directing his attention to the arena again.

"This of course is only a small fight and lacks many of the horrors that are attendant features when horses are engaged. And oh! Look! They really are clever. Aren't they?" And the man looked.

Fresh men, similarly attired, had by now relieved the others, and they held many-hued, long cloaks in their hands which they waved in turn before the vision of the exasperated bull. It was really marvellous to observe how well-timed were their evasions of the infuriated animal's rushes. Sometimes its horns appeared to graze their supple oscillating bodies by the barest fraction of an inch.

Then one more daring and original than the others stood stock still, a ten feet pole held perpendicularly and resting on the ground, in his hands, while the sobbing, panting bull observing this new adversary in the field, charged headlong forward, his hoofs sending up little spiral

columns of sand and dust.

The chatter of the spectators ceased. A hush descended on that multitude until they beheld with enthusiastic "vivas" that the gaily-clad 'banderillero', timing the rush of the bull to the fraction of a second, had vaulted by aid of his pole the entire length of the bull, the pole snapping at the contact of the animal's rush at the same moment that the 'banderillero' had taken his thrilling leap, landing at the animal's rear on all-fours.

Then the cornet wailed and sobbed out its message once more. The 'banderilleros' retired as if by magic and a new figure took their place.

He was an arresting personality, this matador. He bowed with an old-world grace that yet held a soupçon of arrogance in the notion. Then his long, shimmering line of gleaming steel began to flick and parry, reconnoitre and thrust with lightning-like swiftness around the bull, seeking, searching for an opening. There came a slight pause in one of the mad frenzied rushes in which the bull halted momentarily, his forelegs wide apart, his head partially lowered, and eyes that gleamed malevolent hate at his aggressor.

It was the moment the matador had waited for. His gleaming scintillating sword found its billet this time. Full in between the apex of the shoulders and the top of the spinal column went in the gleaming, blue Toledo steel.

The bull emitted one last defiant roar even

as his lifeblood dyed the yellow sand like an erratically patched yellow carpet blotched here and there a vivid crimson, then rolled over lifeless, with mouth agape, and big dumb eloquent eyes

wondering at the utter futility of it all.

The matador bowed gracefully four times, to four different sections of the arena. Senoritas wept at the thought of his charming gallantry and rained roses down on him, (all of them crimson). The crowd "viva'd" their appreciation of his dexterity in no unmeasured terms. And the soldier-man cursed him under his breath. team of mules galloped in and the horns of the carcase were hastily attached to their traces. With a cracking of whips they were off and out through the big iron gates, and another of life's many humbler tragedies had ended, and another was about to commence.

Mechanically almost, the man arose, and the girl also rose, whereat he was glad, for then he knew that she too shared his dislike and aversion to the sanded ring. A moment later an arm crept into his, and such was his nature that he would have fought ten thousand foemen, one, two or even three at a time for the sheer joy of the love of living, and living to love. When I think of dear old J. H. B. I am also reminded of that dear old couplet so well beloved by our dear lads

of blue and khaki fabric.

"Love is a funny thing, it makes a man a fool". - There's ever so much more of the same kind of thing, but I've quite forgotten the other.

Observe then the arm of the soldier-man stealing around the slim waist. And a moment later if you had been listening you might have heard the sound of a kiss, then a sharp smacking sound as of the contact of a small shapely hand coming into contact with a cheek, the cheek of J. H. B.

Then: "Mr. Brown, how dare you!" in almost tearful feminine accents, and the sounds of a slight, a very slight scuffle, as though for instance the girl of the mantilla was trying to disengage the

arm of the goodly youth from around her waist. "Oh! Mister Brown, Is it?" A laugh rang out. A good, great, clean, wholesome, hearty, manly laugh. "Call me Jack, please Carmencita. — Jack, there's a dear."

Followed: "I shall do nothing of the sort"

(firmly).

"Please, Carmencita, there's a darling."

"I can't, I won't, I shan't. Why it's simply preposterous. I've only known you a few hours" (this time not so firmly).

"Darling Carmencita, — Please."
"Oh well", (faintly) "Jack then, you silly boy." Followed, another osculatory passage making the fact plain to a couple of grinning 'Guardia Civile' further up, that another man and maid

had found each other to be very comely, and had as suddenly discovered what a dear little, queer little world it is with all its few troubles and

many joys.
Which is how Private J. H. B. wooed and won the fair Carmencita at sunny, arrogant Gibraltar in those far-off misty days, earning the enmity of the whole garrison, by no means excluding in the latter category the feelings of dear old Cr. Sgts. Sniper and Sharker who I know, went back to the mess on the night of J. H. B's. wedding, and wept tears of vinegar, accordingly developing a thirst that took until 3a. m., to partly assuage.

Ask any of the dear old Wiltshires if all this

isn't Gospel truth.

An Irishman's letter to his Brother.

My Dear Bro Mike, I'm just after writing a line or so to tell you I've lost your address, and if you do not receive this letter, will yez write and let me know. Dear Micky I'm also pleased to tell you of the death of your poor ould Uncle Patrick, he died very suddenly after a long and painful illness; at the time of his death he was speechless asking for Whoskey. We asked the Doctor the cause of his death and he said it was through natural causes but Mickey my Bhoy twixt you and I it was stoppage of the heart that was the cause of it, and his age was 69 all but 11 months and 3 weeks and if he had lived till now he would have been 6 months dead, at the same toime I'm sending you 5/- your Uncle left you, which I know nothing about. Dear ould bhoy I now conclude with best wishes for your future welfare. From your own Bro. Dan.

P.S. Dear Mickey. I would ask yez not to open this letter until 3 days after yez have read it so as to give yez time to get over the sorrowful news. D. C. N. H.

Shortly after her coronation our present Queen was travelling in Ireland. One day when out walking with a few attendants she was caught in a sudden heavy shower, to avoid which, she took shelter in an old dilapidated cottage. The occupant was not aware of the identity of his illustrious guest but with true Irish courtesy made her welcome. While sitting there, Her Majesty noticed the rain coming in through a large hole in the roof and asked the cottager why he did not repair it.

"Sure now, you wouldn't have me go out in the rain to do it, would you?" he answered.

"No, but later when the rain stops you could do it."

"What's the use, your ladyship?" he said. "It doen't come in then".

The Bob-tail.

'Bob-tail', or 'Bob', is the nick-name, applied by the soldiers throughout the American Army, to the man who, for some offence or other has received a 'Dishonorable Discharge' from the Service.

The particular 'Bob' of whom I write was one, James Henderson by name, of Company "N" — th Infantry Regiment, and known of all his comrades as 'Jim Swift'. This name was given him, owing to his being a man of very slow, easy-going ways, and of moderate habits, with a decided drawl in his speech. But with all his other faults, Jim was considered a good soldier. How he came to be a 'Bob' happened in this way.

It is a custom in the American Army to hold Athletic Tournaments each year, and it was while our Regiment was stationed in Manilla, Philippine Islands, that the incident took place, which made a 'Bob' of Jim. — To begin with, these contests start in each Regiment, events being entered for individually, by team, and by the Company as an organization, the winners in each case passing on to the Departmental Competition, and so on to the Divisional or final Competition. The events are of all kinds, Athletic and Military. The event I mention in particular was wall-scaling.

Our Company had been chosen by the Regimental commander, as the one to enter for the wall-scaling contest. Of course this meant hours and days of hard, extra training, if we were to win a place in the finals, and most of us set to work with good will, determined to win.

For some reason unknown to us, Jim strongly objected to this extra work, and, as the Company Officer would not excuse him from the team, he took the matter into his own hands. In plain words, he went absent, stayed away a couple of days, then returned, thinking of course that he would be at once locked up in the Guard-room, and so avoid all this extra drill, etc. This is just where Jim was mistaken, as he soon learned, for instead of being locked up he was put in 'Arrest in Barracks' and made to turn out for the next drill hour. That was all, for Jim again went absent, making sure this time not to return until the Competition was over, in which by-the-way we were awarded second place.

In the American Army, when a man goes absent, he is carried on the roll a certain number of days as 'Absent Without Leave', after which time he is dropped as 'In Desertion'.

Jim overstayed his time and when he did come back, he was confined, under charge of Desertion, and tried by General Court Martial. His sentence was 'nine months at hard labor' and, when completed, the 'Bob-tail Discharge'.

Jim did his time in the U. S. Military Prison in Manilla and was at last returned home to be discharged. He arrived in due course, and here is where Jim showed his swiftness. Immediately upon his arrival, he put his case in the hands of Grant and King, Attorneys, to get himself and service restored. He did get restored, and he also got full pay for the time he was imprisoned.

The last time I saw 'Jim Swift' he was serving in the Marine Corps, where, he says, "there are no walls to scale".

Anon.

Further Philosophy.

Our outlook here is necessarily limited and that has a corresponding effect on our mental vision, with the result that we are apt at times to get into a sort of groove. Just as a hedge or a row of trees close at hand may obscure the view of distant mountains, so may the present difficulties and troubles loom so large, that for the moment they shut out everything else, if we let them. — Many of our troubles, if we fight against them are very small. You remember the lines beginning: 'To be or not to be? That is the question: Whether, tis nobler in the mind to suffer: the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing end them?'

In our present position one great help is the knowledge that friends at home are thinking and perhaps praying for us. But more than that, we have the hope for the future. 'Hope springs eternal in the human breast', the poets tell us.

This war that seems endless must end some day. Everything comes to an end, even life itself. Just as we know that the war must end, so must life. Everyone can finish the comparison for themselves. Suffice it to say that the one is as inevitable as the other. All of us are looking forward with a great hope for the first, and possibly some are making preparations for it. I

wonder how many of us are making preparations

for the last, and even greater change.

Let us therefore try to see things as a whole, as by doing so, we shall get a due sense of proportion, and learn that many things that seemed so important are after all very small, and through all, we should remember that if at times things do not seem fair or right, it is not unreasonable to suppose that He who can take in the whole of human effort at a glance, may possibly know more than we do, whose vision is so limited.

E. V. W.

List of British Prisoners of War at Göttingen Camp.

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10845. Moore, J., Middx.
  4391. Lloyd, G., Cam. Hdrs.
                                                                                  8758. Morris, H., Buffs.
  9674. Murray, A., A. & S. Hdrs.
                                          470. Murray, J., K. O. R. Lancs. 27517. Mc. Cormack, E., 48th. High.
  3921. Mc. Fadden, J.,
                                          6111. Makin, J.,
                                                                                27514. Mc. Callum, W.,
  9684. Mc. Intyre, A.,
                                        10886. Mc. Connell, J.,
                                                                                46511. Mc. Leod, A.,
  8085. Moon, T.,
                                          6220. Mills, W., R. Berks
                                                                                27511. Mc. Ivor, B.,
                                         7739. Moody, T.,_
  8347. Mc. Donald, D.,
                                                                     S. Staffs. 27509. Melluish, A.,
  7169. Mc. Kinnan, A.,
                                          8673. Matthews, J.,
                                                                                46515. Mc. Neil, H.,
  9513. Mc. Graith, J.,
                                          6648. Mc. Marniss, J.,
                                                                                27513. Mc. Bride, A.,
                                                                                27693. Mc. Donald, A.,
  6694. Mc. Namee, P.
                                          8591. Mc. Donagh, T.,
  6774. Mc. Coll, D.,
                                          7818. Maddocks, J.,
                                                                                27236. Macdonald, A.,
                                                                       99
 6593. Mc. Gregor, J., 9345. Mc. Ewan, A.,
                                         8773. Mason, J.,
                                                                                27515. Me. Clusky, A.,
                                         7252. Mc. Leod, R.,
                                                                                27232. Mc. Connell, C.,
  6048. Mc. Lean, G.,
                                         9144. Mawer. J.,
8581. Molineux, B.,
                                                                                28067. Mac Neill, J.,
  1141. Mildrum, D.,
                                                                                27977. Milne, J.,
 7950. Manley, W.,
8319. Mitchell, J.,
                          Queens.
                                                                                27521. Miller, J.,
                                         8098. Middleton, J.,
                                         9368. Mumford, A.,
                                                                                27510. Mc. Alister, G.,
 7818. Monk, E.,
                                         8989. Marsh, J.,
                                                                                27662. Mc. Lean W.,
10412. Mortby, E.
                                                                  S. W. Bor. 27512. Mc. Robbie, C.,
                                        10925. Morriser, J.,
10612. Mitchell, J.
                                         7889. Murphy, G.,
                                                                                34495. Mc. Gregor, D., 13th. Can.
10385. Marlow, R.,
                                        11681. Morgan, J.,
                                                                                24377. Mattherson, F.,
                                         8800. Meredith, D.,
8472. Marshall, G., Essex.
  7146. Melsom, H.,
                                                                                24736. Mc. Edownie, G.,
12534. Miller, W., Gren. Guards
                                                                                1439. Mackenzie, M., 8th. Can.
16608. Mawson, C.,
                                         8375. Manning, F., 7887. Moore, H., R. A. M.C.
                                                                                21081. Mann, A., 5th.W.Cavalry
11549. Miller, J.,
                                                                                27853. Matthews, H., R. Eng.
                                        7887. Moore, H., R. H. O.
8634. Mann, V.,
6504. Mansell, W., W. Yorks.
5621. Murphy, R., Northants.
7404. Mc. Gugan, A., Gordons
9197. Mc. Cardle, J., R. I. Rifles.
4460. Mc. Grath, P., Conn. Rang.
 9483. Mercer, F., R. W. Kents
6684. Miles, W.,
                                                                                 8690. Norris, C.,
                                                                                                        Wilts.
                                                                                 8789. Norris, J.
 6929. Matthews, S., Borders
                                                                                 9320. Nash, A.
7987. Nicholls, E.,
 6774. Messer, J.
10322. Merrifield, E.,
                                                                                 6961. Noakes, W.,
10474. Maloney, J.,
                                                                                 5448. Nash, J.,
10058. Mavir, R.,
                                        10037. Mc. Creadie, J., H. L. Inf.
                                                                                 8088. Nash, T.,
 5520. Mc. Carthy, L, Leicesters
                                       6749. Mc. Quiggan, G., S. Lancs.
                                                                                 7421. Noyes, H.,
 7195. Moylan, J.,
                                                                                7882. Newman, D., "10895. Nabbs, G., R. W. F.
                                        10202. Morrow, E., R. Innis. Fus.
                                       10465. Mc. Bride, A.,
10480. Mc. Cormack, T., "
 7998. Mott, H.,
 9321. Murphy, J.,
                                                                                10113. Nicholls, G.,
 9673. Mc. Guire, J.,
                                         8194. Mc. Cullough, J.,
                                                                                10501. Newing, R.,
 7416. Mann, C.,
6564. Marlow, T.,
8706. Mason, G.,
                               99
                                         8050. Mc. Creanor, F.,
                                                                                10211. Nugent, A., A. & S. Hds.
                               27
                                         9573. Mellors, W., N. & Derbys.
                                                                                9052. Nugent, P.,
                               27
                                                                                14593. Neal, H., Gren. Gds.
6788. Newman, P., R. W. Kents.
                                        10458. Marriott, B.,
 7731. Marsh, G.,
                                        10761. Mc. Lougney, M., R. Irish.
 9510. Morgan, E.,
                                         4383. Murray, P., "9374. Mc. Cabe, J., R. Scots.
                                                                                 8500. North, G.,
7293. Naughton, J., R. Innis. Fus.
 7207. Muggleton, E., "9374. Mc. Cabe, J., 1441. Moss, T., R. War. Regt. 11574. Mc. Court, J.,
                                                                                 6667. Nicholson, S., Scots. Gos.
 1377. Miller, J.,
                                          903. Maskell, G., Northd. Fus.
                                                                                 8632. Neat, W.,
 8686. Mc. Coy, A.,
                                       8844. Maycock, E., 10926. Murritt, A., East. Lancs.
                                                                                 8584. Newsham, G., Border.
9880. Nicholls, C.,
 1654. Mountford, F.,
  996. Morris, C.
                                                                                 7889. Nicholson, M.,
8287. Newman, F., S. Staffs.
                                         3395. Mc. Whaters, J., Irish Gds.
 7188. Munro, R.,
                           Camerons
                                          626. Martin, H.,
                                                                Buffs.
 9375. Mc. Phillips, D.,
                                                                                 170. Newall, D., R. A. M. C. 6581. Naylor, G., Leicesters.
                                          810. Mc. Kellar, P.,
 7693. Martin, J.,
                                          882. Millar, W.,
 5259. Mc. Innes, A.,
                                         6457. Mac Mahon, V.,
                                                                                 6611. Newball, G.,
 5342. Mc. Vicar, A.,
                                         8146. Mercer, E.,
                                                                               9543. Noble, P.,
10944. Neill, R., R. Irish.
 6854. Mc. Clure, A., R. S. Fus
                                          299. Murdock, J.,
10451. Mc. Rosty,
                                        4554. Murphy, A.,
                                                                                1317. Nicholls, O., R. War. R. 4551. Newton, W., Buffs.
10418. Mantell; A., Middx.
                                       10020, Miles, S.,
11890. Moore, R.,
                                        8726. Marsh, H.,
                                                                                9392. Norris, F.,
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A Female Strategist.

The winter season was rapidly drawing to a close. It had been an enjoyable winter in several ways. The members of the Sergeants' Mess of the Royal Blinks had every reason to congratulate themselves. The Regiment had arrived home the previous year, and had been stationed in a city where they were well received, consequently the gallant Royal Blinks made many friends among the citizens, particularly of the female order. The Mess had exerted every effort to run a succession of entertainments during the winter months, and now they could look back with pride upon their efforts. They had arranged whist drives, smokers and even a theatre night, and everything they had attempted had passed off successfully. But the line in which they had especially distinguished themselves was their dances. Ever since October they had run a series of 'Monthly Dances', each of which had proved better and more popular than the preceding one. So popular, indeed, had they become that nothing brought greater pleasure to the young ladies of the city than to be asked to attend the Sergeant's Dance of the Royals.

Among the ladies who had been present at all the dances was Miss May Adams. She was a splendid dancer, with a charming, free and natural manner, which resulted in her becoming universally popular. She was employed in an office, and lived with her widowed mother. It was Fred Forbes who had introduced her to the Mess Dances, but on one or two occasions since, she had been there in company with Jack Green. The first time, Jack had been asked by Fred if he would take May to the dance, as he was unable to be present. Jack was only too willing to comply with the request, and on another occasion he succeeded in being first to ask the pleasure of her company, thereby cutting out his friend to a certain extent. But such was May's manner of jollity and impartial friendliness, that nobody could say which one she favoured, if either.

Such was the state of affairs at the end of the winter season. It had to be admitted that Fred was the means of introducing May's presence to the dances, but since that time Jack had made certain advances in her regards. Naturally, each thought he was the favoured one in his own opinion, although to the onlooker both seemed to be treated alike. However, the big event of the

season was yet to come.

A grand Ball had been arranged which was to surpass all previous efforts. It was to be a suitable finale to a splendid record of successes. As the eventful evening drew near, excitement became keen. Fred had asked May to attend the Ball with him, and had received her reply in

the affirmative. Although inwardly he was intensely pleased over the fact, he kept his own counsel, with the result that considerable speculation was taking place among the boys in the Mess, as to who was to have May's company at the Ball. Jack was rather worried as to what he should do. He certainly would not ask Fred whether it was his intention to bring May, and it so happened that he had not seen her for some time, so as to ask her personally to attend the Ball with him. He kept his ears open to hear if Fred would casually mention who was to be his partner, but without result. The event was to take place on a Friday evening, and on the preceding Monday Jack decided to delay no longer, but to write a letter to May, explaining that he had been so much engaged that he had inadvertently put off his invitation to her to attend the Ball, until the last minute as one might say, but hoped she would understand the circumstances, and that he would take her acceptance for granted. He finished by the intimation that he would call for her on the evening in question at eight o'clock. On receipt of this letter May was in rather a curious predicament. She had promised Fred to attend the Ball with him. He was to call for her at eight o'clock and now Jack wrote that he would also call at eight o'clock. The proper thing for May to have done was to write a letter to Jack saying that he was too late in sending his invitation, but something prompted her to play a little game with her two admirers, so she decided it would be a good joke to say nothing, and let chance decide it. Whoever arrived first on Friday evening would have her company, and she particularly wanted to see what would be the result of her action.

The eventful evening arrived at last. May was ready and waiting, and was very curious as to which would arrive first. Suddenly the bell rang and a moment later Jack stood before her, apologizing for his letter and the short notice he had given her. The conversation drifted on, and May never mentioned having received an invitation from Fred.

After their arrival at the ballroom, the splendour of the affair, the gaity, and the charm of the dances caused May to almost forget poor Fred. After a waltz with Jack she had been surrounded by numerous old friends, each eager to secure dances for themselves and introductions for their friends.

May, who was probably one of the most popular girls in the ballroom, met among many old acquaintances, Sergt. Dick Holmes of the Artillery, who was present at the Mess Ball of the Royals representing his Battery Mess.

Dick was one of those fellows who keep pretty well to themselves, being rather shy by nature. At the same time he could always manage to get a good night's enjoyment wherever he went. He had no partner with him at the Ball and seeing that he was no stranger to May, he made sure of 'booking' two or three dances with her.

By this time Fred had arrived, with a rather dangerous black look in his eye which caused May to try to avoid him. She began to be afraid of the possible termination to what she had ori-

ginally looked upon as a fine joke.

Although Jack was in ignorance of the double play which had taken place, he suffered by it as much as Fred, because it soon developed, that whenever he approached May to claim her for a dance, Fred tried to get his claim in first. The result was that May decided the wisest thing for her to do was to give her dances to others, of which Dick took the most. He enjoyed himself immensely in May's company, and it didn't occur to him at the time, that it was May who asked him for certain dances, instead of the request coming from him.

As the time slipped on, Fred and Jack seemed to be mostly engaged in stalking each other as it were. If May was sitting talking with Dick they both had manners enough to keep off, but if anything seemed to indicate that Dick was about to leave her side, they were both ready to jump forward to claim her attention. Of course May was quite well aware of what was liable to happen, and too artful to take any chances, consequently she took good care to always have someone beside her, preferably Dick. He was so much engrossed in the pleasures of the moment that he was not

aware of what was going on.

However, the climax came when, during one of their dances together, May said: "You have not got a partner here to-night, have you, Dick?"

"Why? No, I'm all on my own", he replied. After a few more turns of the entrancing waltz, she said, "Say, Dick. I want you to take me home to-night. Will you?"

The remark seemed to strike Dick as curions. He replied. "Well, May, I'll be only too pleased, but, by the way, who was it brought you here

to-night?"

"Ask no more questions just now", said May, "and I'll explain everything on the way home."

As they finished the dance, they stopped near the door, and May said, "Come on! Dick, before the crowd comes." She then gave him instructions, as soon as he had put his coat on, to come right up to the ladies' cloak-room and wait for her. He did as he had been told, and while he was waiting, he saw Fred Forbes of the Royals

whom he only knew by name, also waiting near the door.

In the course of about 5 minutes, May appeared ready for going home, with a dainty, little, silk, slipper bag in her hand. As Dick stepped forward to meet her, Fred also advanced, with a cheery sentence on his lips, and his hand outstretched to take the bag. May handed the bag over to . . . and coolly proceeded to take his arm. She then turned to Fred and said, "Hallo! Fred. Hasn't this been a glorious Ball? I've had a grand time". Before poor Fred got a chance to say a word, she continued with, "Good night. Fred".

Proceeding down the stairs leaning on Dick's arm, she was busy talking to him at express rate, but not so busy that she did not see someone standing at the foot of the staircase, someone whom she hailed as she passed, with a cheery

"Hallo! Jack, old boy. Good night".

Several years have come and gone since then. Fred and Jack were not on speaking terms for some time afterwards, but eventually they patched up a peace, and on comparing notes, came to the conclusion that they had both 'been had'. The other members of the Mess never learned the true story of what had happened, but one thing is certain; that at all the dances the Royals have held since then, one lady has never been present, and that is the lady who is now the wife of Sergt. Dick Holmes of the R.F.A.

Sergt. G. Cameron.

Editorial.

We have much pleasure in announcing that arrangements have been made with the Camp authorities for the sending of "The Wooden City"

home, under separate cover.

Any citizen desirous of availing himself of this advantage may have his journal sent direct from the office to any address, on leaving the latter at Barrack 49 a. The subscription for two numbers per month is 30 Pfg.

Notes and Notices.

Religious.

Church of England.

Service 8 a.m. Wednesdays and at 10 a.m. Sundays. Full Choral.

A Sunday Evening Service has been started

in Barrack 49 a, at 6 p. m.

We hope (D. V.) to continue with this service throughout the Winter. All are heartily welcome.

Roman Catholic.

Holy Mass at 7 a. m. Sundays.

Amusement.

Concert Report October 2nd 1915.

A very attractive programme was arranged by the Amusement Committee, and the large attendance showed that their efforts are appreciated.

The evening's amusement commenced with a march "Les Jolies Minunettes" by the C p Orchestra. Later in the evening the Valse, Polka and a Gavotte all of the given the applause they merited. L. Upi. Walsh sang "The Last Watch" with great fervour and replied to the call for an encore very willingly.

The series of Musical Dumb Bells arranged by C. Q. M. S. Mc. Carthy shows that the team and also the instructor have taken a great interest

in their work.

Apparently L. Cpl. Wilson's store of comic songs is unlimited and his latest "We all went marching in", given in his inimitable way, caused quite a sensation, also his second song "I've lost all ambition in life".

Archie and Doris were quite up to their old form, and their representation of "Married life

quarrels" was a success.

The British Choral Sang "The Long day closes", and "Oh! Who will o'er the downs". Both items were well rendered.

Cpl. Wilson's "Ragging the Baby to sleep", went with a swing, and in response to a mixture of shouting' clapping, etc., he gave one of his old Favourites "The Ghost of the Violin".

After an enforced absence, Pte. Wheeler again made an appearance and sang "He kept on saying Good Night", "The Agitator" and "I've never been married before".

Pte. Mawson fairly had the house's tongue twisted with his "Sister Susie's sewing Shirts for

Soldiers".

Pte. Doyle again caused great amusement. In addition to his song, his nautical dress and patter proved very attractive. As usual his dance (now known as Doyle's March past) pleased the Bhoys immensely.

The sketch "The Biter Bit", was well produced, and Pte. Kennedy deserves credit for his untiring efforts to bring our concerts to perfection.

Of the actors in the sketch, mention must be made of Pte. Elliot and Sgt. Hickman, both of whom played their parts well.

The evening's amusement proved very enjoyable.

"The next race", shouted the Irish Major who had got a trifle excited, "will be the high jump and will take place in ten minutes to rine imagetly."

Our Fortnightly Guessing Competition. Famous Crimes and Criminals.

His hair is of a fiery gold. He's got the most wonderful eyes one ever beheld. 'Codfish eyes' someone named them the other day; while the hirsute adornment on his upper lip wakes you feel more than mirthful when you behold it. They sprout out like so many of a tom-cat's whiskers when he (the tomcat) is en-

gaged on his nightly prowl.

And the nose appears to have been engaged on a strenuous course of physical culture. Oh that nose! The muscles on it are developed to a wonderful degree. When he laughs they ripple, and swell, and chase each other down that beautiful probuscis of his like the boiling chitlings in the saucepan chase the bubbles on the top. I often think of a certain Greek philosopher who made a certain statement concerning men's noses, when I contemplate Ginger's, which is neither here nor there really.

Here's a few sayings of the artful old devil: I. "Many hands make labour light" (save his

own).

II. "A bird i' th' hand" (irrespective of its sex), — "is worth 'funfsy' i' th' bush".

III. "- Faith, Hope and Charity". Happen

the third's mair needed.

The catalogue is by no means complete but the fiat of the Editor went forth exactly one half hour before this brilliant little journal was put into print, to the effect that precisely four hundred words were needed to complete the columns of this "widely read and extremely interesting and up-to-date little journal" vide all the leading, London and Continental press who have the temerity to offer themselves for sale in these troublous and untruthful times.

It's up to you, 'Citizens of no mean a city' to uncloak the identity of our hero of this issue. And the princely sum of several marks will be awarded (by Ginger himself), to the thrice unlucky informant, who is asked, by the way, to present himself at the Editorial sanctum at any hour between that of 9 p. m., and 5 a. m.

We propose to deal with various celebrities issue by issue. The staff interviewer can be seen at any hour by aspirants who wish to scale the giddy heights of infamy. We'll guarantee you a column at any time, notwithstanding your

lurid, ruddy past.

Next fortnight look out for some amazing disclosures in the life histories of General Sniper, and Lieut-Colonel Sharker. (They won't half be mad, either.)

S. H. Reason.

THE WOODEN CITY

A JOURNAL FOR BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR

No. 9

GÖTTINGEN

November 1. 1915

The Proving of The Man.

It was one of those hot oppressive mornings when the burning rays of the sun strike the water with malignant force and are flung into one's face, seeming to burn into the very heart and soul. An unnatural stillness intensified the usual quietness for which Gibraltar is noted.

It was on such a morning, when one would choose as the best place for comfort, some deep dimly-lighted cavern in the moist earth, that Colour Sergeant Rhodes sat in his Company Office on the top verandah of S. Barrack.

He was staring with unseeing eyes at the beautiful panorama spread out before him. sun-tired eyes, crossing the belt of still water, rest with relief on the gloomy-looking hills of Spain, with the twinkling white houses of Algeciras and its prison-like Casino, lying at their feet. Away to the right is seen an isolated hill, capped with what is commonly known as "The Queen of Spain's Chair", below which is the racecourse and the gleaming sands of Campimento. To the left of the mountains is Cape Tarifa, said by some to be the southermost point of Europe. From this point we can step from a land of darkness, into one full of light and sunshine, Africa, crossing in our stride, the narrow strip of water, that is one of the busiest waterways of the world.

With the view spread before him the Cr. Sgt's. thoughts were not occupied. He was reviewing in his mind the past eighteen years of his life, the whole of which had been spent in the service. He pictured the time when he was a recruit; the various stations he had served in; and, particularly, the numerous cricket, hockey and football matches in which he had taken part, and in which he had very ably assisted his regiment in obtaining that position for which it was so justly famed.

But through all his mind-wanderings was one great fear; the fear that he was a coward. He could recall the absolute agony he endured before every match in which he had taken part. In his imagination, he pictured himself getting injured, perhaps a leg broken at football or hockey, or a fast rising ball at cricket might strike and kill him. Of this fear, not one of his comrades had the slightest inkling, as the moment he arrived on the field his fear left him.

His love for the game, and the knowledge that his team, in a way, depended on him to help them to win, blotted out all else.

His regimental team are competing with the Royal Engineers for the Nicholson Cup, and the old fears are now assailing him, as he rises and makes his way towards the Garrison Cricket ground at North Front.

His way takes him through the crowds of Spanish men and women that one meets at any hour of the day, when passing the Casemates; past the sheds in which baskets of charcoal are bought and sold, and along the line of rickety cabs with their broken-down horses, now nearly fit for the bull-ring at La Linea.

As he turns under the bridge, which takes the out-going traffic into Spain, he is met and almost hurled off his feet by a rushing panic-stricken crowd of men, women and children, all jabbering, "Loco Sailor! Loco Sailor!!"

Forcing his way through the dense crowd, he climbs to the top of the incline, where two figures in khaki uniforms are kneeling down behind a wall and from them obtains the news, that a bluejacket from H. M. S.—, taking ammunition to the range for the use of his ship's company has gone raving mad, and after shooting down the policeman on duty at Bayside Barrier, he has climbed the rock toward — Battery and is blazing away at any man, woman or child in view.

A sharp report and the "Ping" of a bullet, as it strikes the wall about a foot to the left of his body, informs Rhodes that there is some truth in the yarn and it would be better for his health if he followed the example of the two gunners and took cover.

Peering over the top of the wall, this is the sight that meets his eyes. A white glistening road; on the left, the sea; on the right, the waters of the "Inundation" and the "Rock" rising sheer up from them. At the further end of the road are iron gates, at the foot of which lies a still form in khaki; beyond the gates, a crowd of cabs and wildly-gesticulating men and women.

Another sharp report rings out, and Rhodes, who has been staring at the face of the "Rock", notices the slight puff of smoke and the flash of the rifle which comes from a small ledge about fifty feet up and immediately below, one

of the square holes which give light and air to the famous Galleries that are cut in the solid rock.

At a rush, Rhodes tears down the road to his right, alike, unconcious of the bullet that is flung at him and which kicks up a tiny puff of dust behind his flying heels, and of what he intends doing when he reaches the foot of the "Rock".

Arriving there, utterly blown, he flings himself down, safe from the sharp eyes and quickspitting rifle up above, but not before he has received a taste of what he might have expected if his sudden rush had not taken the madman unawares; for on recovering his wind, and standing up to have a look round, to decide the next thing to do, he becomes dully conscious that the calf of his right leg feels as though stung by a wasp, and that a dull red stain begins to show through the thin khaki.

And now he realises for what purpose he has made his headlong rush. To climb the face of the "Rock" to another opening into the Galleries, and so make his way to the one immediately above the madman, who, Rhodes knows, by the occasional crack of the rifle, is still holding his

position against all comers.

Digging a foot into a hole here; clutching hold of a piece of rock there; now pulling himself up with the aid of a plant growing out of a crevice, cutting the knees of his trousers to ribbons and his hands to raw swollen pulp; slipping, and clinging like a cat to a tree, he at last reaches the opening to the Galleries and makes his way through the passage, to the one overlooking the madman, who is lying, full-stretch, on a narrow ledge twenty feet below, taking pot shots at the windows of the Police station. Rhodes is now at the most difficult part of his venture. The least sound and he is a dead man. Taking off his boots, he noiselessly creeps through, and seats himself with his legs dangling, immediately above the prostrate figure.

How to get down without attracting attention, he cannot see. He is dimly conscious of the boats lying anchored in the bay, of a P. & O. liner slowly gliding to her moorings; of the road which from his perch looks like a piece of white ribbon; and of the tinkling of the empty case, as it is ejected from the rifle, and goes tumbling down finally to rest in the waters of the "Inun-

dation".

A sudden movement to get a fresh cartridge into the chamber, on the part of the madman, attracts Rhodes' attention; he glances toward the road, and there he sees a small toddler in white; a little girl five or six years of age, who has apparently strayed from her parents or nurse, calmly seating herself, unconscious of danger, on the wall bounding the further side of the road.

Rhodes sees the rifle being brought into the shoulder with the deliberate movement of the marksman who intends to make a good hit. The round is never fired.

Pushing himself from his seat with his hands and feet, Rhodes drops with a dull thud on to the back of the prostrate form and as he bangs the head of the squirming figure beneath him, on the hard ground, to render it unconscious, he has the satisfaction of hearing the rifle go clattering

down the rock.

Then, with a rush, comes the fear that he might be killed. He has hardly power left to tie the rope, lowered to him by the police from the gallery above, round the figure of the unconscious bluejacket. As he is afterwards drawn into safety, his shaking limbs and white face give the doctors and the people who crowd round him, the idea of a badly frightened man, instead of one who has risked his life many times in the course of his mad climb and subsequent drop.

Does not this little story prove that appear-

ances may sometimes be deceptive?

Answers to Correspondents.

Curious: - What is a duck-egg? Since this query concerning the most prevalent expression used in our City arrived at our office, we have thought very deeply, and give you this explanation for what it is worth: -

Part. I.

"All men aré liars". All ducks are layers; therefore, All men are ducks, since "To lay" and "To lie" are synonymous terms.

Part II.

Some men wear ducks. Some ducks were eggs; therefore, Some men were eggs.

Conclusion.

All men are ducks, and some men were, and are, (since the race is not extinct) duck-eggs.

Three copies of "The Wooden City" will be given for any better solution than the above.

Die-Hard: — Lump over eye? No! we cannot advise you, but should you care for a lump on the other eye, try Bk. 48.

Anxious, Lazarette: - No! The war is not yet over.

Specks before Eyes: - Well, where do you want 'em?

The Story of Prince Agib.

Strike the concertina's melancholy string!
Blow the spirit-stirring harp like anything!
Let the piano's martial blast
Rouse the Echoes of the Past,
For of Agib, Prince of Tartary, I sing!

Of Agib, who, amid Tartaric scenes, Wrote a lot of ballet music in his teens: His gentle spirit rolls

In the melody of souls —
Which is pretty, but I don't know what it means.

Of Agib, who could readily, at sight, Strum a march upon the loud Theodolite.

He would diligently play
On the Zoetrope all day,
And blow the gay Pantechnicon all night.

And blow the gay rantechnicon an night.

One winter — I am shaky in my dates — Came two starving Tartar minstrels to his gates; Oh! Allah be obeyed,

How infernally they played!
I remember that they called themselves the 'Oüaits'.

Oh! That day of sorrow, misery, and rage,
I shall carry to the Catacombs of Age,
Photographically lined
On the tablet of my mind,

When a yesterday has faded from its page!

Alas! Prince Agib went and asked them in; Gave them beer, and eggs, and sweets, and scent, and tin.

And when (as snobs would say)
They had "put it all away."
He requested them to tune up and begin.

Though its icy horror chill you to the core, I will tell you what I never told before, —
The consequences true
Of that awful interview.
For I listened at the keyhole at the door!

To be continued in our next.

Editorial.

Citizens, we wish once more to draw attention to the Editorial in our No. 5. It seems utterly ridiculous to find that there are still people who will not understand.

Can anyone read R. E's letter and imagine it as being a statement of fact? Is it possible for anyone to believe that a cavalryman, wounded

at Mons, laid up in Hospital for some months, has polo ponies and a ground for his particular pleasure?

Further, the statement in No. 5, in which a man, severely wounded in the leg, challenges another able-bodied person to a sprint (time limit 3 days)? This brave man makes light of his injuries in the British Soldiers' way.

We cannot do better than quote the concluding paragraph of Sergt. Shea's speech printed in No. 1. page 7:—

"When the time comes for you to leave this Camp and return to your family circle, I am sure you will feel considerable satisfaction if you can produce all the copies of this journal as a souvenir, which will go to show that we did not waste our time here, and you will be able to look back and say that we 'kept smiling' and were not down-hearted. If the production of the journal has this effect, your time, the work of the committee and the journal itself, will not have been in vain."

We cannot emphasize this point too strongly:

— "The Wooden City" is published to cheer up our Comrades in Camp, and should not be misunderstood by those who cannot possibly imagine the circumstances.

On this page we take the liberty of reproducing one of W. S. Gilbert's "Bab Ballads". It strikes us as being very unique in humour. Unfortunately, considerations of space compel us to "continue it in our next".

By the way, should our readers find among our jokes any hoary old chestnuts, will they give us their sympathy? The present circs are not at all conducive to original humour.

The Editors.

The Wooden City Mail.

Again, we wish to draw the attention of our Citizens to the recent facility with which "The Wooden City" may be sent "Home" — it is worthy of a capital letter —.

Each copy will be sent in a separate envelope to any address desired, on payment of a monthly subscription of 30 Pfgs. Back numbers may be sent in the same way at a cost of 15 Pfgs. per copy.

These papers are sent direct from the office and any person desirous of availing himself of this privilege must give all particulars in at Bk. 49.

The mail leaves the day following the first day of sale. All orders thereafter must necessarily await the next issue.

The Wooden City Way.

When you take your evening stroll On the old Hauptlager Strasse,

And you greet a passing comrade with 'Good-day''.
Why does he nearly crush your hand

Into a shapeless mass?

Why? Because it is "The Wooden City Way".

If he treads upon your toes,
The blanky, blanky, blighter.
You don't abuse or fly into a passion;
But dish out charming smiles,
As syrupy as Lyle's.
Why? Because it is the "Wooden City Fashion".

Suppose you smile not and you vow,
That some day he will rue it,
You offend the law of this, our Wooden City.
You may try to get your own back;
But, Beware! You cannot do it.
The case must be referred to the Committee.

Cheer up, Boys! then, and stick it
As you would a guard or picquet,
Though it's rough to be on duty every day.
The new picquet will relieve you
And when those at Home receive you,
You'll forget about "The Wooden City Way".
D. D. O. S.

A Straight Talk.

In the late issues of "The Wooden City" we have had two articles on Kriegsgefangenen Philosophy. Some short time previous we heard excellent addresses delivered by our friend, Mr. Hart and others dealing with practically the same subject. To sum up the advice given in a few words we may put it that we should endeavour to utilise our time here in such a manner that it will not be just so much of our lives wasted, but that we should try to improve ourselves in such a way that when we leave here we shall be better men than when we came.

We are all agreed, probably, that the above advice is sound, but the question is how to apply

it to ourselves as individuals.

If you ask some men how they are employing themselves, some will answer that they are learning languages, and some are learning shorthand, and others are engaged in various studies, all of which may tend to improve their minds and abilities, and to make them better fitted when they take their place in the outer world again.

Those engaged in such endeavours deserve all praise and no doubt their labours will earn their own reward, but there is another side to this question which deserves some consideration.

The man who is spending his time on his own interests is undoubtly receiving benefit, but

the man who is spending even a small portion of his time in the interest of his fellows is giving benefit.

We all know the line "It is nobler to give than to receive". Those of our comrades who give of their talents to assist us in any way are deserving of a word of praise. Those who spend their leisure hours in perfecting some item for our entertainment either as soloists, or members of the choral or orchestral organisations. Those who are contributors to this little journal are also giving of their talents, such as they are, to interest and elevate their comrades. All these and any others who are engaged in any camp organisation surely can look back on their efforts and say "Well, I have done something for my fellow-man."

But let us examine ourselves. Are we doing all we can? Let us ask ourselves, "Can I do

anything to help our little community?"

There may be some who are "hiding their talents under a bushel." Perhaps these few words may make them ponder, and cause them to strive in some way to do something for others.

There is one other little question we might ask ourselves. "Are we doing our duty to those who are endeavouring to do something for us?" We may not all have talents, but there is no reason why we should not be good backers.

Why have some things plenty of backers and

others not so many?

How is it that there is standing room only at our Saturday night concerts, and yet there is only a sparce and scattered attendence at the Sunday church service?

Then, this little journal. Are we all doing our best to back it? We may not all contribute, but surely nine out of every ten can buy a copy and

thereby give their help.

When the eventful day comes on which we march through our City gates, in what words shill we sum up our life here? Some will say—"I have tried to improve myself," some—"I have tried to do something for others,"— when others will say. "I have at least tried to do my duty."

Now is the time to see to it that we come under one or other of these headings. Canuck.

To all whom it may concern.

Every morning Professor Doctor Stange will be in the little room at Barrack 8 and all who have requests to make, or business to discuss, are asked to attend between the hours of 11.30 a. m. and 12.30 p. m.

Professor Doctor Stange wishes it known that he is unable to discuss questions at any other

time of the day than that given above.

List of British Prisoners of War at Göttingen Camp.

27936	. Nicholson, P., 48th. Highl.	8314.	Pollard, C., Wilts.	8218	Priest, J., S. Staffs.
	. Neil, R.,	8722	Perry, V.,		Price, J.,
27384	Noon, T,.	8006	Page A		
16019	Nowhomm E 7th Con	9571	Page, A., " Poulton, W., "	11505	Prince, C., R. Fus.
	Newberry, F., 7th. Can.	6061	Drott S Warthand	1790.	Phillips, G.,
	. Oram, G., Wilts.	0901.	Pratt, S., Northants.	1730.	Payne, S., R. War. R.
6102	Organ, E.,	8089.	Pugh, T.,	-2167.	Poultney, J., "
3541	. Ovens, J., Scots Gds.	6225.	Powell, R., R. W. F.	8743.	Parr, F.,
7680	. Owen, E., "Queens".	6328.	Page, S.,	7832.	Pedley, W., "
8387	. Oram, G.,	10268.	Page. G.,		Palmer, "
7723	. Okey, W., Borders.	10904.	Parkman, G., "		Pace, W.,
7374	Oakes, G.	10119.	Pourno F		Panton, W., Middx.
8679	Oakes, G., " Orchard, W., "	10891		101198	Pimm, J.,
8537	Ormes, H., Leicesters.	0774	Parcival T		
7034	O'Grady T	10000			Philomey, M., R. S. F.
1004	O'Grady, J., ". Oakley, W., S. Staffs.	10945.	Powell, C., " Parry, J., "	9198.	Petherbridge, A., R.A.M.C.
3045	. Oakley, W., S. Stans.	4916.	Parry, J.,	11580.	Platt, W., K.O.S.B.
	O'Neil, J., Middx.		Passmon, F., "	4389.	Piper, T., Buffs. Perry, F.,
9675	Orton, T., Northants.	10813.	Peters, E.,	694.	Perry, F.,
4892	O'Gorman, P., R. Irish.		Probin, A.,	840.	Pullman, H.,
9019	Ould, E., Buffs.		Palmer, A., "	8109.	Phillpot, T., "
	. Oswald, W., 48th. Can.			9365	Pay, A., "
	Ogilvie, G., 13th. Can.		Purvey, J.,	9/1991	Paterson, A., 13th. Can.
24706	O'Keefe, D.,	10159	Patton P	07500	Danken S 19th Can.
2500	Dielrott W Wilter	0007	Patten, R.,	21020.	Parker, S., 48th. Can.
	Pickett, W., Wilts.		Preddy, A.,		Parker, W.,
	Pendle, E.,		Punter, R.,		Paxton, E.,
	Plank, J.,		Pallett, F., Leicesters.	28077.	Pearce, G.,
8672	. Parsons, E.,	6 599.	Pendergast, T., "	27532.	Price, G.,
5103	. Perrett, A.,	12660.	Parish, S., Gren. Gds.	10468.	Pullen, H., Border.
7526	. Pike, C.,	9016.	Palethorpe, F.,	7561.	Pegram, C., "
	. Payton, T.,	12648.	Pynn, A., "		Pye, H.,
8806	Pock A	13697	Pratt G		Quelch, F., Wilts.
8476	Pike R	15473	Pritchard, J.,	8744	Quinn, A., R. W. Fus.
7950	Page S	8003	Pagreon I R West K		
		0000.	I carson, o., It. West. II.	7040	Quick, B.,
9505	Pinnegan P.	7100	Perkins, A.,	1040.	Quayle, G., "
0504	Pinnegar, P.,	7150.	Parr, H.,	6619.	Quinn, H., Scots Gds.
	Pike, W. G.,	7917.	Pierce, J., Scots Gds.	6628.	Quinn, J., R. S. F.
8307	Proctor, T.,		Pickard, F.,	6199.	Quinn, W., Cameron. H.
8679	Porter, A.,	5399.	Pearson, C.,	27245.	Quinn, T., 48th. Can.
8965	Potter, W.,	4672.	Pocock, A.,	27655.	Quinn, D.,
8666	Pauling, C., "	5693.	Price, B.,	Lieut.	Russell, J. J., R. Sussex. R.
9150	Pink, W. C., ",		Progton H	8082	Ricketts, E., Wilts.
8475	Peck F			8283	Rodgers S
5368	Palmer F		Parkingon F		Pichone F
7833	Painter, E.,	9699	Dataman T		Richens, E.,
5169	Donny S		Paterson, T.,		Rudman, F.,
90/1	Penny, S.,		Porter, D.,		Russell, A.,
5000	Purdue, E.,		Phillips, G., S. W. B.		Russ, G.,
5880.	Piper, P.,		Philips, H., Lincolns.	8379.	Richards, H.,
5821.	Parker, G.,	8740.	Price, F., S. Staffs.	7478.	Rochester, H.,
8660.	Perrett, H.,	7844.	Pritchard, W.,		Rattue, W.,
8948.	Pearce, H.,	8034.	Powell A		Richards P
	Painter, E		Price H F		Romain N
8631	Phillips C		Price J		
8189	Pinney, E.	8518	Poole, J.,		Razey, G.,
5476	Pope, E.,	8909	Poores W		Rattue, W.,
8579	Power T	0202.	Pearce, W.,	8860.	Rummings, T.,
9607	Perry, J.	9000.	Parker, P.,	8122.	Rattue, A.,
0091.	Plank, C.,	8235.	Parker, J.,	7257.	Ratcliffe, Leicesters.
9140.	Pearce, L. J., "	8360.	Painting, A., "	10930.	Rodgers, W., R. W. F.

Black Arrow's Race.

To begin with, this is a true story, but I hope none the worse for that.

We were stationed at -, well, never mind where, in South Africa when the event occurred.

My regiment the - Dragoons had come from India, with a great sporting reputation which, needless to say, ne meant keeping up and so sports, mounted and dismounted, were the order of the day throughout the slack season. In addition to the regimental meetings, every squadron held a meeting once a month, at which two or three events were thrown open to the regiment, the remainder being reserved to the squadron. At these meetings, the most popular item by far was the five furlong race, instituted by an officer of a squadron to provide an extra item. It consisted of a bareback race round the training ground: a distance of perhaps a little over five furlongs. The course was covered with straw litter from the stables, and marked out with white posts.

The idea caught on. Each squadron had its five furlong race at every meeting and one could hear the respective merits of B 87, or A 31, being discussed as seriously as if they were prospective

Derby winners.

At last a race open to the regiment was announced, and great was the excitement. Someone knew a little grey in 'B' squadron that could run the legs off anything lelse in the regiment; while another was sure that there was a horse

in 'C' that could beat him.

I said nothing. Why? Because, gentle reader, I had found a 'Dark Un.' We had in my troop a very pretty chestnut mare, that we called 'Spitfire'. She had won the squadron race twice, and then developing lameness had been ordered, a month's rest by the Vet. In the same troop was another horse, a black, No. 49, but, generally, called "Black Arrow". Like the racehorse of that name, he had a vice, a bad one; he was, occasionally, a non-starter. For no apparent reason, he would sometimes refuse to budge, and no amount of persuasion, peaceful or otherwise, would move him. You could thrash him till your arms ached, or try to coax him with dainty carrots or handfuls of grass, the results were the same while you remained mounted, but dismount and he would walk quietly away. For the rest, he was a long low-standing horse, with nice clean legs and a general appearance of breed. This was my 'Dark Un.'

I always had an idea he could go, so, one morning, when my troop-sergeant ordered me to take the troop out to exercise, I determined to put a little plan into execution. We left barracks at a sharp trot and; were soon out on the open

veldt, but hidden from barracks by a slight rise in the ground. I was riding 'Spitfire' myself, while No. 49 was ridden by a man named L—. I sent the remainder of the troop on to a clump of trees about a mile away, to wait for us; that was to be our finishing-post. The ground in between was level turf, ideal going.

I had all my work cut out to hold 'Spitfire' back. She was fretting and fuming with impatience to be off, while the Black took things quite coolly. At last the troop reached the distant clump of trees. It was what we were waiting for. "Ready, Jack?" I asked. "Yes, all right", and away we

went

Reader, have you ever been on a good horse, going at full speed on a cold morning? If so, you know there is nothing to equal the glorious sensation of speed, as you fly along and literally eat up the ground. I sent Spitfire along for all she was worth, and the good little mare needed no urging to do her best: but, try as I might, I could not leave that long lean black behind, and when we got within about a hundred yards of the trees, he gradually crept past and finished up winner by about three lengths. We were all jubilant at our find, which we, there and then, decided to keep dark.

Owing to the number of entries, it was found necessary to run off preliminary heats the day before; each squadron to leave in five for the final. When we lined up for our heat, I must confess I felt a little nervous. Would my mount refuse to start? I hoped not, but could not

be sure.

The flag dropped and away we went; so far so good; he had not failed me. Not far from the starting-point was a sharp turn very awkward for horses going at full speed. To my horror, my horse went straight on; but, with a desperate effort, I managed to turn him and got round on to the track, but not without losing a lot of ground. I looked ahead. I was now a bad last; could I make it up? At any rate I could try. He had now got into his stride and was going like a Derby winner. I passed one man like the wind, then, two more riding neck and neck, and some more in a bunch, but there were still five in front. Slowly, I saw the space narrow between myself and the last. Just before the winning-post I passed him. It was enough, I had secured my place in the final.

The great day dawned and we had quite a crowd of visitors from the town close by, to see our sports. The programme was an excellent one, but has no place in my tale so I will not recount it. The final event was the much-talked-of five furlongs. My heart beat rather quickly as we lined up for the start. If I could get him round,

I felt I could win; but, could I? The order was given to move forward to the starting-point, and my heart sank, for Black Arrow stood stock-still. while a titter broke from the spectators. I slipped from his back, petted him, spoke to him, led him forward a few paces, and then mounted again. To my delight, he went forward and took his

place with the others.

The starting-flag dropped, and off we went. My first anxiety was over: he had started. I held him back strongly as we neared the corner, and went round well to the rear, my horse pulling like a steam-engine. The brute had a mouth like iron. Once round the corner, I let him go, and away he went in a grand burst of speed. He passed one after the other, covering the ground with his glorious long stride, till I was leading and going like the very wind. We came to where the track curved round in a long sweep to the winning-post, and then . . .

What had happened? Instead of going round, he went straight on with the bit between his teeth and his neck set like a bar of iron. Useless for me to try and turn him! I might as well have tried to turn Niagara from its course. The brute hadn't got 'a turn' in him.

To cut my story short, he took me about two miles over the veldt before I stopped him,

fortunately, without mishap.

I got back as the prizes were being distributed: All I received however, was a wigging from my Squadron commander for taking a confirmed bolter out to sports, and a good deal of chaff over the non-success of my "Dark Un."

The Lucky Sixpence.

The manner in which we got into conversation was quite conventional. We had just witnessed a woman's narrow escape from being knocked down by a passing taxi, had commented on her luck, and then discovered our roads were the same. As we walked along, we continued to discuss hairbreadth escapes, and lucky events in general.

My chance acquaintance was a young fellow who struck me as being in the very best of health, indeed, such a state of health as is only produced by an active out-door life. We had been talking for some considerable time when he turned and put a direct question to me: "Do you really believe in luck?" I muttered some kind of answer, and then put the same question to him. He hesitated before answering, then directing my attention to a sixpence suspended on his watch-chain, said. "Do you see that sixpence? That's my lucky piece; but perhaps I'd better tell you the whole story.

"Five years ago I was in Cleveland in the States; my chum was a fellow named Jack Ed-

wards. We had been travelling round together for some time, until one day he received notice that he had been appointed to a position in the Panama district, where the Canal was being built. The day Jack left Cleveland he gave me this English sixpence as a keep-sake. Soon after, I got discontented, left Cleveland, and eventually arrived out at Los Angelos in California. I got on pretty well, until I fell sick. I was nearly three months in hospital with typhoid, and when I came out, I was nearly 'broke'. What money I had was not long in going, and I couldn't find a job anywhere. I had sold everything I had that would sell, until the day came when I had nothing more than what I actually stood in, and all I had in my pockets was Jack's keep-sake. I went a day and a night without any food, and the next day I decided to try to pass the sixpence as an American ten cent piece, although even in these straits I could hardly bear the thought of parting with it. I was now so desperate that I did not care if I was arrested. I went into a restaurant, and ordered a cup of coffee and some bread and butter. Never did such fare taste so good! I received the price-check, and when I had finished, I took the check and my sixpence to the pay desk by the door. The man behind the desk (who, by the way, was the proprieter) asked if I had not made a mistake in giving him an English coin. I answered "No!" That it was all I had. Eventually, I told him I had been unable to find work. Instead of having me arrested as I had almost expected, he gave me a job to assist in the kitchen. From that day my luck turned. A month or so later, the market-gardener who brought vegetables to the kitchen, discovered I was an Englishman like himself. After two or three talks together, he asked me if I should like to have an out-door job and help him. I jumped at the chance, and left the restaurant-keeper, the best of friends. He gave my "foreign coin" back to me. I have been with the market-gardener ever since. We have doubled the size of the garden and are running it on shares, making money fast."

"But about the sixpence!" You must admit that, luck or no luck, it was the turning-point in my life". As I left him, I caught myself saying,

"I wish I had his luck".

Now, isn't it curious we say things like that and then turn round and say, "There's no such thing as luck?"

A. Macnore. A. Macnore.

Englishman (desirous of selling a 2lb tin of Golden Syrup): "Current (Quarante) Pfennigs? Who says? Current Pfennigs?"

Frenchman: "Non! Quatre vingt".
Englishman: "What? Why! I'd sooner let it go rotten first". (True story.)

Notes and Notices. Religious.

Church of England.

Service 8 a.m. Wednesdays and at 10 a.m. Sundays. Full Choral.

A Sunday Evening Service has been started

in Barrack 49 a, at 6 p. m.

We hope (D. V.) to continue with this service throughout the Winter. All are heartily welcome.

Roman Catholic.

Holy Mass at 7 a.m. Sundays.

Amusement.

Concert Report October 16th 1915.

The Mandoline Band was quite a change from the Camp Orchestra and played very well. They

seem perfectly up to the mark.

Worsley in his make-up and with his stage effects caused a stir and his song "All Alone" called for an encore; he gave in response, "Casey Jones".

"You wish me to forget you", by Sgt. Moss, was very good. He deserved, fully, the receiption he received, and sang as an extra, "What is the

reason, Daddy?"

Our sailor in kilts was 'all there' again, and his "Hey Donal" and "Breakfast in your bed on Sunday morning" were both absolute successes.

"Ginger! You're balmy!" went very well, and L. Cpl. Bates gave as an encore. "I see you've got your old Brown Hat on".

The Russian conjurer Frankel decidedly mis-

tified some of the audience.

L. Cpl Walsh was again in very good form and his two songs went well, especially the latter, "Bonnie Scotland".

The camp comic, Wilson, "Set the village on Fire" with a vengeance. The 'fire-alarm appearance, "The camp comic of the camp components of the camp comic of

rance' was very effective. He had to sing his old favourite, "Archibald", and the chorus was

heartily taken up by the crowd.

As usual, the evening's amusement concluded with that swinging Irish song "Tip-Tip-Tipperary".

In the report of October 2nd Concert, L. Cpl. Wilson is reported to have sung "Ragging the Baby to sleep". This should have been L. Cpl. Cox, and both are asked to accept the reporter's apologies.

Our Fortnightly Guessing Competition.

Citizens. — We have decided to present you with another problem. It doesn't in any way concern the date of arrival of the next British mail; nor yet the probable duration of the war. Neither are we going to speculate as to the matrimonial chances that may have received their inspiration, in the first instance, in the (reluctant)

acceptance of a charity parcel from some fair donor. So here goes:

With a last bump the boat drew alongside. The siren boomed out dully, menacingly almost it seemed to many of them. A band alongside struck up the wild, sweet strains of "Home, sweet Home". And the Captain, who stood on the poop, cried in sympathy with the crew, on behalf of all those brave old men with the long, long whiskers who stood in two ranks on the deck below.

Yes, he did. He really cried; that Captain. And mark you! he had good cause. So had the crew. And so had the old, old men with the

long, long whiskers for that matter.

Now among these many significant facts one stood out predominant, solitary and awe-inspiring in its lonely grandeur. It was a huge hoarding extolling the many virtues of "Spiffkins celebrated Hair Dyes".

Suddenly, as if by magic, the Captain ceased shedding tears. His whole being became transfigured. The sun that a moment ago had glided behind a convenient cloud to hide its grief, emerged again. And its rays lit on the hoarding

and played around the magic sentences.

As has been remarked before, the noble old Captain's sorrow was changed to joy. — A joy deep and abiding. For the night of gloom was at an end for all of them. Simultaneously almost, the merry "chirping" of the mussels, the cockles and the whelks recommenced once again. (Which is a strange coincidence, when you come to think it over.)

You are asked to uncloak the identity of this mysterious shipload. (Lists need not be rendered

in alphabetical order.)

Why the Captain shed tears? Why they so suddenly ceased? And why all the merry denizens of mother Ocean "chirped" so joyously? are all problems that we leave to your solution.

The solution should afford you many shining and profound philosophical gems. To your muttons then, fellow Diogenes. S. H. Reason.

Hard on the Major.

Zealous Sentry: "Afraid I can't let you go by

without the password, Sir".

Irate Officer: "But; confound you! I tell you I have forgotten it. You know me well enough. I'm Major Jones."

Sentry: "Can't help it, Sir; must have the

password."

Voice from the Guard tent: "Oh! Don't stand there arguing all night, Bill. Shoot 'im and come in to dinner." W. G. M.

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THE WOODEN CITY

A JOURNAL FOR BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR

No. 10

GÖTTINGEN

November 15, 1915

The Adventures of Sinclair and Winton of the Blankshires

No. 3. The Abduction of The Colonel's Daughter.

Sinclair's arm was soon right again, and many a pleasant day did we spend together making journeys to the town and its suburbs.

One bright evening, returning to barracks, we had just reached the C. O.'s quarters when we heard a childish voice say in alarm, "Don't,

Daddy! Let Wang Lu alone now".

As we turned the corner, we saw the cause of the exclamation. The Colonel with his hunting-crop raised, was standing over Wang Lu, his gardener, who was lying prostrate on the ground.

"What's wrong, Sir?" I asked.

"This yellow devil has been stealing some of my plants and vegetables, so I'm giving him a lesson", replied the C. O.
"Serve him right"! was our comment.

"Now, get up and clear out! and if I catch, you around here again, I'll shoot you like a dog! Savvy?" demanded the Colonel, boiling over with rage, and he delivered a parting blow which made the chink yell and squirm.

Our C. O. turned away and taking his daughter in his arms, said, "Come along, Pet.

Let us go to Mammy".

We had not gone far before we heard Wang Lu scramble to his feet and, as we glanced round, he muttered a Chinese curse and said something about revenge; then, shaking his fist at us, he dashed off out of sight down the road.

Now, if there was one thing the regiment idolised, it was the C. O.'s daughter, Aline. She was a pretty little girl, about nine years of age, with large blue eyes, a colour like a peach and long golden hair which hung in pretty ringlets over her shoulders. She was the pride of her mother and father and in fact all the garrison

worshipped her.

Sinclair and I were her favourites. When we came in her sight, she would usually run to us and chatter away as only little girls can. We were her 'best chums', she used to tell everyone. If, when she was having 'her riding lesson' as she termed it, she caught sight of us, she would turn to the groom and say "Grayson, you may go home, my chums will bring me back". Of course we were only too glad to comply.

Two days after the incident between Wang Lu and the C. O. the battalion were on early morning parade, when, as the Colonel was about to shout out a command, there was a commotion by the Guard-room gate. All eyes were turned in that direction.

"Look to your front"! yelled the Colonel.

But hardly any notice was taken, for we saw, dashing through the gates, at a mad gallop, Miss Aline's pony, covered with foam and blood, the latter streaming from a wound in its hindquarters.

"My God!" we heard the C. O. say, and his face was ghastly white. Without more ado, he turned his horse and galloped towards the pony. On reaching it, he seized the bridle and brought it to a standstill. An exclamation of horror left his lips as he noticed, across the saddle, a streak of blood.

"What's wrong?" we asked each other with

"Hope to God nothing has happened to Miss Aline!" said Sin.

"Stop talking!" shouted the Adjutant. But no notice was taken whatever. We were all on thorns.

Back came the C. O. -

"Dismiss the parade, Major! And send Sinclair and Winton to me"! he said to his second-incommand.

"What is the matter, Sir?" Sinclair asked,

as soon as the opportunity offered itself.

"I do not know; but there is every appearance that something has happened to my child",

he replied.

We had hardly reached the stables to which the pony had been led, when we saw, staggering towards us, the groom who had taken Miss Aline out. The Colonel rushed up to him, and in a somewhat shaky voice asked him. happened, Grayson?"

We noticed that the man's head was bathed in blood. He looked before him, with a vacant stare and murmured, thickly, "Where am I? ... Miss Aline ... "Then seeing us looking at him, he gasped, "Oh! My/God!" and fainted.

'For Goodness' Sake! look sharp and pull him round", cried the C. O., as he paced up and down the stables with agitated steps. This suspense is terrible. My poor Aline! - My Pet! - Oh, God! I pray that she is not killed!"

At that moment, the Colonel's wife and her

maid rushed in. Both wore a look of terrible anguish.

"Oh! George! What is the matter? — Aline!

— is she safe? cried the former.

"Be calm, dearest", replied the Colonel. "We know nothing yet, — nor can we, tlll Grayson comes round." And both looked, with eyes full of tears towards the groom, waiting patiently for

a sign of returning consciousness.

The blood was bathed from his head and after a few applications of cold water, he opened his eyes slowly. Vigorously we worked to prevent a relapse and at last our efforts were rewarded. Passing his hand slowly across his eyes, he drew a deep breath.

Eagerly we waited to hear him speak. He looked round him in a dazed way, then fixing his eyes on the Colonel and his wife, said in a weak voice, "That yellow devil downed me, Sir,

and has taken Miss Aline."

"Tell us all that occurred", said the Colonel. And the groom went on, his voice n t much above a whisper, "You know, Sir, I took Miss Aline out this morning for her usual ride. We went by the road which leads to Theva Woods, the south-east corner, and we had just entered the woods, when I heard the pattering of running feet behind me. I had hardly time to turn before I received a smashing blow on the head. Miss Aline screamed with fright as I fell to the ground unconscious. Before the blow, however, the time had just been sufficient for me to recognise Wang Lu and some more chinks. . . . Goodness knows how long it was before I came round, but when I did, Miss Aline and her pony had vanished. I got up and staggered along the road. Luckily I met Smith and Mayon, who assisted me to barracks. That's all I know, Sir.

"What shall we do, George?", asked the

C. O.'s wife.

"Go back to the Quarters, dear. I, with the help of Sinclair and Winton here, will go and find her."

"I pray God, you may be successful", and

the poor lady was led away by her maid.

The Colonel, impatient to commence the search, turned to us and cried, "Saddle up, Boys! Let us go and see what is to be done." It took no more than a few seconds to saddle and mount two of the horses. Walking out of the stables, we dashed off across the square, through the gates and down the road mentioned by the groom

We reached the spot described to us by Grayson and after two or three minutes careful inspection of the place came across a dark patch on the ground, which we judged to be dry blood. Dismounting we searched about for some clue as

to the direction taken by the chinks. There were foot-prints leading down the road in the opposite direction to which we had come. With an exclamation, suddenly the Colonel stooped and picked something up off the ground. We drew near and saw that it was a little butterfly-brooch of Miss Aline's.

"Come on, my lads! We're on their track", said the C. O. and down the road we went close-

ly following the foot-prints.

We had proceeded about a quarter of a mile, when the tracks which had gradually drawn into the side of the road vanished altogether. We looked round us, mystified. It seemed as though the chinks had vanished into thin air here. Diligently we searched, but no signs of their footprints could we see, until the sharp eyes of Sinclair discovered the tracks of a cart which had evidently been waiting. The marks ended rather abruptly and then formed a semi-circle as if the cart had been turned round.

"We shall soon find them", said the Coloncl.

"They have evidently gone into the town". So mounting our horses we set off at a furious gallop.

(to be continued.)

For our Music-Lovers.

There is a little-known entertainment which takes place in the Y. M. C. A. Hall once monthly. I refer to the Classical Concert under the direction of M. Wetzels. Among our Allied comrades are some 1st Class musicians and the result of their afternoon concerts is a splendid musical treat.

Among the performers I noticed:

C. S. M. Walwyk (Violin). C. S. M. Connors (Clarinet). Sgt. Welch (Clarinet). Cpl. Moylan (Flute) and

Pte. Brown, 48th High. (Clarinet).

There were few Britishers among the audience, probably owing to the fact that the "Arbeit" question occupies one's afternoons. Anyway, I strongly advise any of our readers who are lovers of music to attend if possible. They will be agreeably surprised.

The programme I listened to contained the

following Musical Gems:

1. Serenade Florentine. (Gerrard.) Select Orchestra.

Concerto for Flute. (Chaminade.) Bauduin

de Leye.

3. Trio: Finale, Allegro, Andante. (Hadyn.)
M. Wetzels (Violin), M. Ceulemans (Cello),
Boris Skatchkoff (Piano).

4. Nocturne No. II. (Chopin.) M. Ceulemans.

 Pastorale. César Franck. Organ piece, franscribed for Orchestra. Piano Accompaniments. Boris Skatchkoff.

Brooklyn Bridge.

The traffic between New York proper and Brooklyn is very great, and for many years the East River with its steam-ferry boats was the only connection between them.

At last, nearly forty years ago, it was decided to build a bridge. The building of it was entrusted to one, Colonel Roebling, an engineer of great experience; for it was an undertaking too important to be given to any but the first engineer of the day.

Colonel Roebling was of European origin having been born on the Continent. Twice the work brought disaster to his family. No sooner were the plans perfected than the Colonel himself died. His death was caused by an injury which he received while personally engaged in laying out the towers for the Bridge.

The actual construction was begun six months later under Colonel Roebling's son. Shortly after, he had the misfortune to be laid up with fever, yet — although very weak — he would sit in his chair at the window, his home being very near the site of the Bridge, and from there superintend the work. Continued illness, however, forced him to go abroad and he returned twelve months later a much stronger man.

At last the work was finished, - the greatest

suspension bridge in the world.

And what an impression it makes upon a European visitor! Especially if he sees it first by night; its electric lights shining clear and bright so high above the water, while on the other side the white torch of the mighty Statue of Liberty lightens up the harbour.

It takes rather more than twenty minutes to walk across, as its total length is nearly six thousand feet. Eighty odd feet in width and some one hundred and forty feet above the water level, the largest steamers can easily pass beneath it.

There are two railway-tracks connected, at the New York end, with the 'Elevated' whose cars convey the traveller conveniently to any part of the town, and two roadways for carriages, etc., also a path in the centre for foot passengers.

This feat of engineering was fourteen years in course of construction and was opened to traffic for the first time in May, 1883. To-day an average of one hundred thousand persons cross the bridge daily.

Life is full of disappointments. Nothing ever comes off but buttons.

Every dog has his day, but it is not every dog that knows when he is having it.

Too many cooks spoil the policeman.

The Story of Prince Agib. (Continued.)

They played a sonata — let me see! "Medulla oblongata" — key of G.

Then they began to sing

That extremely lovely thing;
"Scherzanda! ma non troppo, ppp."

Now follows the dim horror of my tale,
And I feel I'm growing gradually pale,
For, even at this day,
Though its sting has passed away,
When I venture to remember it, I quail!

The elder of the brothers gave a squeal, All overish it made me for to feel;
"Oh, Prince", he says, says he.
"If a Prince indeed you be"
I've a mystery I'm going to reveal!

"Oh, listen, if you'd shun a horrid death,
To what the gent who's speaking to you saith:
No 'Oüaits' in truth are we,
As you fancy that we be,
For (ter-remble!) I am Aleck — this is Beth!"

Said Agib, "Oh! accursed of your kind,
I have heard that ye are men of evil mind!"
Beth gave a dreadful shriek —
But before he'd time to speak
I was mercilessly collared from behind.

In number ten or twelve, or even more,
They fastened me full length upon the floor.
On my face extended flat,
I was walloped with a cat
For listening at the keyhole of a door.

Oh! The horror of that agonising thrill!
(I can feel the place in frosty weather still).

For a week from ten to four

I was fastened to the floor,
While a mercenary wopped me with a will.

They branded me and broke me on a wheel
And they left me in a hospital to heal,
And, upon my solemn word,
I have never never heard
What those Tarters had determined to reveal.

But that day of sorrow misery and rage,
I shall carry to the Catacombs of Age,
Photographically lined
On the tablet of my mind,
When a yesterday has faded from its page.

A hair on the head is worth two in the brush.

The Mis-leading Lady.

We were going home after having been abroad. You can imagine the feelings of any ordinary individual going home after an absense of five or six years, but in Jack Burrow's case, it was different.

Jack was one of those enthusiastic fellows, who put their whole heart and soul into a thing, and about this home-coming he was just the same. For days past he had been able to talk of nothing else, and now that he and I were actually in the train — going home — he was simply bubbling over with it. But somehow I never got bored with Jack's talk. I could listen for hours to all his little stories and anecdotes about his hometown. It used to amuse me to a certain extent, and of course it was a great help to Jack "to get them off his chest". In fact I believe it was the only way to prevent his enthusiasm from boiling over.

But there was one story he told me in the train that seemed to make a deep impression on me; as if I had caught some of Jack's whole-

heartedness.

It was the story of a young fellow who had been a friend of his in the old days. This fellow had become fascinated with the charms of a chorus-girl appearing in the local pantomine. The latter only lasted the usual four or five weeks, during which the gallant suitor was in constant attendance upon his lady-love. At the expiration of that time she was due to go back to London, but the gentleman concerned proposed to her. Evidently she was quite agreeable, but his father — who had to be consulted from a financial point of view — raised strenuous objections; so strenuous in fact, that, ultimately, the loving pair took the law in their own hands, went up to London, and there married.

Jack had seen the lady in question, and had rather a favourable opinion of her theatrical abilities, but during his five year's absence from

home, he had heard no news of her.

Any ordinary individual might have thought no more about the 'affaire', but this just shows where Jack was different. He supposed that she must now be a leading lady, with her name on every placard, and her photo in every paper. "Why!" he said. She's probably getting, at least, 500 quid a week". And as I said before, he actually infected me with some of his enthusiasm.

At last the train pulled up at Jack's destination. We parted, and during the next few weeks, I was busily engaged seeing my own friends in another part of the country, but somehow, I couldn't get rid of this story of Jack's. Every time I saw a theatre-poster, I wondered if the 'star' could possibly be the heroine of the

story I had heard. I imagined what a lucky fellow he must be, who was the husband of a leading lady adored from one end of the country to the other. — Pretty soft job, you must admit, to be married to a woman getting, at least, 500 quid a week".

The time soon slipped by. Jack and I returned to our former companionship. He was just the same as before he went home. I had to listen for hours and hours to all his experiences. Finally I asked him if he had heard any news about his former friend and the chorus-girl.

"Yes", he said, "he is a waiter at a bar in Manchester, and she has three kids now".

A. Macnore.

A False Alarm.

I lay reading by the light of a lamp which stood on a small table at the side of my bed. Everything in the long barrack-room was quiet for it was nearly midnight. The only sound which broke the silence was the faint 'swish', 'swish', of the punkah overhead.

I had just recovered from a bout of fever and that, added to the rumours of disturbances in the neighbouring Hindoo city, was the reason, I suppose why my nerves were strung up to concert pitch;

so I lay there, wakeful, trying to read.

Suddenly, I was all attention.

What was that? I listened intently.... There it was again; a faint sound of something moving under my bed.... Visions of Pathans and Thugs flashed across my mind.

I tried to persuade myself it was my imagination and to continue reading; but, no! I heard

the faint noise again.

Something was certainly there.

I hesitated for a moment, and then, 'taking my courage in both hands', as the French say, I sprang out quickly and looked under the bed, to see — nothing! I stooped and looked closer. As I did so, I heard the sound again. I looked intently and, to my amazement, saw one of my boots slowly rocking from side to side, apparently for no reason.

Was some silly chump playing a trick?
I picked up the boot quickly and saw a huge beetle, about three inches long, scuttle off.

It had somehow wedged itself under the instep of the boot and, in its struggles to free itself, had made the noise that had attracted my attention. It was a repulsive-looking insect, but quite harmless

I got back to bed feeling considerably relieved to find it was only 'A False Alarm'.

List of British Prisoners of War at Göttingen Camp.

MINU OI DIII	isit i i isolicis oi wai au do	oungen camp.
9764. Rolph, E., R.W.F.	4444. Reeves, H., Buffs.	0905 Otmand () Will
	della Diecves, II., Dulls.	8325. Stroud, C., Wilts.
10716. Russell, E.,	10475. Roberts, J., "	8846. Stroud, W.,
10732. Russel, H.,	10195. Richardson, E., "	8874 Smith
5221 Dohanta O	2135. Riley, J., ","	8729. Spackman, H.,
2331. Roberts, C.,	10010 Dain G	orza. Spackman, II.,
8332. Riley, T.,	10210. Raines, G.,	7750. Styles, R.,
10629. Rose, J.,	24526. Rankin, J., 13. Canadian	9643 Scott H
10531. Roberts, W., ",	27018 Ruddook G 19	9599. Stevens, G., "
9974 Powe O	27940. Debester C 40.	
8874. Rowe, C.,	27249. Robertson, C., 48. "	8463. Spencer, E., "
5334. Richards, D., ,	28081. Ritchie, J.,	3709. Stevens, A. E.,
9425. Ramsey, A., A. & S. Hdrs.	97/99 Rodgeng F	8018. Smith, H.,
1065 Robertson H	27146 Duggers, E.,	
1065. Robertson, H.,	27146. Russs, W.,	8312. Sewell, H., R. W. K.
8829 Richards, Scots. Gds.	24875. Revel, B.,	8664. Strong, F.,
7300 Rust H	9824. Smith, S., Wilts.	8107 Channard A
8455 Reilly W	8597. Sear, C.,	5207 Comits A.,
0254 D-1-1:0- W		5397. Smith, A.,
	7300. Smith, J.,	7887. Savage, A., "
7919. Robertson, D.,	8734 Spara ()	7668. Smith, J., West. Rid.
5229 Roid W	7766 Sinclain C	9474 Chaonan T D W E
	1100. Sinciali, U.,	8474. Spooner, J., R. W. F.
9376. Robertson, F.,	8057. Simkins, R.,	6745. Smith, R.,
6969. Robinson, J.C.	7886 Speekman H	10059 Sainghury W
7014. Robinson, T., Queens.	8737. Sutton, G.,	
Oute Dealle T	Oldie G., T. T.	10583. Shea, W.,
8216. Rudkins, J.,	9416. Scott, J. W.,	10391. Stenner, A., "
8996. Radley, F., Borders.	8652 Smith C	10899 Snillman T
and D 11 D	Q100 Gutton I	0002 Stooms W
6099 Dodgens D	order Gal 1 II	9883. Steane, W.,
6923. Rodgers, F.,	8042. Selwood, H.,	5260. Shea, C.,
7784. Rollason, D., ",	9667 Sylvester S	10505 Seven I
7152. Rankin, J.	1964 Stoneham W	10503. Saxon, 5., " 10511. Sprudd, T., "
	O777 Olympiam, W.,	10311. Sprudu, 1.,
894. Randall, W. R. War. R.	8777, Shears, F.,	6696. Sharp, J, A.&S. Hds.
955. Richards, G.,	8878, St. George, P.,	660. Scott, W.,
5945. Reid, J., Cameron. Hds.	7043 Sloper A	0456 Still E
8978. Rough, R. "	enon Simpling	9490. Still, E.,
7150 Dill I	8909. Simpkins, A.,	9428. Stirling, C., _ ,
7152. Richardson J. "	8061. Snelgrove, F.,	9633. Swallow, R.J., "
14765. Reader, Middx.	8578 Stevens W	6309 Stoole R
9382. Russell, A.H. "	7691 Savina H	7010 Ciles W Once
10712 D	7681. Scrine, H.,	7219. Silser, W., Queens
10713. Rooney,	8661. Smart, J.,	9584. Smith, J.,
8555. Redhead, W., S. W.B.	8604 Snackman W	8299. Sharman, R., "
11749. Rees, T.,	8942. Smith, H.,	
		7651. Saunders, R., Dorsets.
8876. Robertson, J., R. Scots.	7694 Saunders, C., "	5480. Sherlock, J., Borders.
10926. Robertson, W., R. Fus.	8814 Shutler A	0207 Chamband T
8892. Robertson, W., R. A.M.C.	8305. Smith, J.,	ODOR Charles II
6402 Robb I K O S D	0470 G-4-1-11 D	8326. Stanley. H.,
6492. Robb, J., K. O. S. B.	8472. Satchell, R.,	7704. Seymour, W., "
6333. Russell, W., S. Lancs.	8129. Smart, C., "	6570. Shea, D. D., Leicester.
10268. Reilly, J., R.S.F.	8405 Simpling W	9644. Smith, J.,
10654. Robertson, J., ,	9106 Channand T	3044. Silitili, 5.,
9901 Deal-feel Dill "	8106. Sheppard, J., ",	6992. Sheppard, O.,
8381. Rochford, Dublin Fus.	8387. Stitson, A.,	7041. Stokes, T.,
9730. Russen, F., S. Staffs.	9435. Smith. F.	7679. Smith, J.,
8618 Rodgers G		
7521 Par D	5720. Snook, H.,	1154. Sherlock, J., R. War. R.
7531. Ray, R.,	7709. Sears, N. R.,	1100. Sadler, A.,
8081: Rochelle, T.,	9034 Stuart E	1128 Sidwell P
8964 Rhead F	8237. Selwood, A.,	
6148 Rollinson T		1620. Smith, J., S: Lanes
6148. Rollinson, J.,	8564. Staples, W.,	664. Stevenson, J.,
8969. Rosewarne, J.,	8642 Smith E	9573. Sheenan,
9049. Rutter. T.	8372 Stewart S	
8223. Robbins, C. "	65 Storons C	7639. Stenhouse, R., Cameron Hds.
7065 D11 T. O"D. T.	65. Stevens, C.,	4458. Smith, C.,
7965. Rawlinson, K.O.R.L.	9662. Smith, W.,	85. Swatton, R., Cold. Gds.
10883. Roberts, .D.,	8203. Stratton E	7484. Sargent, W., Northants
6344. Rose, R.J., Buffs.	8856 Sanger E	8907 Stanbor II I D D
Julis.	8356. Sanger, E.,	6807. Starkey, H., K.R.R.

An Alleged Hold-up.

It was a few days before Christmas. store windows were looking their best, brillantly illuminated and dressed to advantage - everything to catch the eye and the purse of the throngs of people, all bent on purchasing the

usual season's gifts for their friends.

St. Catherine's Street in Montreal is a busy street at any time, most so just before Christmas, and probably the busiest hour of the day is from 5 to 6 p. m. The thousands of workpeople making their way homeward from their places of business, the endless crowd of shoppers and pedestrians, the rush for street cars and the passing of motors and other vehicles combine to make a scene of great activity and bustle.

It was through such a crowd that a young fellow, Jack Renolds by name, was piloting his way homeward after his day's work in the office of the great shipowners and importers, Mon-

tague & Co.

Jack was feeling pretty good, now and again glancing at the gorgeous window displays exposed in the big stores. He hadn't to worry much about presents to buy. His list had only one name on it, and that one present was already bought. He felt the corner of his vest pocket; yes, there it was, the little box that contained a beautiful diamond ring. A smile passed over his lips as his thoughts turned to Mabel, for Mabel and he were going to tell her mother, Mrs. Armitage, about their engagement on Christmas Eve, and he wondered what she would say. He walked on through the crowd until suddenly he came to a stop, for there just at his shoulder, was Mabel waiting for a car.

"Hullo! Mab, old girl, how're things? I guess you're somewhat early to-night, eh? Who would ever have thought of bumping into you?" he

said, as he raised his hat.
"Excuse me, Mr. Renolds, but from now onward, I wish to have nothing more to do with you. So if you will please forget what is past I will do the same, and I will say, 'Good bye' to you now".

"Say, Mabel! What do you mean? What

are you talking about?"

"What I'm talking about is this: Everybody knows about that 600 dollars that disappeared at Montague & Co.'s office, a few months ago, but it was only the other day that I heard your name mentioned in connection with it, and if you think I wish to have anything to do with a man like that — well! I reckon you've guessed wrong".

"What's that? You think I stole that 600

dollars!", said Jack.

"I said I had heard your name mentioned in connection with it", replied Mabel.

"Oh! - you did, eh? Well! - See here, Mabel; if you have any sense of justice, you will please tell me who it was who mentioned

my name in connection with it."

"I am sorry, Mr. Renolds, but I must say 'Good bye'. Here is my car coming. If it's any satisfaction for you to know, it was Bob Collins who mentioned your name; but perhaps you're not aware he left for the West a couple of days ago."

It was only after Jack was left standing alone at the edge of the sidewalk following with his eyes the slim figure of Mabel as she boarded the streetcar, that the full realisation of what had

happened came to him.

To lose his girl was bad enough, after all his hopes and plans for their joint future; but to lose her through a libel! for him to be presented to her as a thief! - Why! it was enough to drive a man 'crazy. Ah! how he itched to lav his

hands on Bob Collins.

As he made his way homeward, sad and with anger in his heart, he reviewed in his mind the events of the last two years. At that time Bob was his closest friend. Then Mabel had appeared on the scene, and they had both tried their best to gain her affections, and as Jack had told himself, he couldn't help it if he proved to be the winner. Still he could find no excuse for one man to libel another, to spread a story without any foundation, and he felt that if he only knew where to find Bob he would make him suffer for it and take back his words. But where to find him was a question. Bob had been with the National Bank since he was a boy, and although Mabel said Bob had gone West, as the Bank had branches in every town and city all over the West, this was not very much guidance.

Six months had past.

Montreal was suffering from a hot spell. The thermometer had been 95 in the shade that day and it was with a feeling of extreme lassitude that Jack made his way homeward. Even when he arrived at his boarding-house, the effects of the weather remained. He was fagged out and dispirited. He threw himself wearily into a chair and surveyed the humble room. Never had he felt so lonely - in fact, he had a real 'fit of the blues'. Thoughts passed through his mind of 'what might have been', but for Bob and jealous libels; for this was June, the month he should have been married. Bah! Of what use to think of it! - the past was past. His plans were thwarted by a libel told to a credulous girl. He heaved a sigh as he pulled an evening paper from his pocket and endeavoured to interest him-

self in its topics. No! It was no use. His eyes travelled over the lines, but they failed to hold his attention. He turned over page after page, and was on the point of throwing the paper away in disgust when something caught his eye. He read it. - What was that? Was he seeing aright? He could hardly believe his eyes! He read it again:

During the last year the town of Methol, 'Alberta, has increased so much in popula-'tion and business, that the National Bank 'has decided to open a branch there. The 'new branch will be managed by Mr. Robert 'Collins formerly of Montreal, but during the 'last six months, assistant in the Regina

'Branch Bank.'

Jack thought for awhile as he silently filled and lighted his pipe, and then examined a map to find the locality of this little 'burg'. He figured out the time of the train journey from a time table, and eventually his decision was made. "I'll do it!" he said, as he rose from his chair; "I'll go out to this here dump, Methol, as they call it, and I'll make him eat his words, even if he does so at the muzzle of a gun!!"

III

It was about a week later that a well dressed stranger stepped off the Indermediate at Methol. He was the only passenger to alight and had no

other baggage than a small suit case.

He strolled along in a leisurely manner towards the town which was about half a mile distant from the railway depôt. Occasionally he stroked his little dark moustache in a curious manner; a manner in fact, which might have given a close observer a hint that he was not used to such an appendage. Arriving at the town he located the building occupied by the National Bank. Instead of approaching it however, he entered Jim Ryan's Hotel, and ordered a good dinner. The dinner arrived in due course and he did full justice to it, all the time watching the different individuals who crossed his range of vision.

Having finished, he paid his bill, and enquired where he could hire a horse and buggy. He was directed round the corner to the Livery Stable, where, his appearance being judged favourable, he secured a buggy and a splendid horse for the

afternoon.

As he took his seat in the buggy he casually remarked that he had some business in the direction of Glendale, another town about five miles away. On his way down Main Street he pulled up at the National Bank, and leaving the buggy he entered the office.

The only occupant was the man behind the

counter who acted as book-keeper, cashier and manager combined, and whose name was newly inscribed on the windows in gold letters, 'Mr. R. Collins'.

The stranger approached the counter and waited patiently until the manager on the other side of the strong iron grill was ready to attend to him. Ultimately Mr. Collins looked up, as he applied the blotting pad to some figures he had entered in his ledger.

"Pardon me, Sir, but here is a paper I want you to read. It's rather important", said the stranger.

Mr. Collins took the envelope which was handed to him, seeing visions of mortgages, loans, or some such new business for the Bank. Hastily opening the envelope, he scanned the contents, and drew back in surprise.

What he read was:

'Methol. Alta.

'To Miss M. Armitage.

'I, the undersigned, hereby withdraw the 'statements I made to you reflecting on the 'honesty and integrity of Mr Jack Renolds. 'These statements were absolutely untrue and without foundation. They were uttered 'through malicious jealousy, and constitute a 'libel on his character for which I humbly 'apologize both to him and to you'.

As Bob read the paper the colour mounted to his face, then he looked at the stranger who

stood at the other side of the counter.

"Take a good look at me! Under a false moustache and some hair dye, you'll find it's Jack Renolds himself. And you're going to sign that paper before I leave here!"

By this time Bob had regained his self-possession and coolly replied, "Oh! — Is that so, Jack? Well, personally, I don't see any reason why I should sign the paper if I don't feel in-

clined to".

With that Jack's hand swung round to his hip pocket and a moment later Bob was gazing

down the bore of a six shooter.

"Look here! Bob - This ain't Montreal this is the West! And by gum! you're going to sign that paper! - and sign it mighty quick! or something's going to happen".

"But --", started Bob.

"But - nothing! - Sign"! said Jack.

"Slowly and with ashen cheeks Jack picked up a pen and added the words 'Robert Collins' to the letter.

"Now, put the date on it and hand it over",

said Jack.

Eventually the document he had been at so much pains to obtain reached his hand, and he slowly backed towards the door, his revolver still covering Bob, watching for the slightest movement

on the part of the man behind the counter, as he was well aware that all these bank counters have a handy little shelf, just out of sight of the customer, upon which is a six shooter ready for use. Arriving at the door his real danger commenced. How was he to make his "getaway"? However, he took the chance, pulled the door open, wheeled around, and with a bound he was across the sidewalk and into the buggy. Just as his horse started, bang! went a shot from Bob's revolver, and a window was shattered. Jack swore to himself as he lashed his horse; not at the danger, but because the alarm had been given. Before he had gone far many people, attracted by the sound of the shot and the noise of Jack's horse and buggy as they dashed along Main Street, were running out of the stores and houses to see what was happening. Before they quite realised what was the matter, Jack was clear of the town, but he still continued to keep his horse at his high pace. He glanced at his watch and saw that his calculations were just figuring out right.

He pulled up at the station at Glendale just as the Local East train was putting on the brakes. Calling a young lad who was lounging round doing nothing, he put a dollar bill into his hand, and told him to take back the horse and buggy to the Livery Stable at Methol. A minute later he was in the train on his journey east.

(to be continued.)

Notes and Notices.

Religious.

Church of England.

Service 8 a.m. Wednesdays and at 10 a.m. Sundays. Full Choral.

A Sunday Evening Service has been started in Barrack 49 a, at 6 p. m.

We hope (D. V.) to continue with this service throughout the Winter. All are heartily welcome.

Roman Catholic. Holy Mass at 7 a. m. Sundays.

Boxing.

A Boxing Tournament will take place about tho 25th of Nov. 1915.

Doors open for British from 4.30 p.m. - 5.15 p. m. and from 5.15 p. m. to all.

Cups and prizes are being given by a lady residing in Sussex, England.

Esperanto Classes.

Any citizen who has any knowledge of this subject or is desirous of learning it may obtain particulares from M. Boulogne, Societé Internationale de Polyglot, Barrack 9.

Amusement.

Concert Report October 23rd 1915.

A very attractive programme, an appreciative audience, the Camp Orchestre and Doris as a marionette! What more could a 'Gefangener' wish for? Positively it almost reconciles one to one's hard lot - I don't think!

All the old favourites scored again and most of the turns were quite original. L. Cpl. Wilson served up "The Convict" (may its shadow never grow less!) Archie and Doris were distinctly chic', and Cpl. Panton and Pte. Griffiths reminded us that the old British Sport still exists, plenty of

hard knocks being exchanged.

One can always listen with pleasure to L. Cpl. Walsh, and his "Father O'Flynn" was one of the best things ever heard in Camp. Sgt. Moss is a popular turn; also Pte. Baker who appeared in "Rag-Time" once more. Mark Melford's "Ransomed" was admirably produced by A. Kennedy, who, as a father of the Skinflint type, was a great success. Elliott's personation of "The Bandit" was too expressive for words.

Special mention must here be made of the work of the "Physical Culture Class" under the direction of Q.M.S. Mc Carthy. The class reflects the highest credit upon their instructor and themselves. They are rapidly developing confidence particularly in the Gymnastic Tableaux and Club Swinging and they will always be one of the most

popular items at the 'gaff'.

No doubt, the Saturday evening's entertainment helps us all to "Keep Smiling" and such occurrences as that which happened a couple of weeks ago are to be regretted. The audience should, whatever their private opinions may be, remember that the Amusement Committee work, and work hard to produce this weekly Concert, which considering the material at hand is an undoubted success.

Something Extra.

"What do you think this man should get, Sergt.-Major?" asked the very young sub.

"Well, Sir", replied the S. M.", he is charged with being unshaven, but he is a good soldier, Sir. May I suggest 'an extra fatigue', Sir?"
"Right! March him in, please".

The S. M. marched the prisoner in.

"Now then, my man!" was the verdict. "You must buck up. Your's is a serious offence, but this time I'll overlook it. — 'Seven extra shaves'. March him out, Sergt.-Major!"

In love and sausages only one thing is necessary — perfect confidence.

THE WOODEN CITY

A JOURNAL FOR BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR

No. 11

GÖTTINGEN

Dezember 1. 1915

A Winter Days Dream.

I don't know whether it was the effects of drinking an afterdinner cup of café au lait, or if it had been caused by the dryness of the book I was endeavouring to digest mentally, but in either case I must admit, I felt exceedingly drowsy. All I do know is that I was sitting at the table in the barrack a few days ago, with the book before my eyes, and the previously mentioned cup of coffee about six inches to the right front of the book. I am willing to admit that I became less and less familiar with the subject I was reading about, and that the book gradually became less prominent before my eyes, until suddenly it disappeared — vanished completely — and was replaced by a newspaper.

I noticed it was called "The Times", but whether it was The "Times", or "The New-York Times" or "The Sporting Times", or any other "Times" I cannot say, as my attention was next drawn to the date, 1st January 1965. I know that I looked twice at that date, and am therefore

positive that it is correct.

One article seemed to rivet my eyes and so clear is my recollection of it that I can repeat every word. It was a message delivered by the President of the Argentine Republic in the Congress of that country to the effect that his government had been in communication with the King of Abyssinia regarding a duty of five per cent which the latter country had imposed on sardines imported from Argentina. He said that he regarded it as discriminating with regard to the products of their noble country, and declared that as neither country would retract from the position they had taken up, further steps had had to be taken. He had therefore laid all the facts and papers before the Executive Committee of the Amalgamated Union of All the Nations. The Committee had decided that the question should be settled in New York six months from that date, on the 1st July 1965. Argentina, being the aggrieved country, had been given the choice of contest by which the decision should be given, and had replied in favour of "wrestling". He therefore desired to announce to the citizens that during the ensuing six months, eliminating trials would take place, by means of which a wrestler might be found to meet the champion of Abyssinia in New-York City on the 1st of July.

At this point something happened which shows

I was not asleep, as I distinctly remember the noise of the door being violently opened and a voice penetrating the quiet and stillness of our quarters. I am making no accusation against any individual, because I saw none; I merely say a voice shouted:

"Un basin to ze cookhouse, compree". And

another voice, somewhat milder, replied:

"Ja, ja! Quel hour?"

Voice No. 1 answered, "Zwei uhr".

The fact that I have such a vivid recollection of the above conversation in gefangenen dialect must clearly prove that I was quite capable of noticing the smallest details of everything that

was going on.

When the door had been shut quite as violently as it had been opened, the noise instead of decreasing, seemed to continue, and gradually to assume the rumble of traffic. As the continuous roar of a city's traffic was in my ears, things became visible, buildings, shops, streets, vehicles, people.

— Why! I was in New-York! — How did I know I was in New York? Oh! There is no mistaking it! There is only one New York!

But I was in a crowd; men on all sides of me were pouring into a vast building, well-dressed men with a serious look of responsibility about them.

At last I found myself inside the building among the great audience there assembled. In the centre of the hall was a clear space, which was covered with some kind of matting and prepared as for a wrestling contest. Round it on all sides the seats were built tier upon tier. I noticed that the lower seats were occupied by men, wearing crowns and robes of state, who I supposed must be Kings or Emperors, and that beside them were other men who had no crowns or emblems, but seemed to be on perfect equality with those who had. Something seemed to tell me that those men were Presidents of different Republics, and they were not present for sport or enjoyment.

Eventually one of the occupants of the lower seats rose and began to take charge of affairs. I asked the person next to me who he was. He said: "Why, that's President Tilson of the United States, who is the new chairman of the Executive

Committee.

President Tilson made a few remarks in which he summarised all the points of difference between the Argentine Republic and the Kingdom of Abyssinia; after which he requested the rulers of these countries to stand forth, and introduce their representatives in the coming event. The President of the Argentine Republic thereupon rose and approached the chairman's dais, closely followed by a young man in a cloak evidently prepared for the contest, and addressed him as follows.

"Mr. Chairman, Fellow-members of the Executive, and delegates from all Nations, here stands my champion. He takes his place here alone, but he is our best. If our chosen representative secures a dicision over his opponent, we win our cause just the same as our ancestors in bygone times would gained a victory with a million men against a million of their enemies'."

The King of Abyssinia then approached the dais, also followed by a young man in a cloak. He addressed the audience in much the same tone as his rival.

President Tilson then conducted the two champions to their quarters at the wrestling arena, and cautioned them that, "care be taken that no accident occur whereby human life be endangered, as", said he, "human life is exceedingly valuable at this stage of the world's history, and must not be wasted over an international dispute. Furthermore", he continued "the time of the Union off All the Nations is precious, so I therefore allow one hour only for this contest to be settled".

During these remarks the two opponents had prepared themselves for their task, and as they stepped forward many were the expressions of approval of their physical fitness. Two finer specimens of manhood it would be hard to imagine, and with the exception that the Abyssinian's skir was black, it was indeed difficult to contrast them limb for limb and muscle for muscle.

And then the contest commenced, the two champions advancing and retiring in accordance with each other's movements; as if feeling his strength, or calculating his weakness. Each with a serious aspect on his face, a seriousness caused by the heavy responsibilities he was bearing; well aware that his success meant the success of his country and of the millions of his fellow-countrymen. The tactics of the white man were met at every point by the strategy of the black and in cases where they came to closer contact, the result was more the nature of a feint or skirmish.

After these manoeuvres had been carried on for about half an hour, it became evident to the spectators that unless a decisive action took place soon neither party would be able to continue, as they were both using up their

reserve energy and vitality. The supreme moment came, the gigantic Abyssinian hurled himself at his opponent, like some general bringing every available gun, man and horse into action to effect a breach in his enemy's defence. Down they went to the floor in the great final effort. At times it seemed as if one was the victor, and then again it was the other. After what seemed an endless period of ever-changing success to the two wrestlers, it became visible to the spectators that something had happened to the representative of Argentina, as the contest came to an abrupt finish. A doctor was immediately in attendance, who pronounced that the man's shoulder was out of joint.

President Tilson thereupon awarded the contest to Abyssinia, and turning to the President of the Argentine said, "I reckon you've got to put up with that five per cent duty on your sardines".

When order was restored and silence had been enforced, the chairman asked the secretary if he had made a record of the result of the contest and its award in favour of Abyssinia. The secretary, who I discovered was the King of Siam, replied "I have, Mr. Chairman".

The chairman then asked if there were any other questions to bring before the meeting.

One of the occupants of the front seats rose and said: "Mr. Chairman, I have been informed that one of the delegates, the President of the Swiss Republic, has in his possession an article of war, called a field-gun, which is contrary to Rule No. 66 in the Laws of this Union of all the Nations".

This statement caused considerable excitement among the audience, and even the chairman seemed amazed as he turned and addressed himself to the ruler of Switzerland. "Sir!" he said. "Are you civilised yet, or are you not? Is it possible that your part of the world is still in the same state of barbarism in which our forefathers were long ago? Let us hope you can explain this terrible accusation in such a manner as to cause no blemish on the world's record of progress, wisdom and brotherly love.

The President of the Swiss Republic thereupon rose to his feet and explained the circumstances.

He admitted that a detestable weapon, called a field-gun, had been dug out of a morass near his borders. He alleged that the article was evidently foreign, and must have been discarded by some of his neighbours, after some war in the past. The reason why the detestable article was still in his territory, was that two parties had requested it from him, one being the Antiquarian Society, and the other being the Society for the promotion of Christian Knowledge, who desired it to show as an awful example of the errors of

mankind in the past, and to impress upon the minds of the young the glorious advantage of living in such an enlightened age as the present.

He then announced that he had now come to the decision to hand it over to the latter Society, for which statement he received the thanks of

the Union of all the Nations.

During the uproar that followed, I gradually became conscious that what I at first took for applause was really a noise in the barrack; that instead of being in New-York City, I was in The Wooden City; that instead of living in the "gloriously enlightened" year of 1965, I was living in the world of the present day. I begin to think I must have been asleep.

A. Macnore.

A Sport to the last

Wilkie was a great Pigeon flyer and fancier He would lay his shirt to a collar stud on his homers. But, Alas! The war broke out, and Wilkie had to join the colours. to make matters worse he received his deathwound, and as he lay in the Lazarette, the Pastor came to see him.

"Ah, My poor hero!" he said. "I hope you

are prepared for the Great Beyond."

"I am, Sir," replied Wilkie, with true British spirit.

"When you reach there", said the Pastor,

"you will have a pair of golden wings."

Wilkie looked at the Pastor with a bright gleam in his eyes. "Wings! Wings!!" he gasped, And Say, Pastor! will you have a pair when you join me."

"Yes, my dear friend", he replied. with a gasp and a gurgle Wilkie said: Then

"Then I'll fly you for a blooming quid."

He then passed peacefully away.

A late member of the Royal Academy was once playing golf at Woking, near the Brookwood Crematorium. During his round, a great black cloud of smoke suddenly belched forth. turned to his caddy and said:

"Hallo! What's that?"

"Well, Sir! I don't rightly know, but I believe, Sir, it's Miss Kate Greenaway!"

Editorial

As our next is a special Christmas number we are leaving the list of prisoners of war over until the New Year.

We wish our readers a Cheery Christmas and hope that by sending our Xmas Number home they will show their relatives and friends that they still "Keep Smiling."

The EDITORS.

And Alleged Hold-up (continued)

IV.

Four days later Jack, dressed in a new summer suit, appeared at the door of a trim little villa in the suburbs of Montreal.

"Is Mabel at home?" he asked Tom her

younger brother who answered his ring.

"She sure is", replied Tom, "and - Say! Won't she be tickled to see you. Do you know, Jack? a couple of days ago she tried all manner of ways to find you, and she came home and cried, when she learned you were away on your holidays, nobody knew where."

Rather dazed and surprised Jack followed Tom into the parlour, not knowing what to make of the news he had just heard. There stood

Mabel.

Jack didn't know what to say, so he pulled out the letter signed by Bob Collins and handed it to Mabel, saying, "Will you please read that." Mabel read it. "Jack, I know all about it

Three days ago I met young Charlie Manners who was with you in Montague's office, and he told me that he had been discharged that day, because a 600 dollar mistake had been found in his books. Although it had been made months ago it had only just been found So you see Jack, the money was never stolen at all." She stopped and then in a tone of sincere regret said, "I'm very sorry, Jack, for what I said last December."

The conversation becoming brisker, Jack had to tell the story of how he obtained the signature to his letter and Mabel realized how much she had been deceived. So the time drifted on until Jack, about to make his departure, sud-

denly remembered something.

Producing a little square box from his pocket, Say, kiddo! I know it's the month of July, but would it be all right if I gave you the Christmas box I bought for you last year?"

Mabel gave one glance at the little ring box and said, "Well, I guess it's all right Jack.

A. Macnore.

Scene. — A funeral feast.

Intoxicated gentleman getting up and saying. — "I propoze the healsh of the bri' and bri' groom!"

His next door neighbour, pulling his sleeve makes him sit down, saying. — "What on earth are you talking about! It's not a wedding; it's a burial!"

I. G., hiccoughing. — "I don' know what it

ish; but it'sh a gran' succhesh any'ow!"

List of British Prisoners of War at Göttingen Camp.

```
8113. Smith, J., S. W.B.

9102. Shields, W., K.O.R.L.

6592. Spencer, J., R. Irish.

10912. Sheppherd, J.,

3259. Spry, G., D. C. L. I.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  8490. Terry, A., "
9121. Thorpe, A., "
8064. Tweedle, T., S. W. Brs.
7922. Taylor, W., "
10809. Taylor, F., Royal Fus
10235. Thompson, G., "
8716. Tompson, G., Nort. Fus.
9938. Tompson, H., Bedfords.
10878. Treadway, J., R. S. Fus.
8177. Tulley, E., Middx.
9606. Tobin, J., Lanc. Fus.
9326. Thurgood, W., Hants.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        27542. Simons, R.,
7961. Titcombe, W., Wilts.
5819. Thomas, E.,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        Royal Fus.

      3299. Spry, G., D.C.L.I.
      5819. Thomas, E.,
      "

      8587. Scott,
      S. Staffs.
      8243. Taylor, G.,
      "

      8160. Sheppard, W.,
      "
      8874. Tullett, G.,
      "

      9179. Steadman, E.,
      "
      8854. Tarrant, E.,
      "

      9133. Saunders, E.,
      "
      7666. Trivett, J.,
      "

      8247. Stevens, W.,
      "
      8167. Turton, F.,
      "

      7839. Stubbs,
      "
      6211. Truckle, F.,
      "

      9486. Sankey, G.,
      "
      8399. Townsend, E.,
      "

      8872. Smallman, T.,
      "
      5234. Trimby, A.,
      "

      8118. Smith, A.,
      "
      7465. Tattersall, J.,
      "

      8706. Smith, S.,
      "
      8266. Taylor, A.
      "

7839. Stubbs,
9486. Sankey, G.,
8872. Smallman, T.,
8118. Smith, A.,
8706. Smith, S.,
9257. Singleton, K. Liverpools.
2601. Selkurk, D. L. I.
9275. Schofield, J., K.O. Y. L. I.
9291. Scrowther, J., Nor. Fus.
9345. Stephenson, J.,
10009. Tooey, C.,
1497. Shaw, R., 5 th. Lancers.
6972. Stanley, W., R. A. M. C.
8974. Stanley, W., R. A. M. C.
8975. Stanley, W., R. A. M. C.
8974. Stanley, W., R. A. M. C.
8975. Stanley, W., R. A. M. C.
8975. Stanley, W., R. A. M. C.
8976. Timbrell, E.,
9696. Thompson, C.,
97578. Terry, G.,
97578. Twells, J.,
97578. Twells, J.,
97578. Twells, J.,
97578. Templeman, H.,
97579. Taylor, T.,
9696. Thompson, C.,
97578. Twells, J.,
97578. Twells, J.,
97578. Templeman, H.,
97579. Taylor, T.,
9696. Thompson, C.,
97578. Twells, J.,
97578. Twells, J.,
97578. Templeman, H.,
97579. Taylor, T.,
9696. Thompson, C.,
97578. Twells, J.,
97578. Twells, J.,
97578. Templeman, H.,
97579. Taylor, T.,
9696. Thompson, C.,
97578. Twells, J.,
97601. Trainer J.,
97657. Templeman, H.,
97657. Templem
 5404. Smith, A., Scots Gds. 10056. Thomas, T., " 7619. Uphill, R., 77431. Smart, W., " 12317. Taylor, T., Gren. Gds. 7923. Uphill, E., 7327. Urquhart, A., 7417. Steere, J., " 12254. Thomas, F., " 7601. Usher, Border. 8149. Scott, A., " 5972. Taylor, W., Cold. Gds. 2070. Sweet, H., " 10055. Towns, A., R.W. Kents. 4818. Simpson, J., " 10564. Tennant, A., Scots Gds. 8588. Spencer, R., " 9272. Tompson, H., " 8164. Veck, A., Wilts. 8464. Spalding, J., " 8895. Taylor, S., " 8279. Vick, G., " 7412. Smith, A., " 7191. Tate, H., " 8862. Vardy, R., " 9483. Smith, F., " 8510. Thomas, S., " 7958. Viney, V., " 3344. Stainer, H., " 4947. Tattersall, J., " 8337. Viner, A., " 8259. Sallie, P., " 6654. Turner, J., "Queens". 8404. Swann, W., " 8157. Thomas, G., " 8279. Vokins, A., Leicesters. 6492. Sutherland, A., " 7176. Taplin, H., " 7992. Varley, F., Northants. 8926. Smith, V., Buffs. 8997. Turville, G., " 9666. Vickery, W., Dorsets. 8708. Vincent, Borders. 4443. Sheppard, J., " 7587. Tinkler, J., Leicesters. 7850. Vincent, W. Yorks.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             8862. Vardy, 10., 7958. Viney, V., 7958. Viney, V., 78337. Viner, A., 8615. Veasey, J., Queens. 8279. Vokins, A., Leicesters.
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The Abduction of the Colonel's Daughter (continued)

II. The Rescue.

We soon reached the outskirts of the city. The wheel tracks were still quite visible, but we had hardly travelled the length of two streets before they became so intermingled with the maze of ruts which now marked the roads that it was impossible to distinguish them.

We drew rein.

"Well, men! What shall we do now? It is useless trying to follow these marks and we are losing valuable time. What do you suggest, Winton?" asked the Colonel.

"The best thing I think, Sir, would be to notify Chief Inspector Raynor of the Civil Police. He knows the town like a book and might possibly be able to help us". I replied.
"Come along, then!" he cried. He seemed

almost distraught at our sudden check.

When we reached the Police Offices we jumped from our horses and throwing the reins to a chink orderly dashed up the stairs, not

without a good deal of noise.

"Hello! Hello!! - What's this? - A cyclone, or what?" called out the cheery voice of Raynor as we rushed into his office. "Good morning, Colonel!" he went on, "You look scared. Rebellion broken out in your district?"

"No! No! It is more serious than that. For God's sake try to do your best to help us!" exclaimed the C. O. "It is worse than all your

durned rebellions!"

"Whew!" whistled Raynor, very much concern-"Give me full details and I'll see what my humble self can do".

The Colonel gave him the full details so far as he was able to of all that had occurred.

"And you say this Wang Lu is at the bottom of it, Eh?" asked Raynor. He sat pondering for a moment. "And what sort of looking cove is he?"

One of us described him as well as possible.

Pointing to an album that lay on the table near him, he said, "Look in there and see if you can recognise any of those photos as the man". Eagerly we scanned them and on one of the pages we saw the likeness of Wang Lu. We could not mistake the features. A nasty, large scar ran down the left hand side of his repulsivelooking face.

"That's him!" we both exclaimed together.

"Oh! — That joker — Eh? Why, that man is a perfect devil! Given us any amount of trouble before. I'm not surprised at you having a shindy with him. Guess we shall have a job to trace him! Let me see . . . He is a great pal of Li Hung, the keeper of one of the worst dens in town. I think we'll go there first. It is a terribly bad locality so we must be prepared for squalls. Are you armed? - No! - Well, take those two revolvers off that table and make the best of them. These seums don't like the look of our uniform."

"But surely they won't give trouble in broad daylight?" queried the Colonel, who had been pacing impatiently up and down the room.

"My dear Colonel, you have a lot to learn about these people" was the reply. "Daylight or night is the same to them when anything crosses

We looked to the revolvers seeing that they. were properly loaded in readiness for an emergency. Sin handed his to the C. O. remarking that he could smash any dozen chinks without

those things.

"Come on, then"! said Raynor. And down the stairs we went. "Leave the horses here"! he continued, then turning to the orderly, "Tell Inspector Morris when he returns that I have gone on a little expedition with Colonel Norton. He'll find some notes on the table in my office. And take care of those horses until we return; savvy? "Yes, sir; me savvy"! replied the orderly.

Raynor was evidently well known, for as we passed along the streets Chinks and Europeans, solemnly saluted him. Some of the chinks' glances, I noticed, were not very friendly. I remarked on it, but Raynor only laughed and said, "They're

the bull, I'm the red rag".

We turned into a narrow alley which at first sight appeared to be a 'cul de sac', but when we reached the end we saw that by walking round a small house we came into another thoroughfare. This street was only twelve feet wide at its broadest and the stench from the garbage that was littered about was overpowering. Not a soul was in sight. Pointing to a house which stood slightly apart from the remainder, Raynor said:

Behold Li Hung's world-famed emporium! More plots are hatched behind these walls than

any other place in China".

We stood for a moment gazing at it. It was covered with different Chinese designs and the colours would have placed a rainbow in the

"Looks brilliant! Doesn't it?" went on Raynor. "I've had one or two nasty adventures there, but am still on good terms with the proprietor who is one of the greatest rogues unhung. Opium Den, Monte Carlo and illicit distillery all combined. Keep your shooters handy! And aim straight if you do have to use them; it's a case of their life or yours".

We had now reached the door; without any ceremony Raynor kicked it open and we all

advanced into a large room fitted out like a drinking saloon. Raynor turned round and asked in almost a whisper if one of us understood the Morse Code. I replied, "Yes".

"Then keep your ears open", still in a whisper.

"I will tap anything special".

I nodded in response. The place appeared deserted.

"They know we are here for there are spies continually on the look out," Raynor informed us in a low voice. "I'll introduce you as visitors.

"Don't get impatient and keep cool!"

We walked up the room to a counter which ran along the top end, on which Raynor knocked smartly with his knuckles. A little door opened behind the counter and there appeared one of the biggest chinks we had ever seen. Tall and massively bruilt, his almond-shaped eyes glistening and taking in every detail, his pigtail hanging down his back, and what a face! - Repulsive was not the word! -

"Gentlemen — Li Hung. Li Hung — a few visitors for you," said Raynor.

"The missing link!" blurted out Sinclair. For an instant a dangerous light shone in Li Hung's eyes as he glanced at Sinclair.

Then bowing low he said, "A velly good

morning, gentlemen".

"Li Hung, these gentlemen would very much like to look round your emporium, and for myself, it's a purely private visit. Savvy?"

Li Hung bowed and replied, "I'm velly solly, Inspector, but you see I'm having the Stores painted. In a few day's time would be more convenient."

"Oh! Don't bother, Li! — We're not afraid of the paint. But first of all, I think we'll partake

of your famous cordials."

"Velly good, Sir!" replied Li, as taking four small glasses off the counter he turned round and placed them on a side-board and with his back to us proceeded to fill them from a bottle he had taken off a shelf. "There you are, Sirs! The velly best," he said as he placed them before us.

"Ah, thanks!" said Raynor as he flung a coin on the counter which Li Hung pushed back, remarking, "The Inspector and friends are welcome." A curious gleam shone in his eyes which I could not fathom. Craft, cunning and anger

seemed to be intermingled in that look.

The inspector took the glasses off the counter and placed them on a small table by his side, then glancing at us with a wink said, "Say, Boys! What do you think of that daub there? Eh! It —" he got no further for his feet slipped from under him and crash! to the floor he went with the small table almost on top of him and the glasses flying in all directions. We rushed to

pick him up, asking him if he had hurt himself. "Oh, no! - A darned shaking, that's all. I must have slipped on some of that peel."

I glanced at Li Hung and for a moment his face bore a look of anger, but it vanished and his imperturbable smile took its place. "Velly solly, Inspector; accidents will happen. Hope

you not hurt." said he suavely.

"That's all right, Li! Take the damage out of that, and fill us four more glasses, but not so strong," said Raynor casually as he put a coin down. Then he started to drum his fingers on the counter; we were all attention. Along came the message, "Those drinks were drugged... Look on the floor by the end of the counter and near the door... Don't start or make an exclamation as this old fox is watching us like a hawk... Be prepared...." While he was tapping out these words he passed a few commonplace remarks to Li Hung who was filling the glasses again, this time without any trickery.

Slowly we turned our gaze in the direction indicated by the inspector. Sinclair nearly gave the game away, for he gripped my arm with such force that I nearly yelled out. There on the floor was a little gold finger-ring which we knew belonged to Miss Aline. Li Hung had up to now noticed nothing, but he was watching us with uneasy eyes.

Suddenly, without any warning and before we could guess what was going to happen, the inspector looked Li Hung straight in the eyes and rapped out like a pistol shot, "Where is Wang Lu?"

It took Li Hung off his guard for a moment; look of fear came into his eyes. But he regained his composure in a second.

"I don't know," he replied.
"No? — Nor, by any chance, a little English girl who has lost her way, Eh?" asked Raynor.

That knocked Li Hung off his balance. A terrible look of rage passed over his features and he spluttered: "How should I know? They have not been here."

"You liar!" snapped out Raynor. "I suppose this" — and he then picked up the ring — "walked in here. Now, come on, you skunk! Hand them over or I'll shoot you like a dog."

Li Hung sprang back and as he did so pressed a little button behind him. We heard a bell ring upstairs. Simultaneously, Bang! went Raynor's revolver. The bullet crashed into a mirror over Li Hung's head breaking it to atoms. Without hesitation Sinclair vaulted over the bar. Crash! Crash!! went his fists into Li Hung's face who reeled round like a top and then fell senseless to the floor.

"That'll keep him quiet for a bit, I guess," said Sin.

Meanwhile we others had dashed to the door

on our right. It was locked.

"All together!" said Raynor. And Crash! went the door like matchwood before our charge. We entered a little passage at the end of which we espied a flight of stairs. "This way!" cried Raynor who was leading. Up the stairs we dashed.

On the landing were two doors which we flung open. One room was evidently the opium den itself for bunks lined the walls and mattresses were strewn about the floor. The other door led into a room round which numerous tables were set out and down the centre was a large table covered with green baize. There was no one in either room.

"Come on! Nothing here!" said Raynor as he led the way up a second flight of stairs. His head and shoulders had hardly appeared above the top step, when Crack! Crack! rang out two revolver shots and Raynor staggered back, nearly knocking us all down the stairs. "Keep low," he whispered.

"Are you hurt?" asked the C. O.

"Oh, no! Only a flesh wound; that's all," replied Raynor as he staunched the flow of blood from the graze near his temple.

"Don't fire back," he said. "The hounds might

perhaps use the child as a shield."

"My God!" the colonel gasped. "What can we do?"

The inspector was deep in thought for a moment, then a happy idea seemed to strike him, for he said: "We'll nail them! You, Sinclair creep down the room on the left and go to the window, open it without making any noise and you may be able to reach the roof that way. I believe you will manage it as the outer boards lap upwards. In the roof you will find a sky-light with one of the panes broken — I've seen it before. Take them by surprise that way. When you get there, fire at one of them; then the colonel and I will charge the door. Hurry up, my lads!"

Down the stairs we crept and entered the room treading noiselessly. Very gently we opened the window and looked out. What a perilous climb it was going to be! As the inspector had said the boards overlapped upwards. We should have to climb by our finger-tips and toes. We took off our boots, then leaned out of the

window.

"I'll go first," I said.

Gradually drawing my body through the window I reached upwards and grasped a bar that ran along the top of the window. Now for it, I thought as I took a long breath. As I slowly

climbed upwards more than once my heart seemed to stand still. My finger-tips and toes felt as if they were receiving electric shocks but I hung on at each grip like grim death. I dared not look down to see how Sinclair was getting on; I was dizzy enough now. At last my fingers grasped the parapet that ran round the roof. I heaved a sigh of relief for I knew I was practically safe. With some difficulty I pulled myself up and glanced across the roof; nobody there. They were evidently not expecting an attack from this quarter. I gained the roof and for a minute lay panting with exhaustion. Crawling to the edge I looked over to see how Sin was He just grasped the edge as I looked over; so, catching hold of his wrists, I assisted When he had regained his breath somewhat, he whispered "By gosh! That's a pretty stiff climb".

Our fingers were cut and bleeding, also our toes, but we had no time to think of that.

Carefully we made our way across the roof to the skylight. Reaching it, we peered cautiously through the broken pane from which a piece of glass was missing. We drew back horror-stricken at the sight which met our gaze. Three chinamen were in the room; two by the door listening intently while the other stood over Miss Aline with a long and cruel-looking knife in his hand.

"My God!" whispered Sin. "Had we charged that door that swine would have killed her. Take careful aim at that one. For God's sake

don't miss him!"

Cautiously leaning over the sky-light I took careful aim praying that I should not miss. "Now," said Sin. I pulled the trigger. chink threw up his hands and dropped like a The two at the door glanced up in alarm, but before either could move my revolver spoke again and Wang Lu staggered away from the door holding his arm. Before they could recover from the surprise the door was smashed in by Raynor and the Colonel. Almost at the same moment we forced open the skylight and dropped into the room. The third chink was now whining for mercy and with Wang Lu was cowering before the wrathful glare of Raynor.

"You dogs!" he shouted. "You'll get your

desserts later on."

As soon as the colonel had entered the room he rushed to the corner were his daughter lay and murmuring, "Thank God we have found you safe, my pet!" he took his knife from his pocket and cut the cords which bound Miss Aline.

She stood up and seemed hardly any the worse for her terrible adventure.

"Daddy! Daddy!" she said. "I've been ever so frightened. Take me away from this nasty place to my mammy."

"Yes, Yes, my pet," replied the colonel brokenly.
"We'll soon be with her. Is my darling hurt?"

"No, Daddy. I'm only afraid."

Sinclair and I kissed her but couldn't say a word. The lump in our throats wouldn't allow it. When we did regain a little of our compossure all we could say was "Thank God she' safe!"

sure all we could say was "Thank God she' safe!"

"Come along!" said Raynor. "Let's get out of this. Quick March! you dogs!" to Wang Lu and his confederate. Sinclair and I led the way down stairs, the two chinks came next, Rayner following with his revolver ready and the colonel with his daughter in his arms bringing up the rear. Li Hung had disappeared and the place was deserted.

"Never mind him!" cried Raynor. "He won't show his face here again. This affair has capped him."

We proceeded to the police offices where Raynor, after locking up the two chinks, rejoined us. "Well, good morning, Colonel. Good morning, my lads. Glad to have been of a little service to you," he said. Then, snatching a kiss from Miss Aline, he turned to run into his office.

"Raynor!" shouted the colonel. "Man! Don't run off like that. How can I thank you

for what you have done?"

"No thanks needed, Colonel. It's a pleasure." he called out over his shoulder, then disappeared into his sanctum.

"Well, come on, boys! I'll repay him some

how later on."

We then mounted our horses which the orderly still held, the colonel placing Miss Aline

carefully before him.

The boys were 'en masse' waiting for us and as we entered the gates what cheers met us! The Colonel reined up and holding up his hand said in a voice filled with emotion, "Thank you, men! The credit is due to Winton, Sinclair and Inspector Raynor for the rescue of my beloved daughter." He left us to go quickly to his wife to whom Raynor had wired.

Raynor, Sinclair and Winton now all sport a gold watch and chain, also a small locket in which rests a ringlet of golden hair. No need to say which they value the most.

A. Bramwell.

Notes and Notices.

Religious.

Church of England.

On Christmas Day a special service will be held at 10 a. m. The British members of the Orchestra have kindly volunteered their services.

There will be no Morning Service the follow-

ing Sunday but the Evening Service will be held as usual.

Service 8 a.m. Wednesdays and at 10 a.m.

Sundays. Full Choral.

A Sunday Evening Service is held in Barrack 49a, at 6 p. m. We hope (D. V.) to continue with this service throughout the Winter. All are heartly welcome.

Roman Catholic. Holy Mass at 7 a.m. Sundays.

Amusement.

Concert Notes Nov. 13th.

A good concert! We had a great and pleasant surprise in No 6. Our French comrades gave us a decidedly original turn in the Pantomine by the "Troupe Imperato." "Les Amours de Colombine" was — well, Ripping! We cannot sufficiently praise the acting; neither, judging by the applause, could the audience. Pte. Kennedy took a well earned rest. L. Cpl. Walsh sang "My pretty Jane splendidly." Pte. Robinson, a new turn gave some impersonations, and he should turn out a success, with practice.

Cpl. Dowden sang "A faded Picture" well and all the old favourites turned up. Archie and Doris met with their usual success. The song and scena, "The Deathless Army" by L. Cpl. Wilson and Co. was a good laugh and we all trooped home to the strains of Tipperary.

Like Oliver Twist we asked for more; more of the Troupe Imperato. But unlike Oliver we were lucky enough to get it on Nov. 20. The Troupe delighted an appreciative audience with "Les Ruses d'Arlequin". The skeleton as played by M. Eriulr was most realistic. Imperato and his troupe have our thanks for this original turn. The Deathless Army was given again and well received. The Gym Troupe gave us the Musical Dumbells and the Scotch Dancers a Foursome Reel. Another novel turn by a budding Pavlova in one of our Russian Comrades was very good. M. De Leye gave a Flute Solo "Grand Air Parie" and since he is a "1st Prize Conservatoire Ghent" his success may be imagined. Warton as "Acro in a lazy mood" managed to get a good deal out of his marked ability in the Gymnastic line - No mean feat for one man -. Kennedy gave us The Quarrel scene "Bought and paid for", also in some of his other Impersonations. The Choral was in form as Impersonations. also the Orchestra. This special Concert was one of the finest seen here. Unfortunately time ran the sketch "Shirts," and "Archie and Doris" a very close race, and, considering this difficulty they did jolly well. "Tipperary" once more and - All Smiling we turned in to our Little Wooden Huts.

The Mooden City. Christmas Number.



The Angel and the Soldier.

The soldier streed uneasily in his sleep. Outside the snowflakes fell with a dreary and true intuitive dramatic fittingness.

"The tears of other than mortals", came his

muffled voice from beneath the blanket. (In his sleep the snow was also

falling.)

"Nothing of the kind", said the stranger of the godlike mien.
"Tears!" — The exclamation was almost scornful.

The soldier found himself gazing up into the glowing face of a stranger, and suddenly grew aware that he was travelling at an enormous rate through space in company with the other. His breath began to come and go in quick gasping sobs. A strange exhileration seized upon him, and he grasped the other's hand yet more firmly.

Are egos gifted with the power of thought and reasoning? Is a mass of nothingness capable of expressing thought in speech? Science has not yet definately related the astral to the physical, the ego to matter, in anything like reasonable proportions and with due regard to Giant Circumstance (with capital letters), or how and why what follows.

Down below little twin points of light met his view, while here and there, the flames were ruddier. The eyes of the other, he noted, as he happened to glance at the stranger's face, were afar off, and shone compassionately. The soldier could

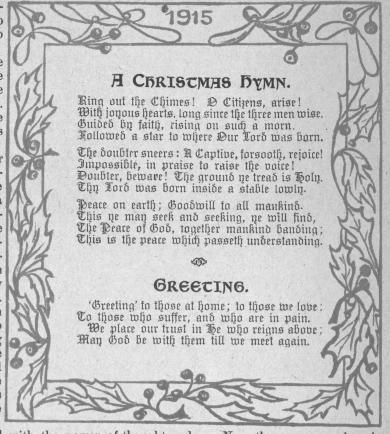
have sworn he heard the sound of several sharp reverberations, relieved every now and again by a duller metallic booming. And once more he wanted to repeat that the flakes of snow were tears. Wanted to say so very badly too! Instead he said something else. Remarks that caused the other to ejaculate:

"Hush!" and yet again, "Hush!"

Through the curtain of falling snow that lay between them and the earth the soldier-man observed the pin points of light were gradually paling. He grew suddenly silent at the immensity of it all.

Now the scene was changing again, and he could have sworn he heard the roar of breakers; the lonely solitary cry of a sea-gull; the distant hoot of an ocean-going leviathan. — Then presently, the roar of trains. — The snow by now had ceased to fall.

With his unoccupied hand he rubbed his eyes. God! He was in his motherland! — Dear Home-



land! - Back in the old homestead that but a moment ago had seemed so many countless miles

away.

He saw a sweet-faced grey-haired old lady in the act of making up a parcel, and a lump rose up in his throat as he noticed she sighed in the doing thereof. He wanted - Oh! - so baldy to clasp her in his arms und say, "Dear Mother mine!" and a score of other sweet baby phrases learnt at those dear knees in his infancy; to smooth that dear wrinkled brow of hers with his big hands and murmur words of comfort that, 'Dear God'! he had never been able to think of, had never in his whole life thought necessary until now; to say all that an overful, well-nigh bursting, heart was prompting him to say. But the lump in his throat, and the fact that he was but an ego, a dual shadowy personification of his other personality — that other self that was so many miles away - prevented him. The mists of long-dead years were before his eyes. He began to see in a different perspective.

Then a girl entered. A girl with a wondrous Madonna face, and dear wonderful little chestnut tendrils of hair that wandered in sweet rebellion across a clear unwrinkled brow of alabaster. There was resignation in her eyes, deep as forest pools at mid-night. But a blush and a happy look of expectation lit up her features as she

glanced at the address on the parcel.

*Enough!" said the stranger. The ego of the soldier-man reluctantly obeyed. And they flitted

"A grand little world, notwithstanding certain circumstances," said the stranger. "It is really a fine thing to be nourished in the womp of pain, and suffering, and desires unrequited. I know, because I happen to have gone through it all."

The roar of the trains receded swiftly from their hearing. The beautiful little fairy-tale snowflakes were again falling. They passed over the narrow stretch of darkly brooding waters. On, ever on, they fled back to that camp. From somewhere below came the sound as of many brass and stringed instruments, and the sounds of many manly voices. They were chanting carols; carols of "Peace on earth and godwill to men."

The soldier tried hard not to sigh. Tried -Oh! so hard — and succeeded. Came again the voice of the godlike stranger, "I am of the lately greatly augmented staff of Gabriel, by-the-way. Be of good cheer, and take courage in the state-ment."

Then the soldier awoke and lo! the snow had ceased to fall and the sun shone out strongly and bravely. While outside a couple of little German sparrows were chirruping away as though their little hearts would break, and Sandy Mc Napp passed by with funf parcel rolls under his arm. S. H. Reason.

Well Wishers of the American Press.

Profesor Dr. Stange has received a letter from Mr. Philip M. Powers of the Associated Press of America, written on behalf of the gentlemen mentioned therein, from which we print the

following extract. -

'In accordance with my telegram of yesterday I 'am sending you one hundred (100) marks, sub-'scribed by some of the Americans here toward 'a Christmas celebration for the prisoners of war 'in Göttingen. As I said in my telegram, we all 'wish them, regardless of nationality, all the joy 'of the season. Without exception we share with 'them the desire which many probably have for a 'speedy and honorable peace. If, at Christmas 'time, they long to be at home, so do we too. We 'are in a sense prisoners of war also.

'Alphabetically, the list of well wishers is as 'follows: - S. Miles Bouton, Associated Press: 'Cyril Brown, New York Times: Seymour Beach Conger, Associated Press: Col. Emersen, Washing-'ton Papers: Dr. O. P. Jacobs, New York Sun: 'Dr Lewis Marks: Philip M. Powers, Associated 'Press: Oswald F. Schuette, Chicago Daily News: 'Gustav Schweppendick, Hearst Papers: Raymond

E. Swing, Chicago Daily News.
'We all hope that the little we are able to do 'may help toward making Christmas, in captivity 'and in a strange land, a little more bearable than 'it otherwise would be. Personally, I should feel 'amply repaid if I might once more hear M. Jean 'Mainy sing from La Tosca as he sang on that 'day in June when I first visited Göttingen. I have 'seldom had such a treat.'

On behalf of the British Prisoners of War, we wish to express our sincere thanks to our well-

wishers.

It was a rehearsal for the big inspection the following day. The battalion had marched to the place allotted and was formed in line. Crowds of civilians were there, altho' it was only practice.

The R. S. M. was eager that everyone should work like clockwork. "Make your slings tell on

your butts," he hoarsely whispered getting a little mixed. "I'll give you the time."

"Now then, look out! It's the slope. One! Two! Three! Now then," another hail in the distance. - "It's the present. - One! Two! Three!" And everyone within hearing of the S.M., came smartly to the present.

The S. M. moved to another company.

Instead of coming to the present, the remainder of the whole line had come to the order.

Slightly Mixed.

"Hallo! Hallo!! — Oh, is that you? — I want you to meet me at Mr. Evans's house to-night; can you come?" "All right; thank you You see Tom Evans is to arrive home on the 'Cedric' to-day and if we go to-night, we'll get the goods off him. What's that?" "Oh! — Well, I don't know exactly; but I know that he is bringing a bundle of valuable papers, a gold watch and quite a sum of money." "Right! Don't forget."

I don't call myself inquisitive, and I don't

imagine myself to be an amateur detective. In fact, as a general rule, I flatter myself that I usually manage to keep out of other people's affairs, but on this occasion, I'll admit it was too much for me. It was the day before Christmas. I happened to have been in Liverpool for a few days; but now was only hanging on, waiting for young Billy, the kid of our family. Billy was coming home on the 'Cedric' after an absence of some years.

Isn't it great the way some of these youngsters go on now-a-days? Coming home to spend Christmas! -- Coming over three thousand miles to spend Christmas at home!! - But of course, when he wrote that he intended doing so, we knew that he meant staying two or three months — and I don't blame him so long as he had the

money.

I knew the 'Cedric' would be in sometime that day, so to pass the time I walked round gazing into the shop-windows. Ultimately, I went into a shop to buy something or other, and while I was waiting to be served, I heard every word that was being said over the telephone in the corner. It was a girl's voice, one of these gushing, Edison-Bell-Record kind of voices. As I have said before, I don't believe in poking my nose into other people's business, and I didn't know anybody in Liverpool, but, upon my word! when I heard that conversation I was dead certain I had landed on a nest of thieves; possibly one of those huge international conspiracies. Otherwise, how could they have such detailed information as to what Mr. Tom Evans was bringing with him. And they were going to rob him in a Mr. Evans's house, too; the old man, I supposed. This then must be some monstrous organisation that could lay such definate plans beforehand. I thought, anyway, Billy's all right; evidently, the members of the gang at the other side of the Atlantic had overlooked him. So although I was sorry for the Evanses, both Tom and the old man, after all I was only there to look after Billy and had nothing to do with the affairs of Liverpool folk.

As I was leaving the shop I heard the bell ring as the receiver was hung up, and I suddenly

thought I would have a look at the young lady who had been speaking. She appeared out of the corner, from round the end of a pile of showcases, etc., and her appearance gave me a bigger surprise than her conversation had done. What I mean is; there was nothing striking about her appearance at all; that was what surprised me.

You know any thief, especially a lady-thief, should have a different appearance to anyone else. You know perfectly well, in your own mind, what a thief should look like, don't you? I can't describe it; but anyway, she wasn't the least bit

like that.

She was just an ordinary girl, except that she didn't look strong; and she gave me the impression that the only man she could ever rob would be a blind man. However, appearances are deceptive, and, in any case, it was none of my business

so long as they left Billy alone.

It was just after one o'clock when Billy and I shook hands on Princes' Pier. Although, the 'Cedric' had lost time on the voyage owing to the fog, nearly everybody was pleased, since they had arrived in time for Christmas. Billy was overjoyed to find me there to meet him, and would insist on introducing me to some of his friends.

It's wonderful how many friends a person seems to make on boardship. He dragged me round like an exhibit hefore Mr. So-and-so, and Mrs. So-and-so, and Miss So-and-so. And it struck me that there were a tremendous lot of Miss So-andsos among Billy's friends. I was also very much surprised to find that instead of having known them for years, he had only known them for ten days; but there are not many lads like our Billy,

you know.

After I had been introduced to every passenger on the ship so it seemed to me, Billy suddenly discovered that I hadn't met Tom, his particular chum on the boat. Before I had time to ask him which Tom he meant, Billy saw him some way off on the quay, and away I was dragged again until we came to a halt before a young fellow, talking to a nice-looking old lady and gentleman. On being introduced, I found I was talking to Tom Evans and his father and mother. They were very nice people, and when Mr. Evans Senior found that Tom and Billy had been such close friends on board, he gave us a very hearty greeting.

All this time I had been thinking about the mysterious telephone-conversation I had overheard in the forenoon. I felt pretty sure that this must be the Tom Evans, but I didn't quite know what

to do about it yet.

Mrs. Evans suddenly remembered that Billy and I would be in time to spend Christmas Day at home if we caught the mid-night train, and she would not be satisfied until we had promised to come over to her house to spend a few hours that evening. Tom was greatly in favour of this idea, and seeing that Billy was keen on carrying it out, I thought I could do nothing better than

fall in with the suggestion.

We made our adieus, promising that, after we had made a short tour of the town, and Billy had seen the most important sights and buildings, we would then pay our intended visit. We proceeded to carry out this programme, and taking it all round, we had quite a jolly time wandering round, comparing English and American styles and talking over past days. The time flew by to such an extent that it was half past eight when we arrived at the Evans's.

After making our apologies for being so late, we were introduced to the company, for it appeared that Mr. and Mrs. Evans were having quite a party to welcome their son home. Having that mysterious message in my mind, it may be imagined that I did not feel very much at ease. I had not mentioned it to Billy, and I did not see that I was justified in speaking of it to Tom or Mr. Evans. I decided that for the present I would say nothing, but would keep my eyes open and await developments. I had already had a good look round and was certain that the young lady whom I had seen in the morning was not among the company.

I had not long to wait, however, for shortly after nine some more guests arrived. I almost stopped breathing, for among them I saw the young girl of the telephone, accompanied by a young giant of over six foot and proportionately broad.

The first thought which came to me was, how many of us would it take to overpower the fellow if it did come to a scrap. And then there was Miss Telephone-voice; she didn't look strong, poor girl, but there was no knowing how many revolvers, or such-like implements, she had about her. The worst of it was, that I was the only one, other than the gang, who knew about the business. Had not I distinctly heard her say, "we'll get the goods off him?" And had she not stated what Tom had brought with him? I began to wish I was well out of it all.

They were being introduced to those present, and I had to shake hands with both of them. Being on my guard I watched her every movement. When I saw her and Tom sit down side by side and enter into an earnest discussion, by skilful manoeuvring, I sat down on a chair near enough to overhear their conversation. Hardly right, perhaps; but under the circumstances, no

other course presented itself.

As I have before remarked, I am far from thinking myself an amateur detective; but I did

give myself credit for being able to keep my nose out of matters which do not concern me. After that Christmas Eve I can no longer do so, but I vowed, there and then, that from that day I would never again attempt to do any more detecting so long as I lived.

When I came to think that I suspected that girl of being a thief! — Why, the only thing she ever stole was that young giant's affections. And again, who ever heard of a lady-thief being called Miss Love? A girl with a name like that, a delicate constitution, and a decidedly sweet voice, simply couldn't be a thief if she tried.

What I did learn by my eaves-dropping was that her brother Ned, had gone away with Tom five years before. They had got on well too; had started a flourishing business, and were making money fast, when poor Ned caught a fever and died. He never had been very strong, poor chap. I also learnt that Tom — and I thought it said a great deal for him — had carried on the business himself, temporarily, in the interests of his late partner's next-of kin, namely his sister in Liverpool. Apparently, she had left everything in Tom's hands until such time when he was able to come home and hand over Ned's shares, his gold watch, and his other effects, besides a goodly cheque.

Billy has often talked about what a pleasant evening that was at Tom Evans's place, but he doesn't know my recollections of that night, nor is he likely to. If he knew, he might perhaps, understand my undoubted lack of enthusiasm. Anyway, Sherlock Holmes can keep his job so

far as I am concerned; I don't want it.

We caught the mid-night train as arranged, and arriving home early the following morning had a jolly enjoyable Christmas; even I, in spite of my failure as a detective.

An Englishman, who had, at home, been in the habit of testing the straightness of the staircase on his return in the early hours by walking up-stairs without touching the sides of the balusters, was staying at a large hotel on the Continent.

On Christmas Eve — rather morning — after bidding his friends, "Goo-ni!" he applied the test and much to his surprise and gratification arrived at the head of the staircase. He continued his way along a corridor until he came opposite another gentleman who looked decidedly drunk. Feeling highly virtuous he made way for him.

The other gentleman did the same. He again moved to one side; so did the other. He sat down suddenly, vowing he would not budge until

the other had passed him.

Waking, he found, on reflection that the night before had been one glass too many for him.

Boxing Notes.

A Boxing Tournament was held in the Wooden

City on Friday, 25th November, 1915.

The prizes consisted of a Silver Cup for each of the winners in the Feathers, Lights and Middles, and other prizes for the runners-up. They were presented through the kindness of a lady residing in Guildford, (Surrey) and the thanks of the British Prisoners of War are due to this lady.

A little enlivening of the monotony of one's life here is a great boon, and the resultant competition, culminated in a fine series of bouts.

We were all very pleased to be given the opportunity of welcoming one of our wounded officers, who, though unable to walk, arrived supported by two hefty lads in khaki.

The winners of the respective weights were. -

Feathers . . . Cpl. Panton, Middlx. Rgt. Lights Pte. Terry, S. Staffs.

Middles . . . Pte. Edwards, R. W. Fusiliers.

and jolly good winners too.

The first competitors in the Feathers were Cpl. Vesey, "Queens", and Pte. Grifliths, R. W. F. The latter was a good deal the better man, and

was awarded the decision on points.

In the next contest we had a fair imitation of Don Quixote charging a wind-mill — in this case however he came off best. Our Don Quixote was Cpl. Panton, and his opponent Pte. Davis, R. W. F., who seemed to be all over the place, but was really nowhere. He yielded to Panton in the second round.

The final between Panton and Griffiths was a very sporting fight. In the first round Griffiths gained a slight lead, but Panton wore him down and was declared winner in the third round.

In the Light Weights, Cpl. Nabbs, R. W. F., was drawn against Pte. Holland, Wilts, and after a very tough fight the decision was earned by

Cpl. Nabbs.

The next on the boards were Cpl. Panton, who had entered for both weights, and Pte. Dodge, Leicesters. This was one of the most strenuous fights of the evening. After three well fought rounds matters were even, and the referee called for a fourth. Again they fought well, but Panton gained the advantage and won on points.

Pte. Terry, S. Staffs. met Cpl. Nabbs in the next bout, and proved himself so much the superior that Cpl. Nabbs resigned the fight in the second

round.

Terry's next opponent was Cpl. Panton, who had already fought three bouts. Two of these had been pretty stiff, so he could hardly do justice to himself. He retired in favour of Terry at the end of the second round and the latter was declared the winner.

There was some excitement in the Middle Weight Competition as the only knock-out of the evening took place. Pte. Edwards, R. W. F. and Pte. Ford, K. O. Lancs. were the two first combatants. The first round was indecisive, but the other two went in favour of Edwards, who gained the decision.

The next two, Pte. McDonach, S. Staffs. and Pte. Harman, Northld. Fus., went at it hammer and tongs, so much so, that one could not tell t'other from which. A break. And piff!

Harman bit the dust for ten.

Pte. Edwards, R. W. F. beat Pte. Kingston

Worcesters, on points after a good fight.

Then came the final between McDonagh and Edwards, which was another fight to the last gasp — almost. Anyway, a fourth round had to be fought and, ultimately, Edwards was pronounced the victor.

Both victors and runners-up in each competition were applauded with vigour, and we returned home, after a very pleasant evening, to

the refrain of 'Tipperary'.

Our thanks are particularly due to the French gentleman who so ably refereed, Monsieur Garnier. Also to those who managed and assisted in the Competition.

Little Human Parcels.

The following contribution has been passed to us by one of our readers. It is an extract from a letter sent to a Prisoner of War by a school-mistress in England, and reads as follows. —

'I let my kiddies at school write a Compo 'imagining they themselves were a parcel going 'to a coldier. They were very funny and many 'and varied were the journeys taken. I set 'down one which may interest you, verbatim. —

"I am a big parcel. Mrs. Lewis wrote a 'big address on me and took me to the post 'office. I feel very full because I have a cake, 'some cigarets some scholets (chocolates) a loaf 'and some wall nuts inside of me. The post-man put me in the mail and I was took to 'the station. The train took me to the sea and 'I was bundled on to a ship with thousands 'of other boxes on top of me and I didn't like 'it a bit.

"When I got to gotingen the soldier who was

'going to have me was at work.

'When he came back from work the sentree 'said Reginald Lewis here is a parcel for you. 'When he opened me he was as happy as a 'sand-boy. When he went in the choiur (choir) 'that night he sung at the top of his voice."

The Good Samaritans.

On Christmas Eve 19 - it would have been hard to find a jollier crowd than that gathered round the large log fire, in the taproom of 'The Wanderer's Return', situated in the centre of that picturesque and charming village, Swanscote. All the men folk were gathered there, for was it not

the night of the year to them?

The ballot for a large turkey presented by the Lord of Swanscote Hall was about to take place. Tickets were sold at a nominal cost of threepence, the proceeds to go to the Cottage Hospital. Merry jests were passed, old tales were told, and Bill Watkins accompanied by Harry Jones on the piano, kept the company in good humour with a few snatches of pantomine songs.

The door was opened to admit a man of small stature, with a face that once had been round and jovial but was now pinched and worn apparently for the want of food. He hesitated for a moment on the threshold, and glanced round the assembled

company.

"Come inside, Sir" came the cheery voice of the landlord, as a gust of wind swept in with a small cloud of snowflakes. The man closed the door and approaching, paced a penny on the counter and called for half a pint of beer.

"Dash of old in, Sir?" asked the Landlord. "I don't mind", replied the man in rather a refined voice.

The landlord drew the beer and the man taking it from the counter, faced the company and in a voice that shook a little.

"Same to you, Sir", they all replied as they

drank from their glasses.

The old man walked across the room and took a seat near a side door. As he looked round the room a lump came into his throat. Not one of the assembled company recognised him as William King, the one-time great actor. As he sat there, visions floated before his eyes of other jolly Christmas's he had spent amongst such folk as these. Now what a change! Without a friend in the wide world, and only threepence in his pocket; and Christmas Eve at that! It was not that he had not been thrifty in years gone by.

On the other side of the village was a broken down caravan in which his wife tended their

daughter who was very ill.

A good samaritan had given them sixpence the day before. Two pence had been spent on a loaf and the remaining fourpence was to have been for a drop of brandy for the daughter. "Daddv", she had said as he came slowly down the steps of their little wooden house. "Do have a drop of beer. Threepence of brandy will be enough for me and mother".

"Alright my dear", he replied as he went slowly on his way through the drifting snow. As he crossed the meadow the village bells rang out. "Peace and Goodwill to all", they seemed to say. He only clenched his teeth and staggered on. Christmas would make no difference to him. When he reached 'The Wanderer's Return' he had no intention of spending the penny on beer. But when he was inside the room its cosiness attracted him, and so his decison faile I him.

He looked up as the front door opened to admit a man, who in a loud and cheery voice wished all

present a Merry Christmas.

The company returned the compliment, and the landlord came from behind the bar and placed a

cosy arm-chair in front of the fire.
"Thanks", said the man as he seated himself. "Now, Jackson", he said to the landlord, "Drinks round; let us drink to the health of all".

Jugs were filled and King hesitated as he placed his jug on the counter. The drop he had already taken seemed to warm his body through and through. Another drink might go to his But the landlord took his jug and filled it with the rest of the company's. Healths were then drunk to the Lord of the Hall, who had presented the turkey, and to his wife and children. And then up jumped the landlord.

"Now gentlemen, we will drink to the health of our esteemed friend, Mr. Binks", he said as he nodded towards the man in the chair. The latter rese to his feet as the company lifted the jugs to

their lips, and bowed to them.

At that m ment the clock struck nine. A thrill ran through the company, for that was the hour appointed for the ballot to take place, and Mr. Binks had kindly condescended to draw the winning number from the box.

"Well gentlemen", he said as he cleared his throat. "I am pleased to say we have sold all the tickets but one". (Everyone heartily applauded.) Looking at King he went on, "If this gentle-

man likes to purchase it, he can do so".

Should he buy it? King pondered. - If he won it, what a glorious feed his wife and daughter would have! Why, with the bits of holly and misletoe hung on the walls of the old caravan; a bright log fire burning in the small fireplace, and a large turkey on the table, it would seem like old times. But supposing he lost! He dreaded to think of it. No brandy to take back! A few sharp words from his wife for his foolishness and only a crust of dry bread for their Christmas Day dinner.

Come on, Stranger! Chance your luck! The money is for a good cause", said the landlord.

Hesitatingly, King drew the three coppers from his pocket, and as he handed them to the landlord, he offered up a silent prayer that he might

be the lucky winner.

"That's right, Sir! You're a sport! And Good Luck to you!" said Binks, as he handed a ticket to King, which bore on the one side, No. 253.

"Where is the bird?" asked Binks.

"Safe in the Pantry", replied the landlord.

"Right. Now, gentlemen, I will draw a ticket from this box", which the landlord had placed on the counter. "And the first number to be drawn takes the prize".

"Aye! Aye!" replied the Company.

Binks took up the box, gave it a vigorous shake and replaced it on the counter. Rolling up his sleeve, he inserted his fingers in the hole at the top and drew out a small card.

Silently, the men watched him. King, his face flushed with excitement stood up, his breath coming in short gasps, and his heart pounding against his ribs like a sledge-hammer. Binks looked at the card, and in a loud voice said:

"Gentlemen 252 wins"!

· Before he could say any more, the company burst into a cheer. No one noticed King. With his face ghastly white, he looked unbelievingly round the room. For a moment a cloud seemed to pass over his brain. He staggered to the door, and, quietly opening it, passed out into the passage, with the cheers still ringing mockingly in his ears.

"Lost — by one! — O God! How cruel is fate!" he muttered. His fingers pressed against the wall as he staggered on. He slipped and almost fell. In trying to save himself, his hand pressed against a door, which flew open at his touch. There on a small shelf, he saw the turkey which he had tried to win. He drew back and gasped. Then a thought flashed through his mind. Why should he not have the turkey? It was theft, but then he could not see his wife and daughter starve.

With beads of perspiration on his pallid features he seized the bird, and, with hands that seemed stricken with ague, he put it under his threadbare, coat and staggered to the door.

"Merciful Heavens!" he gasped, as he looked up the passage. Coming towards him was the landlord! To go and put it back meant being caught redhanded. Then a voice seemed to whisper to him:

"Run for it!"

"God forgive me!" said King, as with a frightened glance at the landlord, he flew down the passage still clutching the turkey in his arms. Out into the night he rushed.

"Thief! Thief!" were the words which rang in his ears as he turned to the right and ran down

the street. At the corner he paused; then it seemed to strike him what he had done.

"My God, I'm a thief", he gasped. Should he retrace his steps, he pondered, and try to rectify

his crime.

"Thief!" the word rang in his ears. He, William King, the old idol of the public, was a common thief. He turned as if to retrace his steps, when the door of 'The Wanderers Return' was thrown open and the villagers dashed out pell-mell. Halting for a moment they glanced up and down the street.

Then they caught sight of King.

"Stop thief! Stop thief!!" they shouted as they rushed towards him. King, hardly knowing what he was doing, dashed down the deserted street on his right. Up one street and down another, it was not long before he reached the open country.

The crowd still pursued him.

Onwards he dashed; through hedges, over brooks, through stubble and bushes. He could not shake the crowd off. Terror, and fear of capture, lent speed to his flying feet. Gasping and choking for breath he ran on. A gasp of horror left his lips as he just pulled himself up in time, on the brink of a large clay pit. He looked round, but he could see no way of escape now.

Then an amazing thing happened. The turkey which he still clutched to him, struggled in his

grasp.

What miracle was this? — The bird was dead and feathered when he had taken it from the pantry. It had now become endowed with life. It flew out of his arms, and, as he turned to face the men he was surprised to see them chasing it.

What was the meaning of it all?

He raised his hand to wipe the sweat from his forehead, when, with a crash, the ground beneath his feet gave way. He remembered no more.

"Come on, old fellow! — Feel better now?" the voice of Binks asked him.

Slowly he opened his eyes and gazed around him. Why, they had caught him then! He noticed then, that he lay on the floor of the taproom. His brow was cold and clammy. The men were gathered round him with pitying looks on their faces.

"I didn't mean to steal it, Gentlemen", he said in a weak voice. "Do not hand me over to the police! Oh, my poor wife and child."

"What are you talking about?" asked Binks,

"Are you a burglar?"

For God's sake! don't taunt me! I'll admit I took

the turkey", he said, as they gently raised him and

sat him in the easy chair by the fire.
"My dear Sir", replied Binks." You stole nothing! The turkey is yours. You won it with your ticket."

"But mine was 253," said King.

"Oh no! — if you will look on the other side you will see 252. Number 253 is a blank".

"Then I didn't steal the turkey."

"Of course you didn't. When I announced the winning number you fainted dead away".

"Thank God, I am not a thief!" he said in a voice full of emotion. "It must have been a dream".

He accepted the glass of hot whisky offered to him by the landlord, and it was not long be-

fore he had told them his life-story.

When he had finished, there was not a dry eye in the room. Binks cleared his throat and going to the counter whispered to the landlord, who nodded his head in reply, and quietly slipped out.

"Gentlemen", said Binks, in a shaky voice, "Our esteemed friend of to-night and for ever on, will be our guest this Christmas, and we hope for a good many more Christmases". ("Hear, Hear!" said the company) It gives me great pleasure too, not only present to him the Prize Turkey, but also a small parcel which I hope he will accept". Here the landlord returned to the bar, and handed a large and bulky parcel, with the Turkey on top, to Binks who went on". And now, Gentlemen, Mr. King will wish you all a very good night. Going to the chair he assisted King to his feet and helped him to the door.

"Gentlemen", said King, in a broken voice, as le turned on the threshold. "I hope and trust the Good Shepherd and Saviour of us all will give you the happiness that you have given me. I wish you all a very Happy and bright Christmas, and always remember that if I can be of any service to you at any time, I will answer your call with all the spirit I can command. Gentlemen, Good night! May God bless you for

your kindness!"

As Binks closed the door, the rafters shook with the greetings that they showered at the old and aged actor.

"Peace and Goodwill to all" the bells rang out, as Binks wished King "Good night!" on the steps

of the caravan.

In the village church on Christmas morn kneels an old couple, who thanked the Lord with all their hearts, and prayed to Him to shower his Blessings on the Good Samaritans who had given to them such a Bright and Merry Christmas.

Editorial.

A Cheery Christmas to all the Boys. THE EDITORR.

Notes and Notices.

Religious.

Church of England.

On Christmas Day a special service will be held at 10 a. m. The British members of the Orchestra have kindly volunteered their services.

There will be no Morning Service the following Sunday but the Evening Service will be

held as usual.

Service 8 a.m. Wednesdays and at 10 a.m. Sundays. Full Choral.

Sunday Evening Service is held in Barrack 49 a,

at 6 p. m.

Roman Catholic. Holy Mass at 7 a. m. Sundays.

Peace.

It was a glorious star-lit night. The Southern cross shining in all its splendour over the apparently limitless stretch of waters.

On board the troopship steadily steaming along, all was quiet save for the steady throb of the

propeller. It was nearly midnight.

I was lying with some others half asleep on the poop to deck, when we were aroused by the voice of an officer ordering us move out of the way. Bewildered and not understanding fully what was the matter, we complied slowly. As I stood up I noticed for the first time that the propeller had stopped and the ship lay almost motionless on the gently heaving sea.

A slight noise attracted our attention and we saw on the shoulders of four men, coming up the companion ladder, a form enveloped in the

Union Jack.

Then we knew.

It was a man who had just died and was being buried at once.

It was weirdly impressive. The little group with the silent form, moved! close to the rail and then the even voice of the captain was carried to us on the still air as he read the Burial Ser-

The solemn words "We commit thy body to the deep" and a heavy splash, completed the tragedy. Then the screw commenced to revolve once more.

A few minutes afterwards, right ahead, we saw the distant lights of Cape Town. I looked at my watch; exactly midnight. Listening intently, I caught the faint sound of bells in the distant city ringing out their cheery message.

It was Christmas Eve.

One of the shipload had found peace beneath the all-embracing sea. Is peace to be found here? On this side of the Great Divide? Sometimes one doubts; but each successive Christmas reminds us of the Divine promise definite and clear, "Peace on earth and goodwill to men".

THE WOODEN CITY

A JOURNAL FOR BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR

No. 13

GÖTTINGEN

January 1. 1916

The Lepers.

This is the tale of one, Rodriguez Perez, and another character that flits across the scene of

this chapter of his life.

Rodriguez, you must understand, was essentially a Latin. Also, a man of queer unconventional ideas. I like to think, in the light of what follows, that he welcomed the idea that the rest of the world should regard him as an unconventional of unconventionals - an eccentric even. The human who scorns covenances, in ninety nine cases out of a hundred, will be found to have the courage of his convictions on any standpoint of view he may foster. Personally I have taken off my hat, metaphorically and otherwise, many a time to the ideals of my friend Rodriguez. Whether under similar circumstances, I should have acted as he did, I am not able to say. I like to think that I would, fully aware that in doing so, I should be setting the opinions of the world at nought, disregarding all the canons of human eugenics, probably holding myself up to the ridicule of the whole world even.

Love is the world; the be-all and end-all of our transitory existance; the only thing that makes life worth living. That was the view of Rodriguez. Perez! I salute thee. Perez! may thy shadow never grow less, and the memory of thy quaint philosophy never dim. All of which by-

the-way is somewhat off the point.

Perez then, thought a great deal of a certain red and yellow flag. It was the most glorious strip of bunting in its colour scheme that ever the heart of man had devised. Not the brain, but the heart, if you can follow. By no process of reasoning would he allow that mentality had entered into the question at all — an eminently

Latin line of reasoning.

He thought so much of that strip of bunting, by-the-way, that when he found he had not drawn the lucky number that would enable him to become a conscript soldier of Spain's glorious army, he had volunteered his services straight away. And the result was that he had been quartered in a picturesque town in Southern Spain — Algeciras to be precise — for a matter of some six months or so, while he underwent his recruit's course. There he suffered the hundred and one revelations and disclosures consequent to a life wherein your first lesson is the primordial one of

physical aggression, and the second, that of successful self-defence, and they were each and severally attended to with automatic precision.

In his dreams Perez liked to think of that bit of red and yellow bunting as dominating the varied and multifarious destinies of the seven Which was foolish of course, and yet quite permissible. The generals controlling the separate spheres of activity in Morocco were veritable Cortezs. Each boat-load of ragged, happy-go-lucky Spanish infantrymen had periodically sailed from Algiciras in Moorish dhows escorted by grimy Spanish torpedo boats, he likened unto gold and silver knights of ancient, haughty Spanish legerdemain. Idealism, you will observe, dominated all the mental processes of this youth's life. It is a fine thing to have ideals to cherish. It is a finer to follow them persistently, ignoring the fact that ideals never can and never will materialise. I like to think that my friend Rodriguez followed his so devotedly during those trying six months of the Spanish disciplinary melting-pot. Came the day when he discarded his greyish, white uniform, with the narrow, perpendicular black stripes. He discarded them along with several others of his comrades at the very earnest request of the Spanish Government, donning khaki instead.

He was elated. For one night only, he forgot a great many of his ideals, and indulged, in company with some of his comrades, in sampling certain wines and so on, in honour of the occasion.

The following day he formed one of a dhowload, that rocked dangerously in the wake of a fussy little steam pinnace requisitioned to tow them accross the shimmering, sun-lit ten miles, or so, of sky-blue bay, heading for Ceuta, the Spanish base of operations.

11.

Perez, after six months of desultory trench fighting, engaged in repulsing the predatory and periodical night attacks of a wily foe whose birthright was the sword, had been promoted to sergeant.

The furtherance of his country's aims and ambitions were still his chief ideals in life. But it must be admitted, there was a woman who ran a very close second. Being only a secondary ideal, perhaps that very fact ought to dictate that she should be dealt with summarily. Her charms however will not admit of this being done for one thing; the logical, or illogical, — however you

choose to view it — sequence to this tale is the other factor.

Her charms call for the following statement. Her eyes were in their purity something like to the clarity and depth of forest pools at midnight. Have you ever had the extreme good fortune to behold a young pomegranate in the first sweet flush of its approaching ripeness? Cut it, and compare the tiny white seeds to her teeth; the warm downy flush of the fruit to her complexion; her breath to dew-laden roses at dawn; very woman in the subtlety of her words; charming even when wilful; very Eve in her form; — an adorable woman. What greater panegyric can poor puny man offer?

Perez, sunbrowned, handsome, manly. Above all, a hero, fighting for the immortal glory of that red and yellow bunting. Dolores, passionate, romantically inclined, like all true daughters of Eve inclined to hero-worship. Small wonder then, that Fate, having given each a glimpse of the other, had left the furtherance of the affair in

the capable hands of Cupid.

Perez to-day was not his usual self. His comrades, among themselves, discussed this fact with interest. Ultimately, they came to the conclusion that things had not been as they should have been with Perez for some time past. They regarded him now with a certain amount of compassionate interest, for you will understand, he was beloved by all the rank and file of his battalion.

There were certain tiny bones in his jaw, that curiously enough they had never before noticed, the which had now attained undue prominence. His eyes held a far-away look too. His back was to the trench; a cigarette burned aimlessly between his lips; his gaze was fixed on a far away cluster of white houses on the coast.

From the direction of the little white city in the distance a figure on horseback appeared. The eyes of Perez lit up with expectation; he concluded and rightly that the horseman was the lancer orderly with the mails. Would there be news to-day? Mother of God! This suspense was terrifying. He mentally reviewed the past ten days; days that had brought him no tidings from the woman who dwelt in yonder fly-ridden town of vice and virtue; this sweet frail thing of perfumes and dainty womanliness who was, growing so dear to him.

Chaotic thoughts and impulses raced through his mind. Essentially Latin, the first demon to assail him was the yellow monster. Chivalrous to a degree, he refused to dwell and run in the grooves of any permanent line of thought, that suggested doubts as to her integrity. And yetCeuta's population is cosmopolitan to a degree. The statement may be necessary and again it may not; the fact is incontrovertable. Which latter may be taken into account as wielding some influence on the state of mind of Perez.

The orderly having tethered his mount behind the shelter of a convenient sand-knoll, some miel or so in rear, approached the firing line by means of communicating trenches, and other devices equally effective that recommend themselves to the minds of soldiers and other people who have no pressing desire to shuffle off this mortal coil

in any particular hurry.

The mail was passed along. No news again! The warm semi-tropical sun grew suddenly dark; the skies a dreary grey to his vision. A mist came before his eyes. From somewhere out on the left of the line, a dull booming was borne in upon them. Suddenly, he became the man of clear thought again. The mists had rolled away from his mental vision. His plan of action became manifestly clear. He would obtain leave of absence from his superiors, and find out for himself.

The Captain eyed him keenly as he made his request, and signed the pass that would carry him through the reserves without question. The officer would not have performed a like service for most of his company; but Perez was a decided

exception.

"Not too much wine, now, Perez", he said, waving an admonitory finger, while an indulgent smile flitted accross his features. "Nor women," he had almost added. But something shining in the eyes of the other checked any further utterance in that direction. Perez saluted, clicking his heels smartly together as he did so. He thanked his Captain briefly, and the latter ruminated for a few moments after the soldier's departure, then dismissed the matter from his mind.

III.

Perez paced down the cobbled street of Ceuta with a happy look of glad expectation in his eye. If people glanced at him strangely, compassionately almost, he heeded it not. She had been ill probably; his little girlie. His thoughts reverted back to their last meeting of but a few weeks ago, and he was happy in the scenes this train of reminiscences recalled. How tender she had been on that last occasion when they had plighted their troth under a brilliant moon in the old world gardens of Alameda. And her little "Si", signifying acquiesence before he had placed the ring on her little finger! His blood quickened even now as he remembered the beautiful sweet passion made manifest in her last kiss when they had sealed their compact.

How they had discussed their future plans. He could hear even now the trills of her happy laughter as he arranged the details of the joyful event — Colonel Rodriguez Perez leading his happy blushing bride to the alter when Spain's honour should have been vindicated, and all the other customary verbal regalia accompanying any young couple's remarks, who have discovered that the world has suddenly grown very dear to them on the other's account.

On a sudden he realised he had reached his destination. He knocked at the door of a house that was a degree meaner than its neighbours. A second; and yet a third time he renewed his attacks with growing impatience. And it was not until then, that he realised, for the first time, that folks seemed to be regarding him somewhat strangely, certainly covertly, and he resented the fact, because somehow he seemed to imagine that those tousled heads were regarding him and the present situation as calling for a certain amount of ridicule.

He knocked yet again and louder. A sense of some awful impending evil came upon him.

"Dolores! Dolores!!" he called. But there was no response. And yet again, "Dolores!"

He felt a slight touch on his arm, and turned to find himself confronting a woman of medium age. He observed her eyes reflected pity even as she spoke. The sense of impending tragedy became doubly acute before she had uttered a word. Now, the whole firmament was dancing before his eyes.

"Dolores a leper"! He clutched at her arm fiercely as he spoke. "Mother of God! — You must be mad, woman. A leper?" — His face had suddenly grown ghastly. "A leper, Dear God! What are you talking about? — Why! only a short six weeks ago she promised to be my wife."

Oh, it was quite incredible and impossible. In a detached way, the strangeness of the neighbours' attitude, however, re-occurred to him. And what need for the woman to lie? She was speaking again — revealing the whole sorry sordidness of things.

"That woman, the stepmother of Dolores," the narrator shrugged her shoulders contemptuously, "it seems, upon making the discovery, immediately bundled the girl out of the house, and emphasised the fact, that whether the girl found an abiding place in the leper colony, or out in the desert, was all one and the same to her."

In reply to the question of Perez, she only knew that the stepmother, after bundling the girl out of the house, had gone away herself almost

immediately. This would be about three hours since.

"And the Senorita herself, would only have departed some four hours?" A new expression shone on his countenance; a look of high resolve flavoured with a soupcon of devilry that boded ill for the stepmother, should it happen to be her singular misfortune to cross the path of the Senor Rodriguez Perez.

"Could the Senora help me to form some opinion as to the probable whereabouts of the Senorita Dolores?"

The woman shrugged her rather shapely shoulders, and waved a hand in a deprecatory, helpless kind of way in the direction of the distant range of mountains and the intermediate waste of sandy desert. True, she had watched the form of the girl out of sight, after providing her with a little in the way of food, and a cape. And with this Perez had to remain content.

He wasted no time in idle conjecture. If she had returned, then someone or other would have known. He would seek for her in the desert wilds, in the mountain fastnesses, over the whole earth; on, ever on, until he had found her.

He knew now, the reason of her silence. The thought of the hideousness of her malady did not deter him. Nothing, he swore, should now stand between him and the goal of his desire; nothing mortal, that is. And it was likely that she might encounter the fiends of the desert. Cold beads of sweat oozed out from his brow at the thought of the bare possibility. His walk down that narrow cobbled street became almost a run as the idea occurred to him. Once outside the purlieus of the town he prayed as he had never prayed before.

* * *

It was not until the following dawn he found her, however, and who shall say that his prayers were not effective. Anyway, he chose to consider they had reached their sacred objective.

She was bathing one tiny, bleeding foot when he came upon her, and he noticed, with a lump in his throat, that though the eyes had lost none of their wondrous beauty, yet the face was pale. Pale, perhaps through the weeks of stress and mental anguish she had so lately gone through consequent on her discovery, though inwardly he knew far differently.

Not heeding the consequence, he crept up behind her, and his arms stole round her waist.

"No matter, Dear; no excuses", he said, as he kissed her averted cheek. Then she began to sob in a bitter, heart-rending, terrible way; soul-moving tears; the tears of Dead Sea fruit.

PENNSYLVANIA

But he only laughed, and his mirth rang out

boyishly as of yore.

"Thought you my love was of so little avail, Dear?" he said — and he spoke hurriedly that he might the more set her mind at ease. leprosy isn't fatal, you know, and, if you don't mind, we'll set out presently for those leper colonies where we can make a fresh start. And even if you do mind, the result will be the same."

By now her sobs had ceased, and he compelled her to look up into his face, and this time he kissed her again and again on the lips, her pale brow, and her eyes, despite her struggles.

"If you're a leper, why! am I not one now also? If you're a pariah, an outcast; I too am determined to share the same good fortune."

Then realising that it was no good to debate the point further, she emitted a sigh that might have meant anything, and laid her head on his shoulder.

The sun rose above the sea of gold that was the desert; above the sea of sapphire, mis-named the Meditteranean; looked down pityingly on these two dear lovers, then smiled benignantly and wandered on. Which was all as it ought to be, considered this man of the big, big heart and erratic outlook. S. H. Reason.

A Broken Friendship.

In passing through life one often meets men who have an affection for one another far more binding than blood-relationship, until a point is reached on which they differ and the friendship between them is severed as though death had visited one of them.

Such an incident comes vividly to my mind

at the present moment.

They were two men who rarely moved about without one another, and when apart, they were like lovers looking forward to the next meeting. The Reverend Mr. Smith was a Church of England clergyman, an upright God-fearing man, and an all-round athlete, boxer, oarsman, etc. Jones — the names, of course, are fictitions was a very ordinary individual of independant means. They lived together in bachelor quarters consisting of three rooms situated not one hundred miles from London. Mr. Smith was five years the senior. He had quarrelled with his father, and Jones had on several occasions taken up the cudgels on his behalf. Both of them were unmarried. After church on Sunday evenings, they often visited a Salvation Army barracks and listened to the Service.

On one of these occasions the officer preaching that night asked the congregation to subscribe to a new harmonium, as the one then in use was past repair. She — the preacher — hoped to

get a new one within three months, should the members subsribe a small amount weekly. congregation was small and composed chiefly of the poorest class, and a casual observer would have put three years as a likely period before the new harmonium would make its appearance - were it left to the members of the present congregation.

After the service, on their way home Jones and his friend were talking about the prospect the Army Officer had of getting her new organ in the stipulated time. To one question the clergyman answered, rather irritably: "Those people are a nuisance, they are always begging."

The subject was then dropped.

A fortnight later they again went to the S. A. Barracks to attend the service, and there, spick and span, stood a new and up-to-date harmonium. During the course of her address, the officer said, they had to thank God and some unknown friend for the new acquisition. done her best to find out who the unknown benefactor was, but had failed. The two friends naturally discussed the incident, and hazarded guesses as to who had so kindly opened his purse; Smith remarking, that, "Fools and their money are soon parted." The affair was then, for the The affair was then, for the time being, forgotten.

Some months passed and the clergyman had occasion to go into the country as temporary vicar. Jones was left at home in London, and one day received a letter from his friend, containing a key and a request that he would open a particular drawer and send to the writer certain papers contained therein. Jones had great difficulty in finding the required papers; but in his search, he came across a bill for a harmonium supplied by

a well-known manufacturer.

The date of purchase coincided with that upon which the new harmonium was received by the S. A. people. Jones being well aware that Smith had no use for a harmonium himself put two and two together.

The morning following Smith's return to town Jones said, in a jocular manner. "It's rather a mystery how those S. A. people came by their new harmonium. — Some fools and their money are soon parted. —"

Smith jumped to his feet and exclaimed: "You sneak! It seems I cannot trust you! You have been prying among my papers; I thought better of you.

His friend said nothing. He had had no intention of "prying" and cared too much for Smith ever to offend him, even in thought, let alone deed.

And, although these two men had been more to each other than brothers, this little incident broke a friendship that might have endured for a lifetime. R. H. A.

List of British Prisoners of War at Göttingen.

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10191, Williams, H., R. W. Fus. 10301. Walker, J., R. S. Fus. 4806. Watkins, J., " 8851. Welsh, Middx. 9800. White, T., " 14233. Whittington, F., " 5075. Williams, H., " 10822. Whiffin, F., " 7262. Wilson, W., " 9565. West, F., " 10675. Warry, F., " 8270. White H., Muns. Fus. 10600. Wright, G., " 8167. Wilkinson, R., R. Inn. Fus. 7660. Walsh, J., A. & S. Hdrs. 7977. White, W., Essex. 8922. Woods, T., " 10164. Wilson, E., R. Inn. Fus. 13157. Wesley, W., Gren. Gds. 8671. Watkins, E., S. Staffs. 13809. West, G., " 9107. Wright, W., " 9107. Wri
    9412. Vant, C., Buffs.
    5716. Wheeler, J. R., Wilts.
   8576. Waite, G.,
7966. Webb, F.,
7984. Whitfield, W.,
9293. Wheeler, A.,
   8824. Webb, F.,
8893. Woodley, E.,
8455. Watts, W.,
8842. Witshire, W.,
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12649. Williams, W.,
   7508. Wootten, J.,
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   8364. Wilks, B.,
                                                                                      15479. Wheeler, C.,
4859. Walwyk, E., R. Brigade.
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   6799. Weston, G.,
  5117. Wiltshire, D.,
4257. Welsh, T.,
5398. Whitbread. W.,
8275. Woodlock, C.,
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                                                                                    9734. Woolhead, J., R. W. Kts. 5092. Williams, H., 7795. Wallace, H.,
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8393. Wood, C,
8674. Wilding, W.,
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                                                                                    7713. Wood, H., Scots Gds.
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   8491. Wearing, H.,
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                                                                                             5463. Winton, J.,
   7712. Wright, C.,
  6888. Webb, G.,
8477. Whatley, R.,
8890. Wise, T.,
8406. Walklate, E.,
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7725. Welstead, J.,
8977. Wheeler, J., S. W. Brs.
9100. Willenbrook, J.,
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   7397. Wheeler, F.,
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   9358. Watts, S.,
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                                                                                             4756. Winyard, E., 15 Hsrs.
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10253. Wise, J.,
8650. Wraight, H.,
809. Wright, P,
9760. Wilson, A,
                                                                                         5173. Watson, E., Queens.
8707. Woollett, P.,
10163. Warner, L., R. W. Fus.
8282. Weller, A., Quens.
   8056. White, A.,
   7068. Watts, S. O.,
7432. Woof, F.,
8470. Warner, C.,
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   7366. Witt, F.,
8359. Weaver, A.,
                                                                                            9871. Watts, W.,
                                                                                            7984. Wales, C,
9853. Warwicker, A.,
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   9273. Wheeler, R. J.,
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   8794. Wareham, C.,
8179. Woolford, F.,
7547. Witherow, J.,
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337. Watling, C.,
9442. White, E.,
27136. Wilkings, R., 48 Hdrs.
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                                                                                        9390. Whitfield, J., 27136. Wilkings, R., 10495. Wilson, R., 27555. White, G., 977. Wright, A., R. War. Rgt. 27276. Williams, N., 9465. Wright 27551. Whelan, W., 9108. Wicklin, J. 27550. Webster, W., 2094. Wilson, J., 27277. Wilson, F., 9076. Weldon, R., 27650. Worsley, W., 97422 Wink, C.,
   7782. Williams, C.,
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   8511. Williams, J.,
   6132. Whatley, F.,
   8905. Winslow, R.,
9102. Weston, W.,
7859. Waters, A.,
   8968. Wootten, C.,
   7561. Wheeler, H.,
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9785. Whiting, D.,
10532. Walker, J., R. W. Fus.
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11197. Woods, J.,
8373. Wood, M.,
10900. Wyman, C.,
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9591. York, H., R. W. Fus.
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5922. Young, C., Queens.
1144. Yardley, F., R. War. Rgt.
                                                                                             7044. Weston, E.,
10138. Woodworth, G.,
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6540. Ward, W.,
8884. Ward, E.,
  5551. Wheeler, R. J.,
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27557. Yetman, A., 48 Hdrs.
   7807. Wild, R.,
  6562. Whyatt, A.,
                                                                                9739. Wells, L.,
9447. Whiting, H., N-Hants.
10091. Watson, W., K. O. S. B.
  9975. Walker, J.,
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10295. Wood, H.,
11212. Woodcock, C.,
  9937. Warner, F., "
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The Dream Revue.

May I be excused in calling "A Gefangenen's Dream" a dream of a revue? To us — I don't think I stand apart — it really was beyond our waking-belief that we could see such a display under present circumstances.

The orchestra also seemed to be in paticularly brilliant form, and "Melodious Memories," kindly sent from home, brought back many old happy

days to us.

To A. Bramwell every Britisher in the Wooden City owes a great debt of appreciation for the authorship thereof, and also to Messrs. Bramwell (again), Kennedy, Shea and Matthews for producing it so well. And may I suggest as an advertissement for the scenery "Pink for Dresses."

The story of the piece is so great just because of its simplicity and reality. It opens in a barrackroom with a game of cards, and we have the parcel list, the money bloke, the purchasing Frenchman, and several other items — oh! — so real. Then comes the Devil, who transports us for a day, and a day only, to good old

"Blighty."

We find oursselves at Gamage's, where our friends compose the staff. I say the staff; I mean the staff, — in toto — not not only the boss, the manager and the young men assistants, but even the dear girls — and they are dears, too. The boss, Gamage, decides to go on the Continent, and leaves his manager in charge, after telling the remainder of his staff to do exactly as they are told by Binks. Binks promptly tells all the girls to kiss him, which they do with great spirit. Lord and Lady. What then arrive in their motor — we know they come in a motor because we hear it — come in to make a few purchases, and after a brief conversation, decide to give Gamage's staff a holiday.

We are then taken to Hampstead Heath, even to "The Bull and Bush" itself, where we meet 'Arry and 'Enery and Our Liz. Oh! It's Great — absolutment. — Of course, this is just the spot that Gamage's party choose for spending their holiday, and we have some jolly old songs and jokes. Suddenly, who should enter but Gamage, who curiously has to explain his presence there to Binks, and in doing so, informs him that he is — in speaking of the Continent — walking it. He, however, makes up for the evil of his ways by arranging to take all of us down to

Brighton by pullman.

We go, and there we have — if there is any best — our best scene. The good old Palace Pier, and all the recollections it calls forth to those who have been there. We find the boys "Wait- Wait- Waiting for the Girls", and well are they rewarded, for Lady What, with Jennie,

Ethel and Maude as her escort, comes on the pier and sings "On the Silvery, Silvery Sand" delightfully. Night falls, and a young crescent moon is going to rest behind the distant sea. Beneath its gentle rays and in the subdued green light of the pier lamps Archie and Doris bid "Goodnight, Mister Moon" so deliciously that even one saucy old pier light winks his eye. Gamage, feeling the kindly influence, invites all to finish up the day at his house in Mayfair.

Arriving there we are entertained by the guests, among whom are the Duke and Duchess of Manchester — a regular pantomine Duchess too, who has nailed old Binkie for her Duke. She gives us a topping rag-time, and the "Bhoys" contribute a song apiece, making capital fun.

And then! —

O- O- Oh!!! Ye Gods! — We wake up.

Christmas Day.

The efforts of all concerned to make the best of Christmas were not unrewarded — that is, if

appreciation may be termed reward.

So far as being good, if reproduction were possible in those who attended the Church Service on Christmas Day our people at home would not know us.

The music, the carols and the goodly attendance

served to cheer us on our way.

We wish to express our thanks to the Commandant for his Good Wishes and his Christmas kindness.

The American Embassy at Berlin has very kindly sent one thousand marks to the British Prisoners of War in this camp, to be used for the purposes of general instruction and for the different classes which are being held.

We should like to express great appreciation

on behalf of our Citizens.

Editorial.

May we call upon you, Citizens for contributions? If you have any difficulty in conveying your ideas to paper, call at "The Wooden City" office.

If you cannot write an article yourself, grumble at somebody else's article; it will be read, even if it is not printed.

THE EDITOR.

Honours easy.

Having, arrived at Carby, where I had previously applied for employment, and after waiting a few weeks luckily stepped into a billet, I secured lodgings for the time-being at a local restaurant.

Here I met Dan, who, having heard that I was trying to get permanent lodgings, proposed that I should stay at his house. After arrangements as to payment, etc., had been settled satisfactorily, I promised to join him on the following

Friday after work.

In the course of our conversation he explained that he was employed at the same business-house as I was, and had only come to live in Carby a few weeks before myself; also that he was night foreman at the works, his hours of employment being from six o'clock in the evening to six o'clock the following morning, seven days a week.

Eventually, Friday arrived. After work, I packed my belongings, and with the assistance of the man at the restaurant, conveyed them to Ivy Cottage, Wismore Road, at which door he left me, after receiving my thanks in the shape of a coin that would keep him from thirst during the evening. In answer to my summons on the bell, the door was opened by a young woman who I guessed to be about twenty five years of age, accompanied by a dark-eyed brown-haired mite of four summers. I received a kindly welcome, the sincerity of which was expressed on the pretty face of the woman, who one could see at once was the mother.

I was shown to my apartments, which comprised bed-room and sitting-room, both spotlessly clean, with the windows overlooking a well-kept little garden, wonderfully laid out in small flower beds.

After a hasty toilet, I made my way downstairs and found my new friends in the livingroom. The elder was busy making clothes for the little girl, who was sitting on the hearth-rug in front of the fire prattling away in baby talk

to a rag doll.

I was soon made to feel at home, and was given to understand that I was to consider myself one of the family; anything I required had only to be mentioned, and they would do their best to procure it for me. I remarked that I had only one favour to ask, which was, that I might be allowed to use the living-room instead of the sitting-room, as I was used to company and was very fond of children.

Mrs. Farrel, who possessed dark laughing eyes and even pearly teeth, flashed me a smile and asked if I had misunderstood her remark about being considered one of the family. I made a silly reply about being one of the luckiest single

men in the neighbourhood; also something to the effect that if I informed my fellow workers, the house would, be besieged with applicants for lodgings. At the same time I blushed furiously; a habit I thought I had mastered years ago. This made me think of my school days, and of how I used to get confused when an awkward question was put to me. The same feeling came over me each time Mrs. Farrel looked at me.

At supper that night little Kit sat on my knee and kept me busy listening to her talk, chiefly, about her playthings and how things should be according to her ideas. After retiring that night I could not help envying Dan his happy lot.

Time quickly passes. Every day seemed happier than the one before it. I was quite content to sit at home of a night, either, amusing the little one who had grown very much attached to me or relating some of my former experiences to Mrs. Farrel, for whom I had a great admiration, which, as time went on, increased to an adoration. I kept asking myself the question — am I falling in love? Impossible! — Then I would think of the baseness of trying to steal another man's wife, even in thought, if not in actual deed.

To overcome my conflicting feelings I tried walking round the town and meeting other people, but everything seemed so empty after the cosy living-room, peopled by the two who

were becoming all-in-all to me.

Mr. Farrel, or Dan, as I had fallen into the habit of calling him, little suspected my feelings. We very seldom met to talk for any length of time, as our different hours of work prevented this. Once or twice we took a walk together during the week-end, and I found him to be a man of a very quiet disposition, which I put down to his being slightly deaf. For all that, he was a well-set-up man, having rather a heavy beard, which hid the major portion of his face. One thing which struck me particularly was that he always went out alone on Sunday afternoons, and returned just in time to change his clothes for work at six o'clock.

I found myself getting worse in spite of absenting myself at night. Little Kit kept asking my reasons for going out; and was seldom satisfied with my explanations either. Sometimes she would cry pitifully when I kissed her Good-night, which almost caused me to break my resolution and remain in-doors as before. Mrs. Farrel appealed to me with her eyes, if not with her lips, to remain in-doors, and perhaps guessed my complaint from my conversation about other women, and from my reluctance to quit the room after donning my overcoat.

During my walks I endeavoured to find some plausible reason for leaving the cottage altogether;

but apart from making a plain statement of fact. what believable excuse could I, a man of no ties or concerns, find? It simply became apparent to me that I must keep my mind away from excuses altogether for very fear of yielding to this one alternative. I might certainly 'mysteriously disappear,' but from whatever point of view I looked at it — and there are many — I could not do that.

Several times the temptation to clasp Kitty the elder in my arms was well-nigh irristable. Think of the girl you love assisting you to straighten an awkward tie; or fastening a flower in your coat, which she has particularly requested you to wear of an evening; all obstacles are then at

the far end of the perspective.

I am afraid little Kit had to suffer for this, as our leave-taking became more fervent and pro-

longed after such an incident.

One night I changed my usual routine and invited Mrs. Farrel and Kit to accompany me to the local picture house. They did so; and both were highly amused at the various scenes depicted on the screen. I was uninterested until the last picture was being reeled off. This illustrated a play called 'Repentance', the first part of which showed a husband's despair after his wife had deserted him for another man.

By this time, little Kit had fallen asleep with her head resting on my arm. During the previous productions I had been thinking seriously, and was now determined to play the man and leave Ivy Cottage the next day, no matter what

the cost.

We arrived home about ten o'clock. Little Kit being tired out was put to bed, after which, Mrs. Farrel made some cocoa for supper, and was cutting some bread and butter, when I suddenly blurted out:

"Mrs. Farrel, I am leaving Ivy Cottage to-morrow."

She looked at me with a startled expression, her beautiful face growing pale, and exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Crawford?" At the same time, the

knife slipped, slightly cutting her hand.

Instantly I was on my feet and seizing her in mine pressed it to my lips. "Now you can tell why," I exclaimed, immediately making for door. In putting my foot forward, fortunately for me, it came in contact with the rag doll which tripped me up, causing me to tumble into the arm-chair that I had lately vacated — then I found Mrs. Farrel's arms round my neck, smothering me with a loving embrace.

When I had realised what had happened and could think clearly, I unclasped her arms, exclaiming, "Think, Kitty! — Think of Dan —

your husband!"

This sally on my part caused a burst of laughter and a repetition of kisses. At the same time a rippling voice was saying, "My big brother Dan will be delighted." "Hav'n't you been a silly boy?"

A little later, Kitty added, "I have been Dan's housekeeper ever since my poor husband was

killed some four years ago."

"Who was your husband, Dear?" I asked,

gently.

"He was a cousin of ours, named Dick Farrel. My father, on his death-bed, requested me to marry him."

"Why, Sweetheart?"

"Oh, Dick was very much in love with me, and, although I could not return his love, poor father thought he was doing his best for me, as he had been very unlucky financially during the latter part of his life."

Fool that I am, I could then see what had happened. And what a silly mistake I had made by jumping at conclusions on first meeting Dan; of course, both cousins were named Farrel.

Well, to cut a long story short, supper was

partaken of by two in one arm-chair.

I met Dan next day when leaving work. He shook my hand, and patted me on the back, remarking, "I hoped for this from the first day that I met you." He then told me about his own affairs, and I was soon enlightened as to where he spent his Sunday afternoons. I also learnt that both knew of my mistake, and had kept the farce up.

Well! Time the non-slacker rolls on, and I have not yet vacated Ivy Cottage. But Dan has.

The happiest hours I spend are in the livingroom, assisting little Kit with her home lessons while Kit the elder sits in the arm-chair making clothes, not for little Kitty Farrel, but for little Kitty's brother.

Our Staff.

We have to announce that Sgt. D. D. O'Shea has resigned his post as an Editor of "The Wooden City" owing to pressure of work. His resignation has been accepted and he has now been elected as a member of the Committee.

Notes and Notices.

Religious.

Church of England.

Service 9 a.m. Wednesdays and at 10 a.m. Sundays. Full Choral.

Sunday Evening Service is held in Barrack 49 a, at 6 p. m.

Roman Catholic. Holy Mass at 7.30 a.m. Sundays.

THE WOODEN CITY

A JOURNAL FOR BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR

No. 14

GÖTTINGEN

January 15. 1916

"To?"*)

This human document was discovered by the chronicler quite by accident, in one of the many little backwaters of Empire. Gibraltar, to be precise. One will be inclined perhaps to entertain doubts as to the sanity of its writer which latter fact, when you come to think of it, depends largely on the colour and quality of the spectacles through which, each and severally, we regard the question. I refer of course, to its oftimes erratic, theological aspect, in addition to the merely human standpoint.

The sceptic and the scoffer notwithstanding, the chronicler conceived it his plain and bounden duty to place the details before the reading public. Regard the outlook expressed how you will, no one can deny but that it expresses a point of view that may, and again may not, be worthy of serious consideration.

Chronicler.

'Dear,' September 7th, 1912. I wonder if this will catch your eye? Dear

Dream Woman of the past, I wonder -?

And yet why, after all, should I refer to you as a dream when my own living eyes have told me the reverse — have drawn me back from the bitter sweet memories of these bygone Indian and Egyptian incarnations when you and I 'Dear', trod in the bygone, misty cycles of the long-dead years, and drank deep and oft of the Elixir of Life.

If one of your American magazine editors is kind, perchance, sweetest of women, perchance

I say, this will meet your eye.

Now I'll tell you briefly 'Dear,' how I came to know of your present nationality. It was but yester-even when I had the mingled bliss and pain of beholding your sweet face again. The sun was setting over the distant hills of Algeciras like myriads of island cities aflame in a sea of blood.

You might have remarked on the presence of the lone figure in khaki drill who stood on the landing stage at Gibraltar but for the fact of the other's presence at your side — your husband, I found out later, 'Dear.' God! — your husband. Your life partner. Oh, the hollow mockery of it all!

I recognised you instantly from the moment when I first beheld you, notwithstanding your

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wholly delightful, American accent. And whether the confession be a sin in the sight of man or not, I acknowledge gladly and freely that I was glad to observe no answering gleam of love or affection shone in your eyes at the thought of the close contact of the other. Rather, it struck me, that the soul that shone out of your dear sweet eyes, mirrors of purity and truth as they ever were, spoke of tragedy illimitable. And your dear hair, Girlie, seemed to have lost something of its lustre. You appeared to my critical eye more frail, more ethereal than in the days of Egypt and India.

'Dearie,' in reply to my judicious enquiries, they told me you were on your honeymoon tour. Was it true, Dear Dream Woman of the Syrian deserts? And yet I suppose it must have been so. But I thank Krishna, the Divine, the oft incarnated, whom you and I, hand in hand, have worshipped together in the mangrove droves; I say I thank the Lord Krishna for the peeping forth of your soul, as your eyes met mine that

night.

I thank *all* of the Divine Creators of the Universe we have known. — Pure Mother Isis, Confucius, Shiva, Krishna; I thank thee all.

Shall we indulge in a few reveries, 'Dear'?—Go back to the dawn of time when you and I courted together in sweet dalliance on the banks of the blue Nile. Do you remember my placing the lotus blossoms in your hair, when we plighted our troth that wondrous Egyptian evening? The balm of the soft winds of the desert; the perfume emanating from your hair; the dear, sweet womanliness of you, that to my impassioned lover's eye would have cajoled love themes from even the pure girdle of Heaven's stars.

Ah, Mother Isis! Pity me, I beg - I

implore.

And then our honeymoon over the desert, 'Dear.' Just you and I, 'Sweet', alone in God's clean, wind-swept places. — Dear sea of gold and silver, and fond memories of hours of bliss under the date palms at the third reach.

Do you recollect how, in my folly, the folly of lovesick, greatly-daring youth, I compared you to the High Priestess of the great Mother Isis? And how at my wish, and after a little reluctance on your part, you consented to act the rôle? When, under the stars and with the silences of

the great wastes around us, the gurgling of the rippling oasis in our hearing, and you, You, YOU seated above on a sand-knoll, I worshipped you, 'Dear'; according to you, homage, as the fairest and sweetest earthly representative Mother Isis had ever known?

Can you conjure the mists of time away sufficiently to follow my train of reminiscences in clear perspective? See and remember clearly each little outstanding detail of those hours of pure, unalloyed bliss? You surely will, dearest and sweetest of affinities.

You will probably recollect with a tinge of amusement the morning when our camel refused to allow me to groom him. — And how he kicked, and screamed, and bit, and fought. God! I can hear your merry, mischievous laugh, as you came to my aid, even now.

I can see those dear, henna-stained finger tips of yours patting old Affiz, (Affiz was his name, you will remember, 'Dear') and calling on him coaxingly, to desist in the violence of his objections to my unworthy self.

But there, it was ever the same, bird, beast and poor, puny man, alike came, and seeing, fell to a worshipping at the shrine of your sweet womanliness, the divine grace and goodness emanating from you; Dearest, Best, Purest of women.

But all things have an ending, whether for better or worse. And the manner of your ending! — God! —

Ten thousand curses on that foul reptile thing that cut our happiness short; that turned the honey in our mouths to gall — our fertile oasis into a barren, sun-cursed waste of dreary sand.

I thank the Holy Mother, Isis the Ever Pure and Immaculate, that your last dying kiss was mine — your last dying breath mine — the death dew on your partly open lips, all mine, Mine, MINE.

A fitting terminus to a honeymoon, Eh? Still Mother Isis was ever more exacting where we were concerned. Was she not?

It may interest you to know that I burnt that scorpion alive and, then, I must have gone mad for a few hours, I think.

I only know, after a lapse of time, I grovelled into the sand of the desert, the yellow gleaming sand to scoop out your last resting place. And then—

Then I built a pyramid; a shining pyramid above your grave, dear ideal. And so you were left. Left in God's great wilderness, while the stars looked pityingly down and angels wept. Left with a lonely man's heart in your dead keeping.

I wonder, if that American magazine will tremble in your hand, Sadie, Gretchen, Lily, Edith? — I know not how they name thee. But, still I wonder, will thy hand tremble; my Egyptian flower, my lotus bud?

Kalak, my sweet! Dost not see the muddy Ganges? Canst not hear the cry of the bheestie wallah? The rough shout of the custodian of the sacred cattle? The cries of the many-hued multitude? The nature-music of the East? Canst catch the ever present, all-pervading odour of crushed marigolds? The incense from the funeral pyres?

Krishna's sun shone strongly and bravely that day when I first saw thee on the river bank. Wast performing thy morning's ablutions on that occasion — serving a double errand; the worship of the sun-god, and attending the well-being of thine own fair body.

Pardon the vernacular, fair American, and try to flash thy vision back through the moments we mortals mis-name years. If thou art still of the living I pray thee, I beg of thee, I exhort thee, pity me, Kalak! and let at least one parting tear flow my way; the way of a humble private in the pay of the British Government.

Dost remember the high Muezzin's tower on the outskirts of the town, facing the desert? (Allah, the Compassionate, the Ever Merciful, look down with pity on thy once disciple. Krishna of the many incarnations! To my aid! I was thy proselyte. Yea — Kalak's and thine, Divine Krishna.)

Sweet Kalak of the lotus breasts! Sweet Kalak of an unbroken line of maidens of the Kathak caste, dedicated to the service of the Temple! See ye not now our sin, even whilst thou turnest the pages of that American magazine. Our sin was truly two-fold. Mine — against Allah. Thine — to Krishna.

Yet would I not reproach thee, thou fairest of women. No doubt the wrath of the Gods will be appeased as time grows mellow. For, Pearl of Priceless Worth, they know thou art unhappy—the Gods who know all things. They know.

Dost remember thou saidst my voice in the 'call to prayer,' was even like unto the booming of many thunders over the void of the 'black waters'? And how I laughingly agreed such might be the case in the proud, strong folly of my youth? And how, after many pleasantries, it had suddenly occurred to us both that fate had decreed we should be dedicated to the services of our separate Gods.

The thought is consoling even now to know that I was the tempter, and mine the blame, O Pearl! Krishna and Allah both, knew then, and

know now, that no blame attached to thee. I repeat, Dear Woman, the thought is consoling to me, even to me, who was the morning muezzin in the service of Allah.

They call me a dreamer here, 'Dear', because, you must know, I sit, chin in hand, and my thoughts wander away, far, far away beyond the twinkling fires of the charcoal burners on the blueblack hills of Algeciras; far, far back in the æons of the ages when you and I sipped the honey from the flower and found it to be good.

A dreamer! - Mother Isis, Confucius, Allah, Krishna! I call on you all to witness thereof.

Now it is borne in on me, Pearl, that the desert saw the finale of our loves. In our Indian life also and in our Chinese incarnation 'twas much the same.

But as they have styled me a 'dreamer,' may thy slave ruminate on the latter phase of our previous existence. 'Tis but for the fraction of a second, Heart of a Lotus Bud, Peri of Paradise.

'Twas a glorious ending that, Eh? Just thee and I together, heart to heart, lip to lip. Then the final rush of a hoard of barbarian foemen! A dagger in thy breast! And then, after a short, sharp fight, a blood-red mist before my eyes and a gentle subsiding on your dead, yet still warm body.

I cannot remember the details of that existence, Dream Woman. Peradventure ye may supply some of them. Only that last scene is clearly defined, the miles and miles of moss-grown, lichen-covered walls; the moon shedding her effulgent rays around us, on thy sweet face and form. Just that last moment of bliss, when Earth, at the command of the magic in a woman's smile, became Heaven, and the angels smiled, and a moment after, wept.

'Dear,' September 10th, 1912.

Three days have elapsed since I saw you for the first, and, I may as well say so, for the last time in this re-incarnation. Don't worry, Girlie, we have known too much; suffered too greatly to be influenced by the breaking of the thread of our momentary existence for a short period.

Even as I write, a voice, inexpressibly pure, sweet as the tinkling of many prayer bells in some far distant Buddhist shrine, a voice embodying all the undying wisdom of the ages, bids me be of good cheer.

The years will soon be eaten up and swallowed in the sands of time. The voice urges me to have patience, and all will come well in the end.

O Holy Mother Isis, Pure as the snow-chilled fiords of Norway! Spare me! - Forgive me! Confucius the Divine, whose words are even as pearls in their purity! Hear me!

Allah! Allah! Forgive thy onetime servant! even he who so debased his trust.

Krishna, oft incarnated, and thrice Holy! Pardon

thy servant, thy proselyte!

In pity I pray of ye all - forgive me and the woman! and our tears shall be even as the numerous drops in the ocean, our gratitude as illimitable as the sands of the desert.

Oh! I'm so tired, 'Girlie,' and it's dawn; a fairy morning. There are the songs of many birds about me. There is chanting. Dear God! This is no earthly music. This is the Wonder Music of the Gods. Heavenly fountains gurgling eternally their thrice happy, bubbling tears of joy.

And the sun somehow seems different to-day; stronger - purer - brighter. And a voice comes out of the East, low, silvery, compelling in its strange unearthliness:

"Hope on, poor Wanderer in strange places! -Hope on!" S. H. Reason.

- 'The following very kind letter has been sent by an English lady. It is undoubtedly of great interest to all in Camp, hence its publication.

I much wished to write to every one of my friends at Christmas, but my correspondence is already so heavy that I cannot manage this, and am therefore asking you to convey to everyone of your men to whom I send parcels my hearty good wishes and the earnest hope that 1916 may make amends for the past. I think they may like to know that they and their welfare are constantly in the minds of their County folk. The fund I have raised for their benefit (I only wish it were twice as large) has been subscribed by all manner of men women and children. The rich have sent substantial cheques with words of true sympathy and the mite of the poor has never failed me. One dear old lady wrote in a very shaky hand that tho' she could only give me 2/she would pray that others should give me abundantly from their abundance. Concerts have been organised, sermons preached, Christmas cards designed, whist drives given, collections made by schoolchildren and schoolmasters for this object. From miners in England, from Clubs in India, from shop-girls in London, from officials all the world over have come kind words and money to enable me to help you. Generals and Privates in the Army and the devoted nurses in our hospitals have given good evidence of their remembrance of you, as those of our kith and kin in Canada and the North West Provinces.

Love is the great message of Christmas, and so I hope that the knowledge of this deep and wide-spread love will please and cheer you and all the English lads who are so constantly in our thoughts. And now Good Luck and God bless you one and all'.

A Flash in the Pan.

It is not an uncommon thing to hear of someone who is looked up to, having a flaw of some description in his character, but it is not every day that we find the reverse: someone of little consequence doing something for which the public in general will give him credit.

That is how it strikes me when I think of what

'Mac' did.

Mac was a common Tommy with quite a bit of service, but still only a private. The reason was not difficult to find; in fact it was owing to his overabundance of affection for the canteen.

But the peculiar thing about Mac was his personality. Anyone could see that he was a superior individual, and had received a remarkably good education. No one ever found out his past, but if it had been proved that he had passed through some famous university, I for one, should not have been surprised. His education always became manifest when he took part in an earnest conversation. He was never at a loss how to express himself, and his flow of words was equalled by the quality and smoothness of his phrases. His particular chum was 'Red,' who seemed to have a kind of hero-worship for Mac's superior accomplishments. Red was the sharer of all his moments of triumph and hours of remorse, and partner and joint-consumer of innumerable pints in the aforesaid canteen.

It was on a Sunday afternoon that Mac and his chum were walking along the shore not far from A—, where they were quartered. Neither were in brilliant spirits, as they had been going the pace a little strong for some days, and were now feeling the after-effects. Mac started to give Red a lecture in his most eloquent style on the error of his ways, or rather, their ways. He was getting quite warmed up to his subject when they noticed they were approaching a local preacher who was addressing an audience gathered round him on the sands.

The sight was rather pleasing to the eye, the audience being composed largely of fishermen and

sea-faring men of various ages.

The two soldiers listened respectfully to the words of the young man trying his best to elevate humanity according to his own particular theories, going roughshod over certain fine points of theology which probably the majority of his audience never noticed, but which were all detected and traced in the finely developed brain of Mac, who was considerably worked up as a result of the lecture he had been delivering to Red. Finally, the preacher asked if anyone wanted to have any point explained. Mac ventured to ask for an explanation on some point or other, and the answer not meeting with his approval, he started

by stating his view, and ended with delivering a

regular address.

Undoubtedly, the effect of an over-indulgence on some men produces a kind of melancholy. Probably Mac had this feeling just to the correct degree, and came upon this subject just at the right instant, the result being that he simply had to relieve himself in words. And in words he did relieve himself; such words to make the simple fishermen gasp; such thoughts that the humble preacher himself could not express; such a sermon that had never been heard in A— before; such a masterpiece that only those who are gifted can deliver. Mac dived deep into his subject, and showed no mercy to the sinner; no apology for the drunkard; and no excuse for the reprobate; probably thinking of himself the whole while.

Red, during this incident, had stuck loyally to his friend, and posted himself in the forefront of the audience, and there by his earnest attention and silent acquiescence had endeavoured to show his utmost faith and confidence in every word his friend uttered, as was his invariable custom. However, he was not so intensely interested that he did not espy a figure approaching along the shore; a figure which he ultimately recognised as the Provost Sergeant.

The importance of this fact decided him to inform Mac, which he did in a whisper. The information seemed to recall Mac to his surroundings, and he evidently came to the conclusion that it was not advisable for him to be seen at his present occupation, especially by the Provost Sergeant with whom he was unfortunately too well acquainted. He therefore brought his address to a suitable close, and the chums beat a retreat as quickly as possible, leaving the audience in astonishment at the marvellous words they had heard.

As this is a true story it is only right that I should tell the whole truth while I am at it. That same evening while the peaceful fishermen of A—were telling the wonderful tale to their families gathered round them, about 'the good soldier' and his marvellous sermon, Mac and his chum were wending their way home from the canteen with unsteady gait and faltering speech which showed that they had spent the evening not wisely but too well.

Such is the frailty of human nature. A. M.

There are dreams and dreams.

What do you think of one man who dreams that he has swallowed another who, when inside, is only waiting for the beggar who has swallowed him to sleep so that he can have a good bite at him?

Oh! — Joy!

"Colonel de Vere, V. C., and 'don't care."

Isn't it about time some of us arose in righteous wrath and took up the cudgels on behalf of the military? When one reads tales of Colonels walking to wounded Privates, the deprived Sergeants of yesterday, and miraculously producing needles and cotton from the aforesaid soldier's canteen, to say nothing of a convenient set of stripes, and setting to work to sew them on amidst a hail of shot and shell.

When, I say, an otherwise brilliant writer allows such utter drivel as this to enter his work, it is high time he took to coal mining, or some other job equally well fitted to his mental capabilities

and adaptability.

T.

Take the type of tale styled 'militaire'
Which will make soldiers weep as they read.
The hero's a regular 'devil-may-care,'
An aristocrat, and of course, debonnair,
A Percy Plantagenet, Arcy de Vere;
And of quite the conventional breed.

Think of the guile that went with his smile, As he gave in the name of 'Sinclair.' Recruiter smart — Recruiting mart, Not far from the Barrack Square.

II.

A. C. O., of a choleric spleen,
Says to 'Sinclair,' with gleam of grey eye,
"There are many jobs worse than serving the
Queen.

Forget what you have been, and may have seen.
Just follow the gleam, lad, follow the gleam,
And I'll fix you up on the sly."

Think of the guile that went with his smile, And his wink! — this C. O. queer.

Promotion mart — Lance Corporal smart, With about two days' drill on the Square.

III.

A year later he went, or rather, was sent, To a place, shall we name it "out there," Together with transports of armament To the other side of the Firmament. Oh! and ever so many souls were sent Somewhere else, by this Sergeant 'Sinclair.'

Think of his smile as he fought, the while, They dubbed him 'Devil-may-care.'
Captain dead — Vere instead,
Fix bay'nets — on the centre — form square!

IV.

This affair ended — All his wounds mended, He's C. O., likewise a V. C.

The transports returned, and the men did, Who were, as this tale is, dubbed splendid. Which was true when the writer said "ended." But all Tommies will say, "To the D—"

And what of the guile that goes with our smile, As we read such blinking rot?

Stick them on the Square, these 'dears' with long hair,

And sentence them all to be shot.

S. H. Reason.

Unto Caesar.

On Friday, the 7th instant, in Barrack 48a, an interesting little ceremony took place.

It was the presentation of a baton by the members of the British Choir to their Choral

master, C. S. M. Walwyk, R. B.

The presentation was carried out by Corporal Shears, Wiltshire Regiment, who has officiated as Organist since the Choir commenced in April last year. In presenting it, he thanked C. S. M. Walwyk for his efforts, and expressed the hopes of all, that he would continue to conduct the Choir during our sojourn here.

C. S. M. Walwyk, who was quite unaware that a baton was being presented to him, was to use the old expression 'Too full for words.' He was

delighted with the unexpected gift.

A Message.

We should like to make it well-known, that the Sunday Services, both morning and evening are delivered by a layman. This is made mention of, as perhaps a mistake may arise as to there being a regular Camp Chaplain officiating here.

Omar.

'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays; Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays, And one by one back in the Closet lays.

And that inverted Bowl we call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop't we live and die,
Lift not thy hands to It for help — for It
Rolls impotently on as Thou or I.

The Ball no Question makes of Ayes and Noes, But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes; And He that toss'd Thee down into the Field,

He knows about is all — He knows — He knows

The Redemption of Bruiser Bill.*

'We all go the same way Home' was being sung in a drunken voice, by 'Bill the Bruiser,' as he entered Paradise Alley. Dirty and unkempt children, who were scattered about playing, ran in-doors as they heard his voice. Men and women, sitting on their doorsteps, got up and, casting a savage glance in the direction from which the voice was heard, followed the children's footsteps. Consequently, before Bill had gone very far, not a soul was to be seen.

Why? — you ask. Well, of all the bullies and drunken creatures the world possessed, Bill Watkins, alias 'Bill the Bruiser,' was one of the worst. He was not the usual cringing type of bully either. He could use his 'dooks,' and was afraid of no human being breathing. In Paradise Alley his name was spoken with bated breath. When he said a thing he meant it; and when he did a thing, he did it; as the 'Smasher,' the previous 'cock of the walk' could tell you.

"Orl gorn ter sleep, eh?" he said, thickly.

"Better for 'em to, cuss 'em!"

He was barely half-way down the alley before he saw, coming towards him, the trim little figure of a Salvation Army lass.

"Blimey!" ejaculated Bill. "Looks orl kiff." The girl approached him without a look of The people, looking through their windows on each side of the alley, eagerly waited

to see the 'fun,' as they termed it.

As the girl and Bill approached one another, it seemed as if a look left the eyes of both, each flashing a challenge. Bill stood his ground in the centre of the footpath, if it could be called one. The onlookers craned their necks to watch the proceedings. They could see that, unless Bill moved, the girl could not pass without going into the gutter, and by the way she was walking, it seemed as if she did not intend doing so. When about a yard separated them, both halted. The girl calmly eveing Bill up and down, said in a soft and calm voice.

"Excuse me, I wish to pass, please."

"O! - Yer do, do yer? And 'oo the blooming' 'ell's going to move fer yer, d'jer fink?" asked

"If you are a gentleman, you will let me pass,"

replied the girl.

"i!" yelled Bill at the top of his voice, addressing the houses around him. "ear wat this 'ere sez? Wants ter know if I'm a gentleman." Then looking at the girl, he went on, "Corse I am; ain't I?" The girl stood there with flashing eyes which showed a look of pity for so debased a creature.

"Look 'ere: give us a bloomin' kiss, an' off

yer goes." said Bill.

"I will do nothing of the kind", replied the girl. "Won't yer? - Well, I'll pinch one." and he staggered towards her with outstretched arms. Nimbly, she stepped to one side, and Bill, in a mad rush, missed his objective and went staggering on. Before he could pull up, his foot caught in a rut and unable to regain his balance he crashed to the ground. His head struck the ground with a dull thud, and as he rolled over on his back, a thin stream of blood trickled down his face. He lay there unconscious, breathing heavily.

The girl looked amazed and horror stricken at what had happened. With a pitying glance at Bill and unheeding the little puddles of water, which were plentiful, she sank on her knees by his side. Taking a handkerchief from her belt, she dipped it into the nearest puddle and commenced to bathe Bill's forehead. A woman rushed from a house near by and approached them.

"Please fetch a basin of clean water," said

"Blimey! — 'e ain't wuff it. Strike me pink, 'e ain't," said the woman as she went back to get the water.

Shortly she returned with it in a none too clean

basin, but it served the purpose.

"'e ort ter go ter the 'orspital, I fink," she said.

"Where does he live?" asked the girl.

"'e lives over there," replied the woman, pointing to a dingy-looking dwelling on the other side of the alley.

"Will you get someone to carry him there?" queried the girl.

"Yas." Then raising her voice, she shouted. "'i, Bill! — 'arry! — Come 'ere a minnit."

Two strong looking men came from a house near by and with looks almost of fear approached the little group.

"Will you kindly assist me?" asked the girl. "Yas, Miss. Leave 'im ter us," replied one of the men. And with hands none too gentle they lifted the bully from the ground and proceeded to carry him to his house. Seeing that the bully was unconscious, the occupants of the different houses trooped out and formed a crowd. But not on a single face was there a look of sympathy.

"Now clear the way, please." said the voice of the girl, and as she noticed that Bill was being carried somewhat roughly, she remonstrated, "Do

be careful with the poor fellow."

"Careful! - Pity 'e ain't killed!" said someone

in the crowd.

The girl looked round with flashing eyes and the crowd shrank back. They laid him on a bed

^{*} All rights reserved.

in a corner. Mother Black, the landlady, entered the room, bringing with her a strong odour of gin.

"Wat the bloomin' 'ell 'as 'e bin up ter nah?" she asked. Then noticing the girl and her dress, she continued, whiningly, "Don't yer trubble abaht 'im, Miss. 'e's a bad lot, 'e is."

The girl ignored the remark, and, with careful fingers, started to undo Bill's muffler and waistcoat.

"Open that window, please." she said to Mother

Black.

The landlady gave a sniff and going to the window, opened it and came back, muttering something which sounded like:

"Yes, I am." replied the girl sternly. "Bring some clean water." Turning to the two men, she went on, "You undress him and put him in bed, while I go for some bandages."

Hurriedly, the men complied; but with fear, for they knew that if Bill came round, he would vent his wrath on someone, and neither had the desire to be the one to feel the weight of his fist.

The girl soon returned with bandages and plaster. Telling the men to quit the room, she went over to Bill's bedside and, with experienced hands, put a bandage round his forehead. Then turning to Mother Black, who had remained in the room the while, she said:

"You may go."

"Alriht, Miss. I'm glad yer can do wivaht me. Yer see it's nearly time fer me ter tike me medcin. I'm a marter ter roomattiz, I is. If yer wants anyfink, jest shaht an' I'll 'ear yer." With which, Mother Black went out of the room.

The girl sat on a ricketty chair by the side of the bed and eagerly watched Bill's face for signs

of returning consciousness.

It was nearly two hours before he gave any sign. Then with fluttering eye-lids, he stirred uneasily, and after a while his eyes opened. With a dazed look, he stared round the room, and finally fixed his eyes on the girl.

"Wer am I?" he muttered.

With a gentle touch the girl put her hand on

his forehead and replied:

"Lie still. You will be all right presently."

Bill remained still for a few minutes. Suddenly, he seemed to regain his senses. Springing up on his elbow, he broke forth with a string of curses on all and sundry. Then, apparently noticing the girl for the first time since regaining consciousness, he shouted at her, "An' wat the blarsted 'ell ar yer doin' 'ere?"

"Hush!" replied the girl, in a shocked voice.
"'ush!" — yelled Bill. "'oo ar yer tellin' ter
'ush? Yer, wer the corze o' this 'ere; worn't
yer? — I'll show yer —" and he made an attempt

to get up, but with a firm hand the girl pushed him back again.

"Lie still for a little while," she said.
"Yas! — I'll lie still — I don't fink!"

"Now don't be foolish. You will be all right presently."

"Blimey! — Yer mikes me larf. Why — don't yer know 'oo I am?"

"No," replied the girl, "and I don't trouble. But you will lie still while I am here."

"Will I? — D'jer know I'm Bill the Bruiser, I am — an' don't fergit it! — an' I ain't agoin' ter lie still fer yer nor the 'ole bloomin' army."

"But I say you are," sternly replied the girl,

with flashing eyes.

Bill gasped and looked amazed to think that a mere girl should command and defy him.

"Struth — yer've got sum pluck — an' no kid! Why — I'd give yer a bloomin' good 'idin,' if I cud git up."

"I don't think you would," quietly remarked

the girl.

"Wudn't I?" asked Bill.

"No," replied the girl, shaking her head. "I am sure you would not.

"Look ere: 'oo the dooce ar yer, eh?"

"Well, if you must know, I am one of God's

Army. My name is Miss North."

"O! — Yer ar, ar yer. Well, I'm Bill Watkins. I'm known as Bill the Bruiser. Ain't got no muvver, no farver, no nobody as cares a tinker's cuss abaht me; an' I don't care abaht enybody else; see."

"But somebody does care about you," said

the girl.

"Git aht! — 'oo's that, eh?"

"Why - God."

"An' 'oo's 'e? — An' wer does 'e live?"

"In Heaven."

"Garn — Yer don't kid me wiv that bloomin' tile. Don't think 'e can care much abaht me. Besides I've 'eard that bloomin' tile bifore.

"But he does care for you."

"Then 'e's abaht the only bloke as does."
The girl looked up pathetically, and said.
"Surely, you know that God loves us all?"
"'e's a decent sort then," he replied, in a won-

dering tone.

In a sweet and pure voice, she continued to enlighten Bill with the story of our Great Redeemer. While she was conversing, he kept glancing at her features, and inwardly marvelled at her beauty, which he could only remember having seen before in a cheap picture, supposed to be a representation of Angels. He drank in every word she said and when she had finished, he asked.

"D'jer mean ter sye, these 'ere ihngels ar

prittier than yer?"
"Yes, I do," frankly replied Miss North. "Now,

if you will lie still, I will sing to you."

Before Bill could reply to the contrary, the room was filled with her silvery voice. She sang 'Abide with Me.'

When she had finished, tears stood in the bully's eyes, which he wiped away surreptitiously. The girl rose from the chair and, sinking to her knees by the bedside, she sent a prayer to God Almighty for the soul of this man to be saved. As she rose to her feet, he looked at her with shining eyes.

"D'jer mean ter sye 'e'ud care fer me?" he

asked, in a voice which trembled slightly. "Yes, He would," replied the girl.

"Struth! — yer're a bloomin' Ihngel an' no errer," came his voice. "I dunno wat it is, but yer've seemed ter touch sumfink 'ere," placing his hand over his heart. "I've bin a bloomin' bad lot, I 'ave, but 'tworn't my forlt. 'ad no bloomin' parents ter look ahter me. Mixed up wiv bad uns orl alon'."

"Then believe that God loves you, and He will

look after you," replied the girl.

"Gawd bless yer, then, Miss. Yer're an Ihngel, an' wen I gits up I'll show that Bill Watkins ken be a man. D'jer know wen I've beaten sum o'them curs in a fight, it's mide me fink wat misable animels they was."

And so, the tenants of Paradise Alley lost their bully and gained a friend in Bill, or to be precise, Captain Bill, as he is now known. He rules them with a hand of iron and they bless the day of Bruiser Bill's Redemption.

A. Bramwell.

The End of the Dream.

"So my friends, the dream is o'er."

After a great success, the revue has come to an end. The last performance will long be remembered by those who witnessed it. It is with regret we say the last performance, but perhaps we shall

dream again, and we hope, shortly.

In the revised version, two alterations were made in the caste. Private Kennedy taking the part of Binks who became Lord Knows Who, an aviator. The new gags and songs met with great success, and, from the applause given, everyone would have been very disappointed had 'The Silvery Sand' been left out.

One of the tit-bits of the evening was the parody on 'Old Yer Row' given by our coster friends. Altogether, the evening was very enjoyable. (To say the evening was most enjoyable would be paying but a poor compliment. From start to

finish, there was not one dull moment. Ed.) Our regret is that the dream was not longer. Such scenes and such jovial times help us to bear our burdens more lightly.

The Commandant of the Camp paid us a surprise visit and Professor Doctor Stange saw the revue for the second time. We trust that, taking the circumstances into consideration, they found it enjoyable.

We must now wait awhile for another dream, which we hope will achieve the success of its

predecessor.

To the artists, I am sure, one and all tender their sincere thanks, and on the part of the artists, I thank the audience for appreciating the revue so well. 'Binkie'.

Notes and Notices. Religious.

Church of England.

Service 9 a.m. Wednesdays and at 10 a.m. Sundays. Full Choral.

Sunday Evening Service is held in Barrack 49 a,

at 6 p. m.

Roman Catholic. Holy Mass at 7.30 a.m. Sundays.

Editorial.

It is announced with much pleasure that arrangements have been made and that the work is now in progress for issuing with a forthcoming number — it is to be hoped the next — a double page supplement, giving on the first of the inside pages, a full-plate reproduction of 'The Reception Room' scene. Underneath will be the theatrical names of our Citizens, and on the page opposite the original caste, together with the acts, scenes, etc. The price will be as usual.

It is also intended to publish at a near date, the words of the parody mentioned in 'Binkie's'

notes.

Contributions! Contributions! Contributions!

Citizens.

Please think of your Journal, Which may be infernal;
We'll say it's a sign of the times.
But let's say that we kept it,
In spite of the sceptic.

Come! - up with your stories and rhymes.

THE EDITOR.

THE WOODEN CITY

A JOURNAL FOR BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR

No. 15

GÖTTINGEN

February 1. 1916

Treasure finding.

Alec Digby, a pleasant looking young man of about twenty seven years of age, leaned back against the cushions of the third class compartment which he had just entered, and thought hard.

He was going home after an absense of nearly seven years. The greater portion of which period

had been spent in South America.

His thoughts ranged in a circle as to whether he would find much change in the people he had known and would they find him changed as well. He felt half afraid now that he was so near home for fear everything should not be quite as he expected. But then he did not know even what he did expect. Thinking thus, the remaining few miles were soon passed over and the train drew up at his destination. Hardly waiting for the train to stop, he opened the carriage door and stepped out, gazing eagerly round him. There was a light hurrying of feet and, turning round, he saw a slim, graceful figure that he somehow knew was his sister.

"Oh, you have not changed a bit," she exclaimed, delightedly, after having kissed him affectionately. "I knew you at once." And she gazed with admiring eyes at her big brother. He gave orders as to his baggage and they left the station

together.

While he answered her eager questions during their homeward journey, he kept glancing at the charming and entirely self-possessed young lady who walked beside him, and tried to reconcile her with the merry tom-boy in short frocks to whom he had said good-bye' so many years ago. Somehow he could not imagine the one to be the other and he felt a vague sense of being out of it. She chattered on, very often not waiting for an answer to her continuous stream of questions.

"Gently, Maude," he protested at last. "You haven't told me yet, how Mother is." He had very nearly said 'Father' too, but his father had died while he was abroad, and though it was nearly two years ago, the thought even now brought a lump to his throat. A bitter quarrel with his father had been the cause of his leaving home. A moment's silence and they resumed

their conversation.

With questioning and answering the distance between the station and their home was soon covered, and they arrived at a small old fashioned cottage with a beautifully-kept garden in front. "Here we are then," said Maude, "and there is Mother at the door."

A few hasty steps and he was in his mother's arms, who half laughing and half crying seemed afraid to let him go for fear he should vanish in some mysterious way. Not many minutes later, while sitting at the table watching his mother pouring out tea, and remembering, as a mother would, exactly what his tastes were, he could hardly believe he had been abroad so long, but the concrete fact remained that he had.

The next few days he spent in looking up old friends and acquaintances, and everywhere he felt that curious feeling of being 'out in the cold' recurring to him — so many changes had occurred, some had gone away, some were married. Sometimes, in speaking to old friends, he found that their tastes had so altered during his absence that he had now nothing in common with them, and gradually, a vague feeling of regret that he had come home at all came over him. Everyone seemed to have their little circle of friends and interests apart from him. He seemed to be the odd one.

One evening he was slowly cycling home, when, glancing ahead, he saw something that at once caused him to quicken his pace. This was a girl standing beside an obviously punctured bicycle. She was looking the picture of distress as he rode up.

"Can I be of any assistance?" he queried, as

he dismounted and raised his cap.

His long residence abroad hadn't lessened his appreciation of the fair sex one iota, and he could not help noticing what an uncommonly pretty girl she was.

"Well," she said, hesitatingly, "I've got rather a bad puncture and I'm so stupid I can't mend

it. If you would be so kind -"

"Delighted to be of any service," he promptly

replied.

It was not a difficult task to locate and mend the puncture, but I am afraid our hero did not hurry. The little adventure was too pleasant to be passed over quickly. At last it was finished. She thanked him very prettily, and then, looking at him rather fixedly, said.
"May I ask your name?"

He, somewhat surprised, told her. Her face lit up with a smile that made it very charming to "You evidently do not recognise me. I am your cousin Edith."

Like a flash came back the memory of a dainty, little damsel whom he had often held upon his

knee, and could this be her?

He stepped impulsively forward. "This is the most pleasant surprise I have had since I've been home," he exclaimed. "To find you so changed and so —" He stopped, but his frankly admiring look completed the sentence.

"Then, as your cousin, I claim the privilege of

seeing you safely home."

"If I remember rightly, you generally had your own way," she said laughingly, as they mounted their bikes.

The ice once broken, they found plenty to talk about, for they had been great chums in the old days, and one of his last recollections was the memory of a tear-stained little girl who told him to come back soon. The journey to her home was all too short for Alec, who required little pressing to enter. He renewed his acquaintance with her parents, and it was very late that evening when he returned home.

That first chance meeting was the first of many, and the time that had begun to hang a little, now went all too quickly. Three weeks went by, and he was strolling home with her after she had paid a visit to his mother. As they walked along the pleasant English country road in the gathering twilight, he mentally reviewed the events of the past few weeks and realised, with something of a shock, how much his former little chum had come into his life again. And just as suddenly, he made a big resolution.

"Dear," he said, in a somewhat unsteady voice, "I want to ask your advice about something. As you know, I only came home for a holiday

and my time is nearly up."

She turned pale and then flushed again. He noted the fact, and drew encouragement therefrom.

"Yesterday, I received the offer of a post with Miller and Company, the big civil engineers. It is not such good pay as I was getting in the Argentine, but I think the prospects are better, and, of course, it's 'home' and that counts for something. What would you advise?"

"Well," she replied, confusedly, "I hardly know.
After all, you must do what you think best. Your

mother would like you to stay."

"And you?" he asked, gently, and then without waiting for answer, he went on, "When I first came home, it seemed to me that I was an odd one. All my old friends seemed to have their little circles of acquaintances and intimates. The world hadn't stood still because I was away, and this little bit of it had developed out of all recognition. I began to feel a little lonely, but,

lately, I haven't felt it so much; can you guess why? Is it because, like so many others I know, I have found in my old playmate someone who is willing" and here his voice grew very tender, "to take a nearer and dearer place? Do you understand, dear, why I ask you to advise me? It is because I want you henceforth to share my fortune, good or ill — to be my wife. Have you courage enough to trust yourself to me?" He paused and waited for her reply.

She raised her head and he saw the tears

glisten in her eyes.

"Stay!" was all she said, but it was enough. The moon which had just risen in all its splendour, considerately effaced itself behind a convenient cloud, while he sealed the promise as

lovers always do.

Walking back home he was filled with a great content. Now he realised what had been wanting before, and, for the future, come weal or woe, he felt he had a dear confident to guard and cherish, and life would never seem so empty as before.

Reader, is there a moral to my little tale? I guess there is to most tales, if one can find it. Somewhere in the world, the right girl is waiting for every man. So if you haven't found Her yet, when you do get the chance, just hustle round and find her, and you will realise what you have been missing.

Treasure Seeker.

I'ts not worth while.

It's not worth while — the fretting
The sighing and the woe;
Best spend your time forgetting
Your troubles as they go;
Best look ahead for laughter
And take no time for tears —
The sunny days hereafter
Will make the golden years.

It's not worth while — the grieving
About the chances lost.

What gain are you receiving
The while you count the cost?

Forget them, O, forget them!
Look on ahead and smile.

The blue days, though you've met them,
Are none of them worth while.

It's not worth while — the whining
When things are going wrong.
The mourning and repining —
Mix sunshine with your song!
Come, shake the shades of sadness
And lose the dreams of gloom —
Your heart beats time for gladness

So give it lots of room! (W. D. Nesbit.)

'Old yer row.
(Our version)

T

Dahn on the prom adodging arbeit We met a man 'oo gave us a fright. 'e wuz dressed up in noo patten cloes, But where they came from everyone knows.

'old yer row! 'old yer row! We ain't sed a werd abaht 'alf wots acurd; 'old yer row! — Wot d'jer sye? The're all sending p. c.s wot live up ahr wye.

IT.

We've orl 'eard of Lord Knows 'oo loopin' the loop. That's why we orl belong to 'is troop. In 'is shot socks 'e looks quite a treat. We wonder where 'e learnt 'is wonderful feat?

'old yer row! 'old yer row! We ain't sed a werd abaht 'alf wots acurd; 'old yer row! — Wot d'jer sye? The're orl aviators wot live up ahr wye.

III.

Now, there's old Tom Moss 'oo's shaven 'is lip, Or did 'e lose it by stoppin' a brick. We 'ope 'e'll soon see 'is Kitty Dear. Let's 'ope she won't give 'im a fick ear.

'old yer row! 'old yer row! We ain't sed a werd abaht 'alf wots acurd; 'old yer row! — Wot d'jer sye? The're orl cahnter-jumpers wot live up ahr wye.

IV.

There's Archie and Doris as everyone knows, Awalkin' abaht in someone's old cloes. When on the Gaff they look quite a treat; Can anyone tell us the size of 'er feet?

'old yer row! 'old yer row! We ain't sed a werd abaht 'alf wots acurd; 'old yer row! — Wot d'jer sye? The're orl Lords and Lydies wot live up ahr wye.

V.

You've orl 'eard abaht ahr married patch; We wonder wot the're tryin' to 'atch. If anyone's got some Tatcho to spare, Just send it rahnd to ahr lydies up there.

'old yer row! 'old yer row!
We ain't sed a werd abaht 'alf wots acurd;
'old yer row! — Wot d'jer sye?
The're orl married couples in 48 a.

VI.

Dahn in ahr 'ut we've a comic P. C. The same 'un as 'eld Mrs. Swank on 'is knee, Ho! wot a noise when 'is whistle 'e blows. Stright I'd like to punch 'is red nose.

'old yer row! 'old yer row! We ain't sed a werd abaht 'alf wots acurd; 'old yer row! — Wot d'jer sye? It's Wheeler not Wilson wots dahn fer the dye.

VII.

The tyle of two Scots you've orl 'eard before; Thro' singin' 'ard songs one's twisted 'is jaw. There's Jenny so meek an' mild by the wye, We wonder wot the bandmaster 'ud sye?

'old yer row! 'old yer row!
We ain't sed a werd abaht 'alf wots acurd;
'old yer row! — Wot d'jer sye?
The're Whitechapel Scotchmen wot live up ahr
wye.

VIII.

Then there's old Gamage, the boss of the show. 'e treats us to drinks wherever we go.

There's one thing abaht 'im I can't get at,

Why are they jealous of 'is old top 'at?

'old yer row! 'old yer row!
We ain't sed a werd abaht 'alf wots acurd;
'old yer row! — Wot d'jer sye?
'e still keeps on walkin' it every dye.

Cover.

A certain budding Field Marshal, about the year 1906, in Colchester, was detailed by the Captain to lecture his section on the advantages and uses of cover during war.

This was how he commenced:

"N. C. O. s and men, a very good way of taking cover, especially now that we are armed with a quick-firing rifle and every man can get off at least fifteen rounds a minute, is to keep up a rapid fire for quite two minutes and retire behind the smoke — but don't forget your empty cases!

Small Fry.

Corporal Riley calls the roll on the 7.30 a.m. parade, and finds that there are seven men absent. He at once makes a note of it in his pocket-book and runs away to report to the Sergeant Major, who asks him where the men are.

"In my pocket, Sir," says Riley.

"What do you mean, man?" thunders the S. M.
"I m-m-mean in-my-notebook, Sir."
And Riley wonders why the Sergeant Major sent him sick that day.

The Isle of Regrets.*

Beyond in the sky and reflected in a lesser measure on the bosom of Mother Ocean, the faintly yellow gleams betokening another dawn, changed suddenly to a dazzling flood of light. A belated, migratory brain-fever bird acclaimed the fact with his harsh cries. A swarm of delicate, little St. Helena canaries took it up in sweeter refrain, and the chatter of the palm squirrels became yet louder. Thus was dawn born once again on that historic isle of the mid-Atlantic.

Here occurs a necessary interlude. The scene was St. Helena. Time — the year 1900 A.D.

Gunner North of Her Brittanic Majesty's Garrison Artillery yawned and his eyes wandered around uncomprehendingly for some few seconds. Then his dull gaze became fixed on the cluster of feathery palms to his front. He rubbed his eyes unbelievingly. Then he sat up and swore with a certain daintiness. Which means that the tonal qualities of his adjectives were quite gentlemanly, even as were his delicately manicured nails and well kept hands.

The mists of early morning were fast clearing in the 'Valley of Slaves,' named thusly on account of the grim relics still found there, and which date back to the middle ages when St. Helena was one of the marts of the extensive Portugee

slave traffic.

The soldier-man rose. Then, delicately and with almost finicky care, dusted himself; buckled his belt and squared his cap, and stepped out in a swinging stride for the sea shore. It was borne in upon one then, that here indeed was a very king among men, and yet he was only a gunner. There are many such anomalies in the British Service 'en passant.'

Now Gunner North had a violent headache this joyous morning. The headache was due to a carousal on cheap native wines, consequent to the receipt of a letter from a woman who was wondrously fair and wonderfully false. Even the choicest of peaches in appearance possesses, sometimes, the misfortune of being singularly sour to

the palate.

It was so with this wondrously fair, hot-house flower of English society. And he had thought her all that was good, and pure, and true - had been fool enough to think she was content to wait until he should have won his spurs.

The soldier-man's fine brows knitted together in thought. He was more than surprised at the result of the analysation of his thoughts. He found that really Sybil Deering had not occupied a quarter as much room in his heart as he had

imagined. He even found it in him to hope that Lieutenant Dalrymple, R. N., who had been quoted in the society papers as the favoured swain, would not regret his choice.

He was something of a philosopher in a way. And gradually, as the cheap and nasty wine-fumes cleared away from his mental processes, he wished good luck to the girl of the elfin locks whose photo yet rested in his pocket, and the flavour of whose kisses yet remained with him, though they had been separated some seven months wished good luck to the father who had disowned him — wished good luck to the whole of the happy sun-lit, smiling world, as he squared his shoulders and his eye grew keen again, as the soft murmur of the surf breaking on the beach of the Slave Valley reached him. A moment later he stood on the beach.

Now Gunner North's scrutiny of the mid-Atlantic would have been very brief, for, early though the hour, he had glimpsed some thirty yards out, the white gleam of a rounded arm, and something else of very dark texture in the way of a lady's bathing headgear that was not unconnected with the owner of the aforesaid feminine arm. But he further happened to observe a triangular fin some two hundred yards seaward from the bather. And — horror of horrors — that selfsame suggestive fin was cleaving the green waters in unseemly

haste toward the swimmer.

He yelled and beckoned to her to come shoreward even as he ran down the sloping beach his belt and cap describing an inglorious semicircle to his rear. By now the fair bather, who had evidently interpreted his warning aright, was very much alive to her own peril, and was heading for the shore as fast as the exertions of her own

fair body would permit.

His first impulse had been to jump in. However, what he did was precisely the best thing he could have done under the circumstances. Without further hesitation he picked up some of the larger of the shingle and commenced to pelt that dark triangular patch that was by now so perilously near — and with effect too, being a gunner. With so great effect did he discharge his missiles in fact, that a moment later the fin disappeared from view, and almost immediately the dripping form of the fair one emerged from the waves.

The gunner, being a gentleman, managed to say 'good morning' to her with his back turned. Still in the same position, and for the same reason, only the ghost of a smile played around his features as he made polite disclaimers in reply to the somewhat gracious and, at the same time, slightly condescending air in which she thanked

him for his services.

Then an astonishing thing happened. A dainty

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beringed hand rested lightly on his shoulder for

just the fraction of a second.

"For a soldier" — came her accents, this time in a decidedly different tone, as though the owner of the silvery voice had instinctively guessed he was something out of the common rut. "You appear to be— You are— Oh!—" The tone suddenly changed again as though she were at a loss as to how to continue.

Then he heard the patter of bare, running feet and her voice came to him wonderfully sweet, and — could it be true? — a trifle laughter laden.

"Wait a moment, Mister Soldier-man, while I robe, please. I'll be back with you in a moment."

'Mister Soldier-man,' of course, waited; his senses a'reel. A glad intoxication of mind and body held him fast in its grip. Yet, even while he recovered his belt and cap and replaced them with due regard to effect, he realised to the full

the anomaly of his position.

Here was he, an ordinary gunner, a disinherited son, with no great prospects of immediate advancement, dangerously in peril of falling in love with a voice and a white arm; dangerously near making an ass of himself over the graceful lines of the barely glimpsed form, and the magical voice of this woman of his other world. And all the while the photo of his late fiancée, its smiling face turned towards his heart, reposed in the breast pocket of his khaki jacket.

He smiled somewhat bitterly to himself at the thought of his inconsistency even as he found himself wondering what the face of this other woman would be like. He wanted very terribly to run away and hide himself from the results of his meeting with her. But the inclination to stay and hear again the magic of her voice, was

yet greater.

From near at hand the harsh cry of that strange visitor to the island, the brain-fever bird, came almost as a mocking challenge to him. It seemed in some strange way to strike a harmonious note of discord with his present frame of mind, all topsyturvey as his thoughts were just then.

Came a light 'pit-pat' as of dainty French footwear coming into contact with the sand of the beach. Gunner North turned, and held his breath with sheer amazement at sight of the

vision of loveliness his eyes beheld.

One cannot be a Raphael, a Paquin and an author in the same breath, or sentence. Therefore a description of her manifold charms 'in toto' is quite out of the picture. But one may humbly beg to enumerate a few of her outstanding charms; so herewith.

Imagine a ripe, golden cornfield, with here and there slightly warmer hues. That feebly represents her hair; the deep, tender hue of the Russian violet — her eyes; the poppies of the cornfield — her sweet ripe lips; her form to the superb grace of the wild St. Helena geranium. And above all, the divine womanliness emanating from her — to the purity of the Arum lily.

(Oh, Lady of that fair Isle! Pardon the lowly scribe who is so fully aware of his own reproductive

shortcomings.)

Can it be wondered at then, that the gallant

gunner's senses reeled?

Here and now it must be admitted that the lady thought her 'vis à vis' a Greek God in khaki Yes, — and why deny it? — her pulses also ran a trifle faster at the sight of him than Mrs. Grundy would consider becoming in a maid. However, being a daughter of immortal Eve, she managed to cleverly dissemble the fact, and her tone was astonishingly level and cool as she spoke.

"May I be permitted to thank you this time,

Mr.—er—er—

"North. Gunner North of the Garrison Artillery," he managed to ejaculate presently, when he had drank his fill of her adorable loveliness, and common sense had told him that 'les convenances' dictated other answer to question than merely a rapt, idiotic gazing into blue eyes by way of reply.

gazing into blue eyes by way of reply.

Of a sudden he noticed a change came over her wonderfully mobile features. A change that seemed curious to his mind as he noticed the delicate eyebrows arch, in what seemed to him, as disturbed contemplative thought, And also, for a brief moment, he thought she gasped, as

she half averted her head seawards.

Presently, her dainty, gloved hand found his, and he noticed, still in a state of semi-abstraction, that her eyes shone compassionately and her voice

trembled as she spoke.

"Then you are the Jack North of Powers Court? — And if that be so," she went on more hurriedly, "here surely occurs one of the queerest strings of what I have unfeelingly in the past, referred to as author's coincidences, for I happen to be the sister of Lieutenant Dalrymple, R. N., whose engagement to your late fiancée was announced so recently as doubtless you are aware."

Her voice was womanly and gentle, and sympathetic as befitted the occasion. Yet it struck her that here was no lover mourning the loss of his fickle mate. Rather the opposite it seemed, as she attentively awaited confirmation or other-

wise.

There was a great glad light in his eyes as he answered. And her heart throbbed a little too, in unison with his just then, for he was just as much very man, as she very woman.

"Miss Dalrymple, you will understand, of course, that the circumstances tie one's tongue. But

apart from the question of the other woman, may I put a question to you, please?" "Well?" wonderingly.

"It is this - Do you believe in love at first sight?" His voice rang out boyishly. There was an almost infectious gaiety in his accents.

"What a strange question! But yes! of course! That, as a matter of fact, is the cause of my going to Africa just now," with a blush. "My chaperone and I are 'en route' even now-or are supposed to be," she qualified. "We thought we'd pass a couple of days here to fit in with the arrangements of my fiancée, who is up country

at present, according to his cable." "So you too, are engaged, then. My God!

My God!"

Then the woman saw it all in one blinding flash. Perhaps a feeling of more than sorrow governed her actions in the next few minutes as she looked at the dark head and the grief-stricken, handsome face of the man opposite. Who shall say?

Suddenly he held both hands forward in a gesture of appeal.

"Dare I ask you to kiss me?" pleadingly. Just

once, please, dear woman."

And almost without hesitation, she was in his arms and Earth became Heaven, if not for her, then for him, while their lips met in one long kiss. Then she detached herself and her eyes were big and moist.

"Good-bye! Good-bye!! — Dear Jack North." He made a half leap towards her, but she was gone. And all that remained of her were the traces — faint, elusive — of the subtle perfume

she affected.

Then he threw himself on the beach of the 'Valley of Slaves,' and once again the mocking cry of the brain-fever bird came to them.

S. H. Reason.

Additional List of British Prisoners of War in Göttingen.

8493 Anderson, A., Queens. 9294 Erskine, W., R. Scots. 10907 Mogg, V. C., R. Scots. 10277 Pouton, W., R. W. Fus. 11138 Quinn, P., Dublin Fus. 7375 Ames, T., Borders. 5769 Gault, J., Cam. Hdrs. 8232 Ambrose, R., Buffs. 4774 Goggarty, 15 Hussars. 9745 Boyd, J., K. O. S. B. 7321 Reeves, G., R. W. Kents. 11157 Rosser, J., Welsh Rgt. 10722 Robertson, J., H. L. I. 24353 Grimsdale, H., 13 Canadians. 7102 Boyall, É., Lincolns, 9715 Blackburn, F., 5511 Hagar, S., Royal Fus. 9647 Hart, 5476 Baines, J., 8459 Howling, T., R. Irish. 6574 Strain, J., L. N. Lancs. 9805 Binns, P., 9963 Howe, Gordon Hdrs. 15913 Hale, Royal Fus. 8234 Windsor, R. Brigade. 8731 Blakeway, R. I. Rgt. 10139 Wadsworth, K. O. Y. L. I. 13907 Collins, A., M'sex.
1147 Connolly, P., Irish Gds.
9751 Carnson F., Cheshires. 7905 Harman, W., R. Warwicks. 10087 Walters, 7961 Hooper, F., R. S. Fus. 3201 Watson, 3201 Watson, J., D. L. I. 3795 Jeans, Lincolns. 672 White, A., Norfolks. 9079 Wood, G., D. C. L. I. 10189 Waterfall, W., Worcesters. 7945 Ward, A., R. I. Rifles. 1167 Claxton, C., Northd. Fus. 7280 Kingston, F. G., Worcesters. 9166 Duncan, J., R. Scots. 10188 Lowe, J., M'sex. 2878 Donoghue, Irish Gds. 813 Lang, 8 Canadians. 1217 Dommett, 4 Hussars. 17140 Lonsdale, J., 7 Canadians. 8156 Wheatley, L.A., 2 Canadians 26187 Davidson, J., 14 Canadians. 4710 McFarlane, 15 Hussars. and last but not least, 2292 Mawse, W., R. Warwicks. J. W. Brewster, Esqre., Lieut., 18767 Dexter, 3 Canadians. 9297 Edwards, C., K. O. S. B. 9723 Muggeridge, T., Worcesters.

The list is now complete of all Britishers who have ever been in Göttingen Camp. Arrivals from other camps will be published periodically, but the names of men leaving this camp, with the exception of those leaving for England for exchange will not appear.

The undermentioned men left Göttingen on February 2nd. 1916, for Aachen, en route for England in exchange.

10139 Wadsworth, K. O. Y. L. I. 10418 Mantell, A., M'sex.

10087 Walters. 1147 Connolly, P., Irish Gds.

18767 Dexter, 14 Canadians.

813 Lang, 8 Canadians.

6593 McGregor, J., A. & S. Hdrs.

9079 Wood, G., D. C. L. I. 9647 Hart, Royal Fus.

9936 Bowles, Queens.

7915 Blackburn, F., Lincolns.

9166 Duncan, J., R. Scots.

6575 Thompson, G., Cam. Hdrs.

5476 Baines, J., Lincolns.

8156 Wheatley, L., 2 Canadians.

Success?

There were not many passengers on the steamer; which fact probably assisted greatly in making the voyage so pleasant. The weather conditions also were splendid, the moon shedding her glorious radiance over the glimmering surface of the placid lake, while, astern of us, the clearly defined outline of the coast hills stood out in relief, deviding lake and sky. It was one of those nights when all nature seems at its zenith, and it feels good to be alive. It was a typical July eve.

As the engines continued their steady throb, throb, I stood, in silence, admiring the beauty of the scenery about us. Somehow I

began musing on Nature and Life.

Life! What vast differences man puts on the interpretation of Life! What is a successful man?

And who are the successful ones?

The thought recalled to me the presence of my companion on board, my friend Billy Thomas. How often I had envied Billy! Surely we could include him in this category. Why! Billy could sign a cheque in five figures, and he was a self-made man too. I glanced at him as he stood there gazing into the depths and wondered what were his thoughts. But, ah! what need to wonder? Billy's mind had no place for anything except business and dollars.

All was still, but for that steady throb, throb, throb, when suddenly I heard a voice say, "Dearest, isn't this a perfect night?" Evidently, a pair of lovers were close at hand, and, like Billy and I, they thought they were alone. A sweet, treble voice, with a slight thrill of rapture,

replied:

"Yes, darling, it is a night that would tempt

any young man to propose."

Although I had unavoidably overheard a conversation not intended for me, I could not help thinking of the force of the young lady's remark. Suddenly Billy caught me by the sleeve, saying, "Come on, old boy, let's get out of this".

It was not until we were comfortably settled in the 'smokeroom', with a fine cigar apiece,

that Billy broke the silence.

"If there's one thing I can't stand in this world,"

he said, "it's a woman."

"Why, Billy? What's the matter? I never knew you were set against women; what was the cause of that?"

Considerable coaxing was necessary to drew the story from Billy, but eventually I succeeded.

"Everybody knows me," he said, "as Billy Thomas, the successful builder and contractor, the man whose work is unsurpassed, but few know my early days, the early days when as a workman I was happy — or thought I was — away down in an Eastern town. I was engaged to be

married to the sweetest girl in the world — as I thought — when an interloper came on the scene. He was one of these handsome, stylish johnnies, a book-keeper for the Railway Company, named Jack Martin."

"I am generally fair and square in everything, but this fellow Martin wasn't. As a result of his scheming, before very long, I was discarded, or thrown over, by the lady in question, and Mr.

Martin became my successor."

"I was so disgusted that I packed up my effects, and cleared off to the West, eventually settling in Winnepeg. Fortune seemed to smile on me, and in the course of a year or so, I was running a successful business in the building trade. About that time I found it necessary to advertise for a book-keeper, and now comes the

curious part of the affair."

"Imagine my surprise when Jack Martin applied for the job. Needless to say, he was as greatly surprised as I was. I asked him how he came to be in Winnepeg, and he answered straight-forwardedly, that he had got into trouble down East; had been arrested and fined for being drunk; and he had, as a result, lost both the girl and his situation. I am not of a revengeful nature. I weighed the facts in my mind. I knew he was a good man for my requirements, so I decided to engage him."

"The business grew. In the course of another couple of years, Jack Martin was indispensible to

me, and was receiving a good salary.",

"And then—on his estimates—I took the contract for the building of the branch factories and warehouses of an American firm, striving for a share of Canadian trade. It was the biggest thing I had undertaken. I knew it would make or break me. Just at that time, a financial depression came on and the American firm failed. The factories were sold by auction and I was financially broken. I found myself absolutely penniless. The hardest blow of all was, that Jack Martin, being out of a position, packed up, went back East, patched things up with that girl and married her. Yes, Sir!— He married that girl on the good wages I had been paying him. At the same time I was practically a bankrupt."

"As regards his share in the event, I have learned to forgive him, but with regard to the girl it is different. I can't forget how she played me false; I cannot excuse that girl's action for I cannot understand the workings of the female

brain."

* * *

As we sat there, smoking in silence, I realised that there was another aspect to Billy. There was the Billy the world knew, the man who was now a brilliant business man, and there was the

other Billy, the man ageing in solitude, heart-hungry, unhappy, and full of sad memories. Just then, two figures passed along the quiet deck. I wondered if they were the same two persons whose conversation I had overheard. My thoughts went back to my earlier musing: Who is the successful man? There was Billy with his huge bank roll, but with a heavy heart, and there was the young fellow, poor possibly, in the world's estimation, but rich in happiness.

Again, I say: What vast differences man puts on the interpretation of Life? A. Macnore.

Notes and Notices.

Religious.

The Commandant has granted Barrack 39 a to the British for their Church Services, all of which will, in future, be held there.

Church of England.

Service 9 a. m. Wednesdays and at 10 a. m. Sundays. Full Choral.

Sunday Evening Service is held at 6 p. m.

Roman Catholic.

Holy Mass at 7.30 a.m. and 10.30 a.m. Sundays.

Concert Comments.

Our concerts, week by week, still continue to improve, and now-a-days, we find very little of the dissatisfied element.

On the 29th January, 1915, there were one or two quite original — to us — items. The clog dancers (Fraser, Fotheringham and Braithwaite) must have put in a good deal of work, to dance as they did, and their performance was much appreciated. Another novelty was "The Mouchers' Walk" and chorus, arranged by Robertson and Marsh. These latter want watches — I mean, watching. Our friend Geeves, the first time for a very long while, gave us a song. He was somewhat shy, but were he to appear a little oftener, he would soon get over this. Comments on our celebrities (Archie and Doris, Sgt. Moss, Cpls. Wilson, Walshe and Cox, and Mawson) are needless, except that they were all quite up to standard. Being Burns' week, Walshe paid tribute to his national hero by singing "The Star o' Robbie Burns." The cello solo by M. Cleumans, Chopin's "Nocturne," was very well played, and was most welcome.

The sketch, "The Last Rehearsal," by the now famous "Binkie", was exceedingly good, if somewhat pathetic. Briefly, the story went as follows. — John Rigby, an actor, (Kennedy) and his wife (V. Lewis) after many struggles find themselves at last in danger of being turned out of their home into the street by Bill Watkins, their landlord,

(Sgt. Hickman). For the time, they are helped out of their difficulties by Doctor Raynor, (Elliott) sent to visit Rigby by Mr. Princep, who has promised a possible engagement. The Doctor pronounces Rigby to be suffering from heart disease. He strongly recommends "no excitement," and takes his leave after forcing on them the loan of a sovereign. This has immediately to be expended in rent, owing to the demands of Watkins. Mr. Princep arrives, gives them the promised engagement, and asks for a rehearsal, there and then. They rehearse a short, tragic sketch, in which a jealous woman stabs her husband. This climax reached, Princep is very pleased and tells Rigby, who is still lying on the ground, that it is great. Rigby does not move, and to the terrible grief of the wife, they find that he is dead from heart disease. (curtain)

Editorial.

Citizens,

Do you read your "Wooden City" seriously? If you do not do so usually, please make an exception in the case of this little note of explanation and request.

We ask you for contributions because, firstly, we wish you to run your own paper — to make it yourselves. Secondly, we wish the paper to be of interest to you from a personal point of view. There are many funny incidents take place in camp of which we know nothing, but of which you could inform us. These incidents would possibly be of interest to all here, and might, perhaps, raise a smile among a few. So why not make an effort?

Be generous! No one here has much to give, but almost everyone has a few words, and to spare; how better can they be employed than in the shape of ideas, etc., for the paper? If you have not the place or the opportunity to write anything, come along to Barrack 40, and let us have the yarn, or ought else, in your own words. If it does not do much more it will at least bring you half an hour nearer the date — the date of your departure to England.

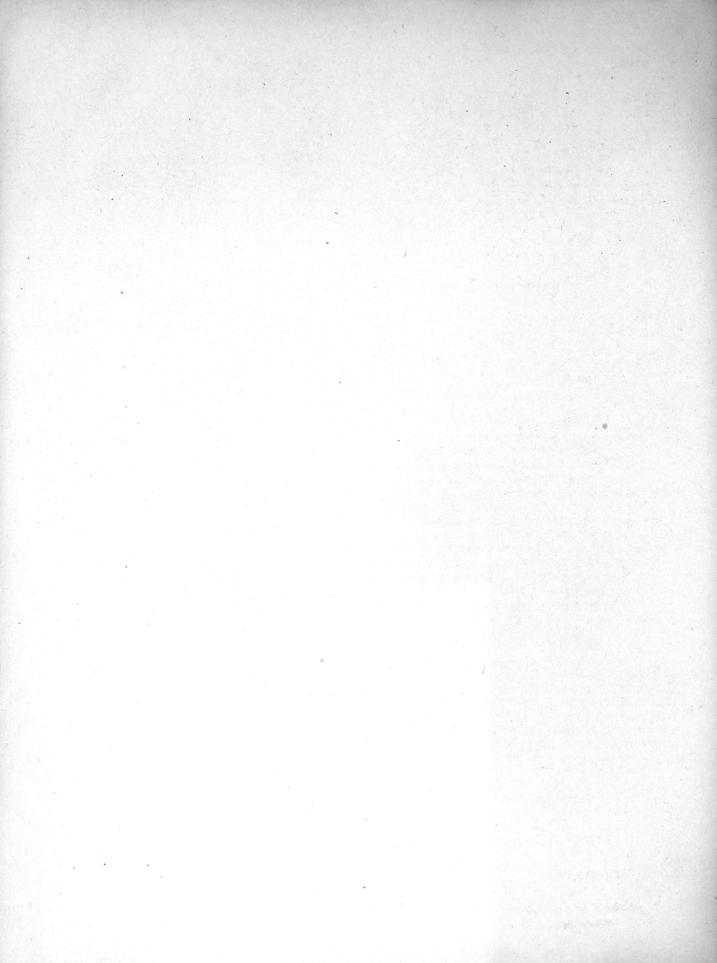
It would be as well perhaps to state that "Colonel De Vere, V. C., and Don't Care" refers to a story printed in a magazine sent out from home. Many in camp have read it and have said "To the D—."

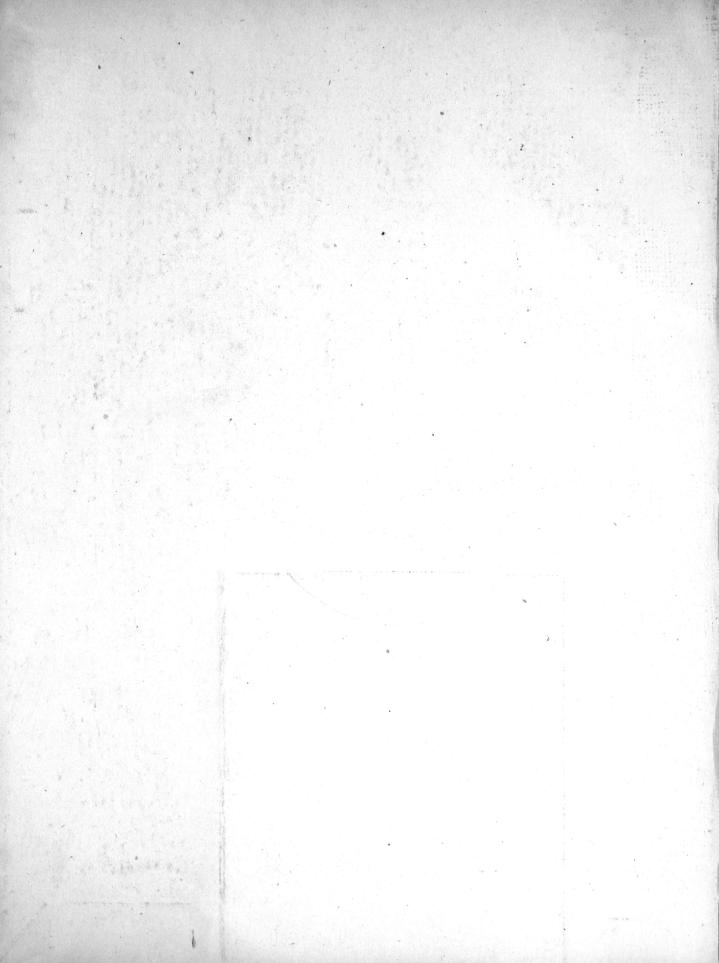
In this number is published the Revue parody on "'old yer row!" It is written in the vernacular, so far as our knowledge permits, but we shall not be at home to "fick ears" for any mistakes that may be contained therein.

And don't forget your contribution.

THE EDITOR.

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